



THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS (LONGFELLOW)

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth — P. 573

A THOUSAND AND ONE
GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY
CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
SIR JOHN MILLAIS, R.A.
SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
AND BIRKET FOSTER



LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED
BROADWAY HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

INTRODUCTION TO THE TWENTY-THIRD EDITION.

THE Editor desires to acknowledge the courtesy of Sir Edwin Arnold and of Mr. Alfred Austin, for permission to include some of their poems in the Twenty-third Edition of this work. His thanks are also due to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., for permission to include Robert Browning's poem, "Hervé Riel;" and to Messrs. Ellis & Elvey, for permission to include three poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

October, 1896.

A
THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS
OF
ENGLISH POETRY

INTRODUCTION.

THE design of the Editor or Compiler of the following volume was to present one great panoramic view of the masterpieces of English poetry, and that of the publishers to issue it in a form and at a price which would recommend it to the taste of the rich, without placing it beyond the means of the poor. The original intention of the Editor was to commence with Chaucer and end with Wordsworth, Moore, Rogers, Hood, Campbell, and other poets of the last generation, who have recently passed from among us, thus excluding the works of living writers. To this arrangement the publishers made objection, on the ground, very easily defensible, that some of the brightest gems of the "Thousand and One" are the productions of living genius—both in Great Britain and the United States of America. The Editor yielded the point, but was met with the serious difficulty that it was not in all cases possible to include the works of living writers—even if their consent could be obtained;—firstly, because the copyrights were not always their own;—secondly, because their addresses were not obtainable without great trouble and loss of time;—and thirdly, because the modern poets, in England and America, were so numerous, that if specimens of all their poetic jewellery were got together, an undue proportion of the volume would be occupied by writers of the second half of the nineteenth century. Another difficulty which personally was more serious, existed in the dilemma in which the Editor found himself with regard to his own compositions. Had any other than himself been Editor, the publishers were of opinion that his consent would assuredly have been asked for permission to reproduce some of his lyrics and other pieces; while the Editor, on his part, knew

that had such consent been asked, it would have been cheerfully given. If there be, under the circumstances, an apparent sin against good taste in the matter, the publishers must bear the blame;—for it is they who have put the pressure upon the Editor, and compelled his assent to a selection, which would not have been necessary, if the original idea of the volume had been adhered to. As regards the selection itself, it claims to justify its title, and to afford a fair as well as comprehensive view of the rise, progress, and present state of English poetry. All the “Gems” in the volume are not of equal brilliancy. The diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls of literature are few;—but there are other “gems” than these, of inferior value, but still gemlike;—agate, cornelian, amethyst, turquoise, onyx, and scores of others known to the lapidary and jeweller, and prized by them and by the public to whose appreciation they are offered. To the living writers, whose consent has been given to the appearance of their “gems” in these pages, the Editor offers his best thanks;—to the living writers whose consent has not been asked, he offers his apologies, and would gladly have included some specimens of their genius had time and the bulk of the volume permitted; and to those who have been asked and who have not replied, he has to explain that wherever permission was possible, he would not act without it. To the publishers of the works of authors recently deceased, and proprietors of their copyrights, he has also to offer his acknowledgments for their courtesy, and for the promptitude with which they entered into what, he supposes, would have been the feelings of those poets if they had been still alive;—the very natural desire to appear in the immortal company of the Fathers of English Song.

The Editor desires also to acknowledge thankfully the courtesy of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, of Boston, proprietors of the works of Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, &c.; and of Messrs. Appleton & Co., of New York, publishers of Bryant’s poems—in granting exclusive permission to incorporate in this volume selections from the works of those distinguished American writers.

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

[GEOFFREY CHAUCER. 1328—1400.]

PRAISE OF WOMEN.

FOR, this ye know well, tho' I wouldin
lie,
In women is all truth and steadfastness ;
For, in good faith, I never of them sie
But much worship, bounty, and gentle-
ness,
Right coming, fair, and full of meekéness ;
Good, and glad, and lowly, I you ensure,
Is this goodly and angelic creature.

And if it hap a man be in disease,
She doth her business and her full pain
With all her might him to comfort and

If frô his disease him she might restrain :
In word ne deed, I wis, she woll not faine ;
With all her might she doth her business
To bringen him out of his heaviness.

Lo, here what gentleness these women
have,

If we could know it for our rudéness !
How busy they be us to keep and save
Both in hele and also in sicknéss,
And alway right sorry for our distress !
In every manère thus shew they ruth,
That in them is all goodness and all
truth.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

With him there was his son, a youngé
Squire,
A lover and a lusty bacholer,
With lockés crull, as they were laid in
press.
Of twenty year of age he was I guess.

Of his stature he was of even length,
And wonderly deliver and great of
strength ;

And he had been some time in chevachie
In Flandres, in Artois, and in Picardy,
And borne him well, as of so little space,
In hope to standen in his lady's grace

Embroidered was he, as it were a mead
All full of freshé flowers white and red.
Singing he was or fluting all the day :
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his gown, with sleeves long
and wide ;

Well could he sit on horse, and fairé ride.
He couldé songés well make, and indite,
Joust, and eke dance, and well pourtray
and write.

So hot he lovéd, that by nightertale
He slept no more than doth the nightin-
gale.

Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,
And carved before his father at the table.

ARCITA'S DYING ADDRESS.

" ALAS the wo ! alas, the painés strong
That I for you have suffered, and so
long !

Alas, the death !—alas mine Emelie !
Alas, departing of our company !
Alas, mine herté's queen !—alas, my wife,
Mine herté's lady—ender of my life !
What is this world ? What axen men to
have ?

Now with his love, now in his coldé
grave
Alone ! withouten any company,
Farewell, my sweet !—farewell, mine
Emelie !"

GOOD COUNSEL OF CHAUCER.

FLY from the press,* and dwell with
soothfastness;
Suffice unto thy good, though it be
small,
For hoard† hath hate, and climbing
tickleness;‡
Preise§ hath envie, and weal is blent
o'er all.
Savor|| no more than thee behoven
shall,
Rede¶ well thy self that other folk can't
rede,
And Truth thee shalt deliver—'tis no
drede.**

That thee is sent receive in buxomness:
The wrestling of this world, asketh a
fall.
Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
Forth, pilgrim, forth—on, best out of
thy stall,
Look up on high, and thank the God
of all!
Weiwith†† thy lust, and let thy ghost ‡‡
thee lead,
And Truth thee shalt deliver—'tis no
drede.

[The EARL OF SURREY. 1506—1547.]

GIVE PLACE, YE LOVERS.

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in
vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candlelight,
Or brightest day the darkest night;
And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were;—
And virtues hath she many mo'
Than I with pen have skill to show.

* The crowd. † Treasure. ‡ Uncertainty.
§ Commendation. || Desire. ¶ Counsel.
** Fear. †† Subdue. ‡‡ Spirit.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not
paint.
With wringing hands, how did she
cry!
And what she said, I know it aye.
I know she swore, with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her
heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain,—
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methink, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT
WITH ITS OWN ESTATE.

LAYD in my quiet bed in study as I
were,
I saw within my troubled head, a heap of
thoughts appear,
And every thought did shew so lyvely in
myne eyes,
That now I sight, and then I smilde, as
cause of thoughts did ryse.
I saw the little boy, in thought how oft
that he
Did wishe of God, to scape the rod, a tall
young man to be,
The young man eake that feles his bones
with paines opprest
How he would be a riche old man, to
live and lye at rest;
The riche olde man that sees his end
draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy againe to live so
much the more.
Whereat full oft I smylde, to see how all
those three
From boy to man, from man to boy,
would chop and change degree.

And musing thus, I think, the case is
 very strange,
 That man from wealth, to live in wo,
 doth ever seke to change.
 Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I sawe my
 withered skyn,
 How it doth shew my dented chewes, the
 flesh was worn so thin,
 And eke my totheless chaps, the gates of
 my right way,
 That opes and shuttes, as I do speak, do
 thus unto me say :
 The white and horish heres, the mes-
 sengers of age,
 That shew like lines of true belief, that
 this life doth assuage,
 Biddes the lay hand, and feele them
 hanging on thy chin.
 The whiche doth write to ages past, the
 third now coming in;
 Hang up therefore the bitte, of thy yong
 wanton tyme,
 And thou that therein beaten art, the
 happiest life defyne.
 Whereat I sighed, and sayde, farewell
 my wonted toye,
 Trusse up thy packe, and trudge from me,
 to every little boy,
 And tell them thus from me, their time
 most happy is,
 If to theyr time they reason had, to know
 the truth of this.

[SIR THOMAS WYATT. 1503—1554.]

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE COULD LOVE.

A FACE that should content me wonde-
 rous well,
 Should not be fatt, but lovely to behold,
 Of lively look all grieffe for to repell
 With right good grace so would I that
 it should.
 Speak without word, such words as none
 can tell ;
 Her tress also should be of crisped gold.
 With wit and these, perchaunce I might
 be tryde
 And knit againe with knot that should
 not slide.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HIS LOVE.

SOE feeble is the thred that doth the
 burden stay,
 Of my poor life in heavy plight that falleth
 in decay,
 That but it have elsewhere some ayde or
 some succours,
 The running spindle of my fate anon shall
 end his course.
 For since the unhappy houre that dyd me
 to depart,
 From my sweet weale one only hoape
 hath stayed my life apart,
 Which doth perswade such words unto
 my sored mynde,
 Maintaine thy selfe, O wofull wight, some
 better luck to find.
 For though thou be deprived from thy
 desired sight
 Who can thee tell, if thy returne before
 thy more delight;
 Or who can tell thy loss if thou mayst
 once recover,
 Some pleasant houres thy wo may wrap,
 and thee defend and cover.
 Thus in this trust, as yet it hath my life
 sustained,
 But now (alas) I see it faint, and I by
 trust am trayned.
 The tyme doth flete, and I see how the
 hours do bende,
 So fast that I have scant the space to
 marke my coming end.
 Westward the sunn from out the east scant
 shewd his lite,
 When in the west he hies him strait
 within the dark of night
 And comes as fast, where he began his
 path awry,
 From east to west, from west to east, so
 doth his journey lye.
 Thy lyfe so short, so frayle, that mortall
 men lye here,
 Soe great a weight, so heavy charge the
 bodies that we bere,
 That when I think upon the distance and
 the space,
 That doth so farre divide me from thy
 dere desired face,
 I know not how t'attaine the winges that
 I require,

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

To lyft me up that I might fly to follow
 my desyre.
 Thus of that hope that doth my lyfe some-
 thyng susteyne, [remaiue.
 Alas I fear, and partly feel full little doth
 Eche place doth bring me grieve where I
 doe not behold,
 Those lively eyes which of my thoughts,
 were wont the keys to hold.
 Those thoughts were pleasant sweet whilst
 I enjoy'd that grace,
 My pleasure past, my present pain, when
 I might well embrace.
 And for because my want should more
 my woe increase,
 In watch and sleep both day and night
 my will doth never cease.
 That thing to wishe whereof synce I did
 lose the sight,
 Was never thing that mought in ought
 my wofull hart delight.
 Th' uneasy life I lead doth teach me for
 to mete,
 The floods, the seas, the land, the hills,
 that doth them intermete,
 Twene me and those shene lights that
 wonted for to clere,
 My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts as
 bright as Phebus sphere;
 It teacheth me also, what was my plea-
 sant state,
 The more to feele by such record how
 that my welth doth bate.
 If such record (alas) provoke the inflamed
 mynde,
 Which sprung that day that I dyd leave
 the best of me behynde,
 If love forgoat himselfe by length of
 absence let,
 Who doth me guid (O wofull wretch)
 unto this baited net:
 Where doth encrease my care, much
 better were for me,
 As dumm as stone all things forgott, still
 absent for to be.
 Alas the clear christall, the bright tran-
 splendant glasse,
 Doth not bewray the colours hid which
 underneath it hase.
 As doth the accumbred sprite the
 thoughtfull throwes discover,
 Of teares delyte of fervent love that in
 our hartes we covei,

Out by these eyes, it sheweth that ever-
 more delight;
 In plaint and teares to seek redress, and
 eke both day and night.
 Those kindes of pleasures most wherein
 men soe rejoice,
 To me they do redouble still of stormy
 sighes the voic.
 For, I am one of them, whom plaint doth
 well content,
 It fits me well my absent wealth me
 semes for to lament,
 And with my teares t' assy to charge
 myne eyes twayne,
 Like as my hart above the brink is
 fraughted full of payne.
 And for because theieto, that these fair
 eyes do teate,
 Do me provoke, I will returne, my plaint
 thus to repeate; [within
 For there is nothing els, so toucheth me
 Where they rule all, and I alone, nought
 but the case or skin.
 Wherefore I shall returne to them as well
 or spring,
 From whom descends my mortall wo,
 above all other thing.
 So shall myne eyes in paine accompany
 my heart,
 That were the guides, that did it lead of
 love to feel the smart.
 The crisped gold that doth surmount
 Appolloe's pride,
 The lively streames of pleasant starrs that
 under it doth glyde,
 Wherein the beames of love doe still
 increase there heate,
 Which yet so far touch me to near in cold
 to make me sweat,
 The wise and pleasant take, so rare or
 else alone,
 That gave to me the curties gyft, that
 earst had never none.
 Be far from me alas, and every other
 thing,
 I might forbear with better will, then
 this that did me bring.
 With pleasand woord and cheer, redress
 of lingred payne,
 And wonted oft in kindled will, to vertue
 me to twayne.
 Thus am I forc'd to hear and hearken
 after news,

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

My comfort scant, my large desire in
doubtful trust renews.
And yet with more delight to move my
wofull case,
I must complaine these hands, those
armes, that firmly do embrace,
Me from myself, and rule the sterne of
my poor life,
The sweet disdaynes, the pleasant wrathes,
and eke the holy strife,
That wonted well to tune in temper just
and mete,
The rage, that oft did make me err by
furour undiscrete.
All this is hid from me with sharp and
ragged hills,
At others will my long abode, my depe
dyspayr fulfillis.
And of my hope sometime ryse up by
some redresse,
It stumbleth straite for feable faint my
fear hath such excesse.
Such is the sort of hoape, the less for
more desyre,
And yet I trust e're that I dye, to see
that I require.
The resting-place of love, where virtue
dwells and growes,
There I desire my weary life sometime
may take repose,
My song thou shalt attaine, to find the
pleasant place,
Where she doth live by whom I live, may
chance to have this grace.
When she hath read and seen, the grieve
wherein I serve,
Between her breasts she shall thee put,
there shall she thee reserve.
Then tell her, that I come, she shall me
shortly see,
And if for waight the body fayl, the soul
shall to her flee.

THE LONGER LIFE THE MORE OFFENCE.

THE longer life the more offence
The more offence the greater paine,
The greater paine the lesse defence,
The lesse defence the lesser gaine ;
The loss of gaine long yll doth trye,

Wherefore come death and let me dye.

The shorter life, less count I finde,
The less account the sooner made,
The account soon made, the merier mind,
The merier mynd doth thought evade ;
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,
Wherefore come death and let me dye.

Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care, the flood of life,
The flood of life, the joyfull fare,
The joyfull fare, the end of strife,
The end of strife, that thing wish I,
Wherefore come death and let me die.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

I LOTHE that I dyd love,
In youth that I thought swete,
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not mete.
My lustes they do me leave,
My fancies all are fled,
And tract of time begynnnes to weave
Gray heares upon my hed.

For age with stealing steppes
Hath clawde me with his crouche,
And lusty lyfe away she leapes
As there had been none such.

My muse doth not delight
Me as she dyd before,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore.

For reason me denyes
This youthly ydle ryme,
And day by day to me cryes,
Leave of these toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my browe,
The furrows in my face,
Say lymping age will lodge hym now,
Where youth must geve him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth byd me to provyde

A pickax and a spade
And eke a shrowding shete,
A house of clay for to be made,
For such a geaste most mete.

Methurkes I hear the clarke
That knoles the carefull knell,

And byddes me leave my woful warke,
Ere nature me compell.

My kepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to skorne,
Of me that cleane shall be forgot,
As I had not been borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,
Whose badge I long dyd weare,
To them I yelde the wanton cup,
That better may it beare.

Lo, here the bare hed skull,
By whose balde signe I know,
That stouping age away shall pull
Which youthful yeres did sowe.

For beauty with her band
These croked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me into the land,
From whence I fyrst was brought.

And ye that byde behinde,
Have ye none other trust
As ye of clay were cast by kynd,
So shall ye waste to dust.

[ANONYMOUS. 1521.]

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

BE it right or wrong, these men among

Of women do complain ;
Affirming this, how that it is

A labour spent in vain,
To love them well ; for never a deal

They love a man again :

For let a man do what he can,

Their favour to attain,

Yet, if a new do them pursue,

Their first true lover then
Labourerth for nought ; for from their
thought

He is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day

It is both writ and said,
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
All utterly decayed ;

But, nevertheless, right good witness

In this case might be laid,

That they love true, and continue :

Record the Nut-brown Maid :

Which, when her love came, her to SHE.—O Lord, what is this worldly
prove,

To her to make his moan.

Would not depart ; for in her
heart

She loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss

What was all the manner
Between them two : we will also

Tell all the pain, and fear,

That she was in. Now I begin,

So that ye me answer ;

Wherefore, all ye, that present be

I pray you, give an ear.

"I am the knight ; I come by
night,

As secret as I can ;

Saying, alas ! thus standeth the
case,

I am a banished man."

SHE.—And I your will for to fulfil

In this will not refuse ;

Trusting to shew, in wordes few,

That men have an ill use

(To their own shame) women to
blame,

And causeless them accuse ;

Therefore to you I answer now,

All women to excuse,—

Mine own heart dear, with you
what cheer ?

I pray you, tell anon ;

For, in my mind, of all man
kind

I love but you alone.

HE.—It standeth so ; a deed is do

Whereof great harm shall grow

My destiny is for to die

A shameful death, I trow ;

Or else to flee : the one must be.

None other way I know,

But to withdraw as an outlaw,

And take me to my bow.

Wherefore adieu, my own heart
true !

None other rede I can :

For I must to the green wood

One a banished man.

SHE.—O Lord, what is this worldly
bliss,

That changeth as the moon !

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

My Summer's day in lusty May
Is derked * before the noon.

I hear you say, Farewell : nay,
nay,

We depart not so soon.

Why say ye so ? whither will ye
go ?

Alas ! what have you done ?

All my welfare to sorrow and
care

Should change, if you were
gone ;

For in my mind, of all mankind

I love but you alone.

HE.—I can believe, it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distract ;

But, afterward, your paynes hard

Within a day or twain

Shall soon aslake† : and ye shall
take

Comfort to you again.

Why should ye ought ? for to make
thought,

Your labour were in vain.

And thus I do ; and pray you to,

As hart'ly, as I can ;

For I must to the green wood go,

Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Now, sith that ye have shewed to
me

The secret of your mind,

I shall be plain to you again,

Like as ye shall me find.

Sith it is so, that ye will go,

I will not leve behind ;

Shall never be said, the nut-brown
maid

Was to her love unkind :

Make you ready, for so am I,

Although it were anon ;

For, in my mind, of all mankind,

I love but you alone.

HE.—Yet I you rede‡ to take good
heed

What men will think, and say :

Of young, and old it shall be told,

That ye be gone away,

Your wanton will for to fulfil,

In green wood you to play ;

And that ye might from your
delight

No longer make delay.

Rather than ye should thus for me

Be called an ill woman,

Yet would I to the green wood
go,

Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Though it be song of old and
young,

That I should be to blame,

Theirs be the charge, that speak
so large

In hurting of my name :

For I will prove that faithful love

It is devoid of shame ;

In your distress, and heaviness,

To part with you, the same :

And sure all those, that do not
so,

True lovers are they none ;

For, in my mind, of all mankind

I love but you alone.

HE.—I counsel you, remember how,

It is no maiden's law,

Nothing to doubt, but to run out

To wood with an outlaw :

For ye must there in your hand
bear

A bow, ready to draw,

And, as a thief, thus must you
live,

Ever in dread and awe ;

Whereby to you great harm might
grow :

Yet had I lever * than,

That I did to the green wood go,

Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—I think not nay, but as ye say,

It is no maiden's lore :

But love may make me for your

As I have said before,

To come on foot, to hunt, and
snoot

To get us meat in store ;

* Derked—*darkened*. † Aslake—*aba's*.

‡ Rede—*advice*.

* Lever—*rather*.

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

For so that I your company
 May have, I ask no more :
 From which to part, it maketh my
 heart
 As cold as any stone ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

HE.—For an outlaw this is the law,
 That men him take and bind ;
 Without pity, hanged to be,
 And waver with the wind.
 If I had need (as God forbid !)
 What rescue could ye find ?
 Forsooth, I trow, ye and your
 bow
 For fear would draw behind :
 And no marvel ; for little avail
 Were in your counsel then :
 Wherefore I will to the green wood
 go,
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Right well know ye that woman
 be
 But feeble for to fight ;
 No womanhede it is indeed
 To be bold as a knight :
 Yet, in such fear if that ye were
 With enemies day or night,
 I would withstand, with bow in
 hand,
 To grieve them as I might,
 And you to save ; as women have
 From death men many one ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

HE.—Yet take good heed ; for ever I
 dread
 That ye could not sustain
 The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
 The snow, the frost, the rain,
 The cold, the heat : for dry, or
 wet,
 We must lodge on the plain ;
 And, us above, none other roof
 But a brake bush, or twain :
 Which soon should grieve you, I
 believe,
 And ye would gladly than
 That I had to the green wood gone,
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Sith I have here been partynere
 With you of joy and bliss,
 I must also part of your woe
 Endure, as reason is :
 Yet am I sure of one pleasure ;
 And shortly, it is this :
 That, where ye be, me seemeth,
 pardè,*
 I could not fare amiss.
 Without more speech, I you be-
 seech
 That we were soon agone ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

HE.—If you go thither, ye must con-
 sider,
 When ye have lust to dine,
 There shall no meat be for you
 gete,
 Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine.
 No shétes clean, to lie between,
 Made of thread and twine ;
 None other house but leaves and
 boughs,
 To cover your head and mine,
 O mine heart sweet, this evil
 dyete
 Should make you pale and
 wan ;
 Wherefore I will to the green-
 wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Among the wild deer, such an
 archer
 As men say that ye be,
 Ne may not fail of good vitayle,
 Where is so great plenty :
 And water clear of the river
 Shall be full sweet to me ;
 With which in helet† I shall tight
 wele
 Endure, as ye shall see ;
 And, or we go, a bed or two
 I can provide anon ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

HE.—Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
 If ye will go with me :

* *Pardè—in truth.*

† *Hele—health.*

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee;
With bow in hand, for to with-
stand

Your enemies, if need be :
And this same night before day-
light,

To wood-ward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can :
Else will I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—I shall as now do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede ;
To shote * my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
O mysweetmother, before all other
For you I have most drear :
But now, adieu ! I must ensue,†
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye : now let us flee ;
The day cometh fast upon ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Nay, nay, not so ; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell you why,—
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I well espy :
For, like as ye have said to me,
In likewise hardely
Ye would answer whosoever it
were,
In way of company.
It is said of old, Soon hot, soon
cold ;
And so is a woman.
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—If you take heed, it is no need
Such words to say by me ;
For oft ye prayed, and long as-
sayed,
B'fore I you loved, par-dè :
And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you
loved,
A squire of low degree ;

And ever shall, whatso befall ;
To die therefore anon ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—A baron's child to be beguill'd !
It were a cursed deed ;
To be felawe * with an outlaw !
Almighty God forbid !
Yet better were the poor squyere
Alone to forest yede,†
Than ye should say another day,
That, by my cursed deed,
Ye were betray'd : Wherefore,
good maid,
The best rede ‡ that I can,
Is, that I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid :
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have you me betray'd.
Remember you well, how that
ye deal ;
For, if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind, to leave behind,
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—If that ye went, ye should repent
For in the forest now
I have purvayd § me of a maid,
Whom I love more than you ;
Another fairer than ever ye were,
I dare it well avow ;
And of you both each should be
wroth
With other as I trow :
It were mine ease to live in peace ;
So will I, if I can ;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Though in the wood I underskood
Ye had a paramour,

Shote—*cut*.

† Ensue—*follow*.

* Felaw

† Yede—*went*.

‡ Rede—*advice*

§ Purvayd—*provided*.

All this may nought remove my
thought,
But that I will be your :
And she shall find me soft and
kind,
And courteous every hour ;
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me to my power :
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
"Of them I would be one,"
For, in my mund, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Mine own dear love, I see the
proof
That ye be kind and true ;
Of maid, and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad, be no more
sad,
The case is changed new ;
For it were ruth, that, for your
truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed ; whatsoever I
said
To you when I began ;
I will not to the green wood go ;
I am no banished man.

SHE.—These tidings be more glad to me,
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure ;
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise,
they speak
The wordes on the spleen.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween :
Then were the case worse than it
was,
And I more woe-begone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Ye shall not need further to dread ;
I will not disparage
You (God defend !), sith ye de-
scend
Of so great lineage.
Now understand ; to Westmore-
land,
Which is mine heritage,

I will you bring ; and with a ring
By way of marriage
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can :
Thus have you won an Erly's son,
And not a banished man.

AUTHOR.—Here may ye see, that woman
be
In love, meek, kind and stable :
Let never man reprove them then,
Or call them variable ;
But rather pray God that we may
To them be comfortable ;
Which sometimes proveth such,
as he loveth,
If they be charitable.
For sith men would that women
should
Be meek to them each one ;
Much more ought they to God
obey,
And serve but him alone.

[BEN JONSON. 1573—1637.]

TO CELIA.

I.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine :
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

II.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be ;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse,

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
 Death, ere thou has slain another,
 Learned, and fair, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee !

SONG OF HESPERUS.

(From "Cynthia's Revels.")

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep.
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright !

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear, when day did close.
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright !

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal-shining quiver :
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe how short soever ;
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright !

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast :
 Still to be poud' red, still perfum'd :
 Lady, it is to be presum'd,
 Though art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,
 That makes simplicitie a grace ;
 Robes loosely flowing, haire as free :
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
 Than all th' adulteries of art,
 That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

ELEGY ON SHAKSPEARE.

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy
 name,
 Am I thus ample to thy book and fame :

While I confess thy writings to be such,
 As neither man nor muse can praise too
 much.

* * * * *

Soul of the age !

Th' applause ! delight ! the wonder of
 our stage !

My Shakspeare rise ! I will not lodge
 thee by

Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room :

Thou art a monument without a tomb,
 And art alive still, while thy book doth
 live,

And we have wits to read, and praise to
 give.

That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
 I mean with great, but disproportion'd
 muses :

For if I thought my judgment were of
 years,

I should commit thee surely with thy
 peers,

And tell how far thou didst our Lily out-
 shine,

Or sportive Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty
 line.

And though thou hadst small Latin and
 less Greek,

From thence to honour thee, I will not
 seek

For names ; but call forth thund'ring
 Eschylus,

Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,

To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage ; or when thy socks

were on,

Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty

Rome

Sent forth, or since did from their ashes
 come.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to
 show

To whom all scenes of Europe homage
 owe.

He was not of an age, but for all time !
 And all the muses still were in their

prime,

When, like Apollo, he came forth to
 warm

Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !

Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his
lines !

* * * * *

Sweet swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of
Thames,

That so did take Eliza, and our James !
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there !
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with

Or influence, chide, or cheer the droop-
ing stage,

Which, since thy flight from hence, hath
mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volumes
light.

JEALOUSY.

WRETCHED and foolish Jealousy,
How cam'st thou thus to enter me ?

I ne'er was of thy kind :
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
To vent that poor desire,
That others should not warm them at my
fire :

I wish the sun should shine
On all men's fruits and flowers, as well
as mine.

But under the disguise of love,
Thou say'st thou only cam'st to prove
What my affections were.

Think'st thou that love is helped by
fear ?

Go, get thee quickly forth,
Love's sickness, and his noted want of
worth,

Seek doubting men to please,
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

COME LEAVE THE LOATHED STAGE.

COME leave the loathed stage,
And the more loathsome age,
Where pride and impudence (in fashion
knit),
Usurp the chair of wit !

Inditing and arraigning every day,
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain

Run on, and rage, sweat, censure, and
condemn :
They were not made for thee, less thou
for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acorns eat ;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no taste !
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
Whose appetites are dead !
No, give them grains their fill,
Husks, draff to drink and swill.
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not their palates with the

No doubt some mouldy tale,
Like Pericles, and stale
As the shrieves crusts, and nasty as his
fish-
Scraps, out of every dish
Thrown forth, and rank'd into the com-
mon tub,
May keep up the play-club :
There sweepings do as well
As the best order'd meal.
For who the relish of these guests will fit,
Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit.

And much good do't you then :
Brave plush and velvet men
Can feed on orts ; and safe in your stage-
clothes,
Dare quit upon your oaths,
The stagers and the stage-wrights too
(your peers)
Of larding your large ears
With their foul comic socks ;
Wrought upon twenty blocks ;
Which, if they are torn, and turn'd, and
patch'd enough,
The gamsters share your guilt, and your
their stuff.

Leave things so prostitute,
And take the Alcaic lute ;
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre
Warm thee by Pindar's fire :

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

And though thy nerves be shrunk, and
 blood be cold,
 Ere years have made thee old ;
 Strike that disdainful heat
 Throughout to their defeat :
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy
 brain.

But when they hear thee sing
 The glories of thy king,
His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er
 men :
 They may, blood-shaken then,
Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their
 powers ;
 As they shall cry, like ours,
 In sound of peace or wars,
 No harp e'er hit the stars,
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet
 reign :
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his

Forth rov'd I by the sliding rills,
 To find where Cynthia sat,
Whose name so often from the hills
 The echoes wonder'd at.

When me upon my quest to bring,
 That pleasure might excel,
The birds strove which should sweetliest
 sing,
 The flow'r's which should sweetest
 smell.

Long wand'ring in the wood, said I,
 "O whither's Cynthia gone?"
When soon the echo doth reply
 To my last word—"Go on."

At length upon a lofty fir
 It was my chance to find,
Where that dear name most due to her
 Was carv'd upon the rind.

✓ EPITAPH ON A LADY.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die :
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If, at all, she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.

✓ WOMEN MEN'S SHADOWS.

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue :
So court a mistress, she denies you ;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styl'd but the shadows of us men.

[MICHAEL DRAYTON. 1563-1631.]

THE QUEST OF CYNTHIA.

WHAT time the groves were clad in green,
The fields drest all in flowers,
And that the sleek-hair'd nymphs were
 seen
To seek them summer bowers.

Which whilst with wonder I beheld,
The bees their honey brought,
And up the carved letters fill'd,
As they with gold were wrought.

And near that tree's more spacious
 root,
Then looking on the ground,
The shape of her most dainty foot
Imprinted there I found.

Which stuck there like a curious seal,
As though it should forbid
Us, wretched mortals, to reveal
 What under it was hid.

Besides, the flowers which it had press'd,
 Appeared to my view
More fresh and lovely than the rest,
 That in the meadows grew.

The clear drops, in the steps that
 stood
Of that delicious girl,
The nymphs, amongst their dainty food,
Drunk from dissolved pearl.

The yielding sand, where she had trod,
Untouch'd yet with the wind,
By the fair posture plainly shew'd
Where I might Cynthia find.

When on upon my wayless walk
As my desires me draw,
I like a madman fell to talk
With everything I saw.

I ask'd some lilies, "Why so white
They from their fellows were?"
Who answer'd me, "That Cynthia's sight
Had made them look so clear."

I ask'd a nodding violet, "Why
It sadly hung the head?"
It told me, "Cynthia late past by,"
Too soon from it that fled.

A bed of roses saw I there,
Bewitching with their grace,
Besides so wond'rous sweet they were,
That they perfum'd the place.

I of a shrub of those inquir'd,
From others of that kind,
Who with such virtue them inspir'd?
It answer'd (to my mind):

"As the base hemlock were we such,
The poisoned'st weed that grows,
Till Cynthia, by her godlike touch,
Transform'd us to the rose.

"Since when those frosts that winter
brings
Which candy every green,
Renew us like the teeming springs,
And we thus fresh are seen."

At length I on a fountain light,
Whose brim with pinks was platted,
The bank with daffodillies dight
With grass like sleeve was matted:

When I demanded of that well
What pow'r frequented there;
Desiring it would please to tell
What name it us'd to bear:

It told me, "It was Cynthia's own,
Within whose cheerful brims,
That curious nymph had oft been known
To bathe her snowy limbs;

"Since when that water had the pow'r
Lost maidenhoods to restore

And make one twenty in an hour,
Of Æson's age before,"

And told me, "That the bottom clear,
Now lay'd with many a fett
Of seed pearl, e'er she bath'd her there
Was known as black as jet:

"As when she from the water came
Where first she touch'd the mould,
In balls the people made the same
For pomander, and sold."

When chance me to an arbour led,
Whereas I might behold;
Two blest elysiums in one sted,
The less the great infold;

The place which she had chosen out,
Herself in to repose:
Had they come down the gods no
doubt
The very same had chose.

The wealthy Spring yet never bore
That sweet, nor dainty flower,
That damask'd not the chequer'd floor
Of Cynthia's summer bower.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay,
Like friends did all embrace;
And their large branches did display,
To canopy the place.

Where she like Venus doth appear
Upon a rosy bed;
As lilies the soft pillows were,
Whereon she lay'd her head.

Heav'n on her shape such cost bestow'd,
And with such bounties blest,
No limb of hers but might have made
A goddess at the least.

The flies by chance mesh'd in her hair,
By the bright radiance thrown
From her clear eyes, rich jewels were,
They so like diamonds shone.

The meanest weed the soil there bare,
Her breath did so refine,
That it with woodbine durst compare,
And eke the eglantine.

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

The dew which on the tender grass
The evening had distill'd,
To pure rose-water turned was,
The shades with sweets that fill'd.

The winds were hush'd, no leaf so small
At all was seen to stir :
Whilst tuning to the waters' fall
The small birds sing to her.

Where she too quickly me espies,
When I too plainly see
A thousand cupids from her eyes
Shoot all at once at me.

"Into these secret shades (quoth she)
How dar'st thou be so bold
To enter, consecrate to me,
Or touch this hallowed mould ?

"Those words (quoth she) I can pronounce,
Which to that shape can bring
Thee, which that hunter had, who once
Saw Dian in the spring."

"Bright nymph (again I thus reply),
This cannot me afright :
I had rather in thy presence die,
Than live out of thy sight.

"I first upon the mountains high
Built altars to thy name,
And grav'd it on the rocks thereby,
To propagate thy fame.

"I taught the shepherds on the downs
Of thee to form their lays :
'Twas I that fill'd the neighbouring towns
With ditties of thy praise.

"Thy colours I devis'd with care,
Which were unknown before :
Which since that in their braided hair
The nymphs and sylvans wore.

"Transform me to what shape you can,
I pass not what it be :
Yea, what most hateful is to man,
So I may follow thee."

Which when she heard, full pearly floods
I in her eyes might view.

(Quoth she), "Most welcome to these
woods
Too mean for one so true.

"Here from the hateful world we'll live,
A den of mere despatch :
To idiots only that doth give,
Which be for sole delight.

"To people the infernal pit,
That more and more doth strive ;
Where only villany is wit,
And devils only thrive.

"Whose vileness us shall never awe :
But here our sports shall be
Such as the golden world first saw,
Most innocent and free.

"Of simples in these groves that grow,
We'll learn the perfect skill :
The nature of each herb to know,
Which cures and which can kill.

"The waxen palace of the bee,
We seeking will surprise,
The curious workmanship to see
Of her full-laden thighs.

"We'll suck the sweets out of the comb
And make the gods repine,
As they do feast in Jove's great room,
To see with what we dine.

"Yet when there haps a honey fall,
We'll lick the syrup'd leaves,
And tell the bees that theirs is gall
To this upon the graves.

"The nimble squirrel noting here,
Her mossy dray that makes,
And laugh to see the dusty deer
Come bounding o'er the brakes.

"The spider's web to watch we'll stand,
And when it takes the bee,
We'll help out of the tyrant's hand
The innocent to free.

"Sometime we'll angle at the brook,
The freckled trout to take,
With silken worms and bait the hocks
Which him our prey shall make.

"Of meddling with such subtle tools,
Such dangers that enclose,
The moral is, that painted fools
Are caught with silken shews.

"And when the moon doth once appear,
We'll trace the lower grounds,
When fairies in their ringlets there
Do dance their nightly rounds.

"And have a flock of turtle doves,
A guard on us to keep,
As witness of our honest loves,
To watch us till we sleep."

Which spoke, I felt such holy fires
To overspread my breast,
As lent life to my chaste desires,
And gave me endless rest.

By Cynthia thus do I subsist,
On earth heaven's only pride ;
Let her be mine, and let who list
Take all the world beside.

THE TRENT.

NEAR to the silver Trent
Sirena dwelleth,
She to whom nature lent
All that excelleth ;
By which the Muses late,
And the neat Graces,
Have for their greater state
Taken their places ;
Twisting an Anadem,
Wherewith to crown her,
As it belong'd to them
Most to renown her.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

Tagus and Pactolus
Are to thee debtor,
Nor for their gold to us
Are they the better ;
Henceforth of all the rest,
Be thou the river,

Which as the daintiest,
Puts them down ever.
For as my precious one
O'er thee doth travel,
She to pearl paragon
Turneth thy gravel.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

Our mournful Philomel,
That rarest tuner,
Henceforth in April
Shall wake the sooner ,
And to her shall complain
From the thick cover,
Redoubling every strain
Over and over :
For when my love too long
Her chamber keepeth ;
As though it suffered wrong,
The morning weepeth.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

Oft have I seen the Sun,
To do her honour,
Fix himself at his noon
To look upon her,
And hath gilt every grove,
Every hill near her,
With his flames from above,
Striving to cheer her :
And when she from his sight
Hath herself turned,
He, as it had been night,
In clouds hath mourned.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

The verdant meads are seen,
When she doth view them,
In fresh and gallant green
Strait to renew them,

And every little grass
 Broad itself spreadeth,
 Proud that this bonny lass
 Upon it treadeth :
 Nor flower is so sweet
 In this large cincture,
 But it upon her feet
 Leaveth some tincture.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
 In a rank
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

The fishes in the flood
 When she doth angle,
 For the hook strive agood
 Them to entangle ;
 And leaping on the land
 From the clear water,
 Their scales upon the sand
 Lavishly scatter ;
 Therewith to pave the mold
 Whereon she passes,
 So herself to behold
 As in her glasses.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
 In a rank
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

When she looks out by night
 The stars stand gazing,
 Like comets to our sight
 Fearfully blazing ;
 As wond'ring at her eyes,
 With their much brightness,
 Which so amaze the skies,
 Dimming their lightness.
 The raging tempests are calm
 When she speaketh,
 Such most delightsome balm
 From her lips breaketh.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
 In a rank
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

In all our Brittany
 There's not a fairer,

Nor can you fit any,
 Should you compare her,
 Angels her eye-lids keep,
 All hearts surprising ;
 Which look while she doth sleep
 Like the sun's rising :
 She alone of her kind
 Knoweth true measure,
 And her unmatched mind
 Is heaven's treasure.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
 In a rank
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

Fair Dove and Darwent clear,
 Boast ye your beauties,
 To Trent your mistress here
 Yet pay your duties.
 My love was higher born
 Tow'ards the full fountains,
 Yet she doth moorland scorn
 And the Peak mountains ;
 Nor would she none should dream
 Where she abideth,
 Humble as is the stream,
 Which by her slideth.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
 In a rank
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

Yet my poor rustic Muse,
 Nothing can move her,
 Nor the means I can use,
 Though her true lover :
 Many a long winter's night
 Have I wak'd for her,
 Yet this my piteous plight
 Nothing can stir her.
 All thy sands, silver Trent,
 Down to the Humber,
 The sighs that I have spent
 Never can number.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
 In a rank
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

TO HIS COY LOVE.

I PRAY thee love, love me no more,
 Call home the heart you gave me,
 I but in vain that saint adore,
 That can, but will not save me :
 These poor half kisses kill me quite ;
 Was ever man thus served ?
 Amidst an ocean of delight,
 For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts,
 With azure rivers branched,
 Where whilst my eye with plenty feasts,
 Yet is my thirst not stanch'd.
 O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
 By me thou art prevented ;
 'T is nothing to be plagu'd in hell,
 But thus in heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
 Nor thy life's comfort call me ;
 O, these are but too powerful charms,
 And do but more enthrall me.
 But see how patient I am grown,
 In all this coyle about thee ;
 Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
 I cannot live without thee.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
 But putting to the main,
 At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
 Furnish'd in warlike sort
 March'd towards Agincourt
 In happy hour ;
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stop'd his way,
 Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,

His ransom to provide
 To the King sending ;
 Which he neglects the while,
 As from a nation vile
 Yet with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed.
 Yet, have we well begun,
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
 This my full rest shall be,
 England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me.
 Victor I will remain,
 Or on this earth lie slain,
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

Poictiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell,
 No less our skill is,
 Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat,
 Lop'd the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread,
 The eager vanward led ;
 With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen.
 Excester had the rear,
 A braver man not there,
 O Lord how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
 Armour on armour shone,
 Drum now to drum did groan
 To hear, was wonder ;
 That with cries they make,
 The very earth did shake,
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
 O noble Erpingham,
 Which did the signal aim
 To our hid forces;
 When from a meadow by,
 Like a storm suddenly,
 The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,
 That like to serpents stung
 Piercing the weather;
 None from his fellow starts,
 But playing manly parts,
 And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw
 And forth their bilbows drew,
 And on the French they flew;
 Not one was tardy;
 Arms were from shoulders sent,
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
 Down the French peasants went,
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
 His broad sword brandishing,
 Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it;
 And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besrent
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother,
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay,
 To England to carry;
 O when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

SONNET.

LOVE in a humour play'd the prodigal,
 And bad my senses to a solemn feast;
 Yet more to grace the company withal,
 Invites my heart to be the chiefest guest:
 No other drink would serve this glutton's
 turn
 But precious tears distilling from mine
 eyne,
 Which with my sighs this epicure doth
 burn,
 Quaffing carouses in this costly wine;
 Where, in his cups o'ercome with foul
 excess,
 Straightways he plays a swaggering ruf-
 fian's part,
 And at the banquet in his drunkenness,
 Slew his dear friend, my kind and truest
 heart:
 A gentle warning (friends) thus may
 you see,
 What 'tis to keep a drunkard company.

SONNET.

IF he, from heaven that filch'd that living
 fire,
 Condemn'd by Jove to endless torment be,
 I greatly marvel how you still go free,
 That far beyond Prometheus did aspire:
 The fire he stole, although of heavenly
 kind,
 Which from above he craftily did take,
 Of lifeless clods, us living men to make,
 He did bestow in temper of the mind:
 But you broke into heav'n's immortal
 store,
 Where virtue, honour, wit, and beauty
 lay;
 Which taking thence you have escap'd
 away,

Yet stand as free as e'er you did before :
 Yet old Prometheus punish'd for his
 rape :
 Thus poor thieves suffer, when the
 greater 'scape.

KING HENRY TO FAIR ROSAMOND.

THE little flow'rs dropping their honey'd
 dew,
 Which (as thou writ'st) do weep upon thy
 shoe,
 Not for thy fault (sweet Rosamond) do
 moan,
 Only lament that thou so soon art gone :
 For if thy foot touch hemlock as it goes,
 That hemlock's made far sweeter than the
 rose.

* * * * *

My camp resounds with fearful shocks of
 war,
 Yet in my breast more dang'rous conflicts
 are ;
 Yet is my signal to the battle's sound
 The blessed name of beauteous Rosamond.
 Accursed be that heart, that tongue, that
 breath,
 Should think, should speak, or whisper
 of thy death :
 For in one smile or lower from thy sweet
 eye
 Consists my life, my hope, my victory.
 Sweet Woodstock, where my Rosamond
 doth rest,
 Be blest in her, in whom thy king is blest :
 For though in France awhile my body be,
 My heart remains (dear paradise) in thee.

LOVE BANISHED HEAVEN.

SONNET.

LOVE banish'd heaven, in earth was held
 in scorn,
 Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary ;
 And wanting friends, though of a goddess
 born,
 Yet crav'd the alms of such as passed by :
 I like a man devout and charitable,
 Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring
 guest,

With sighs and tears still furnishing his
 table,
 With what might make the miserable
 blest ;
 But this ungrateful, for my good desert.
 Entic'd my thoughts against me to con-
 spire,
 Who gave consent to steal away my heart,
 And set my breast his lodging on a fire.
 Well, well, my friends, when beggars
 grow thus bold,
 No marvel then though charity grow
 cold.

[WILLIAM DRUMMOND. 1585—1649.]

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early
 hours
 Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
 We'd pleased with delights which present
 are,
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-
 smelling flowers :
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy
 bowers
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
 And what dear gifts on thee he did not
 spare,—
 A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
 What soul can be so sick, which by thy
 songs
 (Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not
 driven
 Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites,
 and wrongs,
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to
 Heaven ?
 Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind
 dost raise
 To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels'
 lays.

A GOOD THAT NEVER SATISFIES THE MIND.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,
 A beauty fading like the April flow'rs,
 A sweet with floods of gall, that runs
 combin'd

A pleasure passing ere in thought made
ours,
An honour that more fickle is than
wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more
blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and
land,
A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous
name,
Are the strange ends we toil for here
below,
Till wisest death make us our errors
know.

[JOHN DONNE. 1573—1631.]

THE MESSAGE.

SEND home my long stray'd eyes to
me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on
thee;
But if they there have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could
stain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy when thou
Art in anguish,
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou dost now.

[WILLIAM BROWNE. 1590—1645.]

WILLY, OR GLIDE SOFT YE
SILVER FLOODS.

GLIDE soft ye silver floods,
And every spring :
Within the shady woods,
Let no bird sing !
Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be seen to couple with her love,
But silence on each dale and mountain
dwell,
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy
farewell.

But (of great Thetis' train)
Ye mermaids fair,
That on the shores do plain
Your sea-green hair,
As ye in trammels knit your locks
Weep ye ; and so enforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad
shores tell
How Willy bade his friend and joy fare-
well.

Cease, cease, ye murmuring winds
To move a wave ;
But if with troubled minds
You seek his grave ;
Know 'tis as various as yourselves,
Now in the deep, then on the shelves,
His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weeps and bids all joy fare-
well.

Had he, Arion like,
Been judg'd to drown,
He on his lute could strike
So rare a swon ;
A thousand dolphins would have
come,
And jointly strive to bring him
home.
But he on shipboard dy'd, by sickness fell,
Since when his Willy bade all joy farewell.

Great Neptune hear a swain !
His coffin take,
And with a golden chain
(For pity) make
It fast unto a rock near land !

Where ev'ry calm morn I'll stand,
And ere one sheep out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend fare-
well.

And still as time comes in, it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy slave ! and pupil to a bell !
Which his hour's work, as well as hours,
does tell !
Unhappy to the last, the kind releasing
knell.

ABRAHAM COWLEY. 1618—1667.]

ON THE DEATH OF CRASHAW.

POET and Saint ! to thee alone are giv'n
The two most sacred names of earth and
heav'n,
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses banish'd slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride ;
Like Moses thou (tho' spells and charms
withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to
their Holy Land.

Ah, wretched We ! poets of earth !
but thou

Wert living the same poet which thou'rt
now.

Whilst angels sing to thee their airs
divine,

And joy in an applause so great as thine,
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but
say the old :

And they, kind Spirits ! Shall all rejoice
to see

How little less than they exalted man
may be.



LIBERTY.

WHERE honour, or where conscience does
not bind,

No other law shall shackle me ;

Slave to myself I will not be :

Nor shall my future actions be confin'd

By my own present mind.

Who by resolves and vows engag'd does
stand

For days that yet belong to Fate,

Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his es-
tate

Before it falls into his hand.

The bondman of the cloister so

All that he does receive does always owe ;

WHAT SHALL I DO ?

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own ?
I shall like beasts or common people
die,

Unless you write my elegy ;

Whilst others great by being born are
grown,

Their mother's labour, not their own.

In this scale gold, in th' other fame does
lie :

The weight of that mounts this so high.

These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded
bright,

Brought forth with their own fire and
light.

If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,

Out of myself it must be strook.

Yet I must on : What sound is't strikes
mine ear ?

Sure I Fame's trumpet hear :

It sounds like the last trumpet, for it can
Raise up the bury'd man.

Unpass'd Alps stop me, but I'll cut
through all,

And march, the Muse's Hannibal.

Hence, all the flatt'ring vanities that lay

Nets of roses in the way ;

Hence, the desire of honours or estate,

And all that is not above Fate ;

Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my
days,

Which intercepts my coming praise.

Come, my best Friends ! my books ! and
lead me on,

'Tis time that I were gone.

Welcome, great Stagirate ! and teach me
now

All I was born to know :

Thy scholar's vict'ries thou dost far out-
do ;

'Tis conquer'd the earth, the whole world
you.

Welcome, learn'd Cicero ! whose bless'd
tongue and wit
Preserves Rome's greatness yet :
Thou art the first of orators ; only he
Who best can praise thee next must be.
Welcome the Mantuan swan ! Virgil the
wise,
Whose verse walks highest, but not flies ;
Who brought green Poesy to her perfect
age,

And made that art which was a rage.
Tell me, ye mighty Three ! what shall I do
To be like one of you ?
But you have climb'd the mountain's top,
there sit
On the calm flourishing head of it,
And whilst, with wearied steps, we up-
ward go,
See us and clouds below.

LOVE IN HER SUNNY EYES.

Love in her sunny eyes does basking
play :
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her
hair ;
Love does on both her lips for ever
stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses
there ;
In all her outward parts Love's always
seen,
But, Oh ! he never went within.

THE SOUL.

If mine eyes do e'er declare
They've seen a second thing that's fair ;
Or ears that they have music found,
Besides thy voice, in any sound ;
If my taste do ever meet,
After thy kiss with ought that's sweet ;
If my abused touch allow
Ought to be smooth or soft but thou !
If what seasonable springs,
Or the eastern summer brings,
Do my smell persuade at all
Ought perfume but thy breath to call ;
If all my senses objects be
Not contracted into thee,
And so through thee more pow'ful pass,

As beams do through a burning-glass ;
If all things that in nature are
Either soft, or sweet, or fair,
Be not in thee so epitomiz'd,
That nought material's not compris'd,
May I as worthless-seem to thee,
As all but thou appear to me.

THE WISH.

WELL, then, I now do plainly see,
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree,
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy :
And they (methinks) deserve my pity
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the City.

Ah ! yet, e'er I descend to the grave,
May I a small house and large garden
have !

And a few friends, and many books, both
true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !
And since Love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me !

AN IMPRECATION AGAINST CIVIL STRIFE.

CURS'D be the man (what do I wish ? as
though
The wretch already were not so ;
But curs'd on let him be) who thinks it
brave
And great his country to enslave ;
Who seeks to overpoise alone
The balance of a nation :
Against the whole, but naked state,
Who in his own light scale makes up with
arms the weight.

Who of his nation loves to be the first,
Though at the rate of being worst,
Who would be rather a great monster,
than
A well proportion'd man ;
The sun of earth, with hundred hands

Upon his three pil'd mountain stands,
Till thunder strikes him from the sky,
The son of Earth again in his earth's
womb does lie.

What blood, confusion, ruin, to obtain
A short and miserable reign?
In what oblique and humble creeping
wise

Does the mischievous serpent rise?
But ev'n his forked tongue strikes dead,
When he's rear'd up his wicked head;
He murders with his mortal frown;
A basilisk he grows if once he get a
crown.

But no guards can oppose assaulting
ears,
Or undermining tears;
No more than doors or close-drawn
curtains keep
The swarming dreams out when we
sleep:

That bloody conscience, too, of his,
(For oh! a rebel red-coat 't is)
Does here his early hell begin;
He sees his slaves without, his tyrant feels
within.

Let, gracious God! let never more thine
hand
Lift up this rod against our land:
A tyrant is a rod and serpent too,
And brings worse plagues than Egypt
knew.
What rivers stain'd with blood have
been?

What storm and hail-shot have we seen?
What sores deſorm'd the ulcerous state?
What darkness to be felt has bury'd us of
late?

How has it snatch'd our flocks and herds
away!
And made even of our sons a prey!
What croaking sects and vermin has it
sent

The restless nation to torment!
What greedy troops, what armed power
Of flies and locusts, to devour
The land, which ev'rywhere they fill!
Nor fly they, Lord! away; no, they
devour it still.

Come the eleventh plague rather than
this should be,
Come sink us rather in the sea:
Come rather Pestilence, and reap us
down;
Come God's sword rather than our own:
Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane:
In all the bonds we ever bore
We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept: we never
blush'd before.

If by our sins the divine vengeance be
Call'd to this last extremity,
Let some denouncing Jonas first be sent
To try if England can repent:
Methinks, at least some prodigy,
Some dreadful comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the earth,
As of good princes' deaths, so of a tyrant's
birth.

(ROBERT SOUTHWELL. 1560—1595.] /

TIMES GO BY TURNS. ✓

THE lopp'd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and
flower,
The sorriest wight may find release of
pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening
shower;
Time goes by turns, and chances change
by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to
worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and
go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest
web:
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

[CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. 1564—1593.]

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

That valleys, groves, or hill, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield ;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Slippers, lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

Thy silver dishes, for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and
sing
For thy delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me and be my love.

ANSWER BY SIR WALTER
RALEIGH.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love,

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields ;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten ;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than's fit for men ?
These are but vain : that's only good
Which God hath bless'd and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need ;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

[EDMUND SPENSER. 1553—1599.]

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care in Heaven? And is
there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched
were the case
Of men than beasts: but O! th' exceeding
grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures
so,
And all his works with mercy doth em-
brace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his
foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly
ward,
And their bright squadrons round about
us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O, why should heavenly God to men have
such regard?

UNA AND THE LION.

ONE day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
 From her unhasty beast she did alight ;
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
 In secret shadow, far from all men's sight ;
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,
 And laid her stole aside : her angel's face,
 As the great eye of Heaven, shined
 bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place ;
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunéd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lion rushéd suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood :
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have at once devoured her tender
 corse :
 But to the prey when as he drew more
 nigh,
 His bloody rage assuagéd with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazed, forgot his
 furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
 And licked her lily hands with fawning
 tongue ;
 As he her wrongéd innocence did weet.
 O how can beauty master the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had marked
 long,
 Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion ;
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure
 affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth
 abate,
 And mighty proud to humble weak does
 yield,
 Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
 Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate :—
 But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate
 Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adored
 As the god of my life ? why hath he me
 abhorred ?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of
 her plaint,
 Which softly echoed from the neighbour
 wood ;
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood ;
 With pity calmed, down fell his angry
 mood.
 At last, in close heart shutting up her
 pain,
 Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got again,
 To seek her strayed champion if she might
 attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong
 guard
 Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch
 and ward ;
 And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepared :
 From her fair eyes he took command-
 ment,
 And ever by her looks conceived her
 intent.

SWEET IS THE ROSE.

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a
 brere ;
 Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough ;
 Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh ear ;
 Sweet is the firebloom, but his branches
 rough ;
 Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is tough ;
 Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill ;
 Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour
 enough ;
 And sweet is moly, but his root is ill ;
 So, every sweet, with sour is tempered
 still,
 That maketh it be coveted the more :
 For easy things that may be got at will
 Most sorts of men do set but little
 store.
 Why then should I account of little pain,
 That endless pleasure shall unto me
 gain ?

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plain,
 Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
 Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
 The cruel marks of many a bloody field ;
 Yet arms till that time did he never wield :
 His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
 As much disdain to the curb to yield :
 Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
 As one for knightly guists and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
 The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,

And dead, as living, ever him ador'd :
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For sovereign hope, which in his help he had.

Right, faithful, true he was in deed and word :

But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad :
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
 (That greatest glorious Queen of Faery Lond)

To win him worship, and her grace to have,

Which of all earthly things he most did crave.

And ever, as he rode, his heart did yearn
 To prove his puissance in battle brave ;
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learn ;
 Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

THE HERMITAGE.

A LITTLE lowly hermitage it was,
 Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
 Far from resort of people that did pass
 In travel to and fro : a little wide
 There was an holy chapel edifyde,
 Wherein the hermit duly wont to say
 His holy things each morn and eventide ,
 Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountain welled forth
 alway.

THE SEASONS.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year ;
 First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves and flowers

That freshly budded, and new blossoms did bear,

In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,

That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ;
 And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stours)

A gilt engraven morion he did wear,
 That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock coloured green
 That was unlined all, to be more light,
 And on his head a garland well beseen
 He wore, from which, as he had chafed been,

The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore

A bow and shaft, as he in forest green
 Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
 And now would bathe his limbs, with labour heated sore.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,

As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad

That he had banished Hunger, which to fore

Had by the belly oft him pinched sore ;
 Upon his head a wreath, that was enroled
 With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
 And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
 To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

Lastly came Winter, clothed all in frize,
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,

Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,

And the dull drops that from his purpled bill

As from a limbeck did adown distil ;
 In his right hand a tipped staff he held,

With which his feeble steps he stayed Dark is my day whiles her fair light I
still, miss.
For he was faint with cold and weak with And dead my life, that wants such lively
eld bliss.
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was
to weld.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

✓ THrice happy she that is so well assur'd
Unto herself, and settled so in heart,
That neither will for better be allur'd,
Ne fears to worse with any chance to
start,
But like a steady ship doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keeps her course
aright;
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fairer weather's false delight.
Such self-assurance need not fear the
spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of
friends;
But in the stay of her own stedfast might,
Neither to one herself or other bends.
Most happy she that most assur'd doth
rest,
But he most happy who such one loves
best.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her
mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful
vow
For his return, that seems to linger late;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love,
And wandering here and there all deso-
late,
Seek with my plaints to match that
mournful dove.
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth
hove
Can comfort me, but her own joyous
sight,
Whose sweet aspect both god and man
can move,
In her unspotted pleasance to delight:

THE GARDEN OF BEAUTY. ✓

COMing to kiss her lips (such grace I
found),
Me seem'd I smelt a garden of sweet
flow'rs,
That dainty odours from them threw
around,
For damsels fit to deck their lovers'
bow'rs.
Her lips did smell like unto gilliflowers,
Her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red,
Her snowy brows like budded bella-
moures,
Her lovely eyes like pinks but newly
spred,
Her goodly bosom like a strawberry
bed,
Her neck like to a bunch of cullambines,
Her breast like lilies ere their leaves be
shed,
Her nipples like young blossom'd jessa-
mines:
Such fragrant flow'rs do give most odo-
rous smell,
But her sweet odour did them all excel,

THE POWER OF POETRY TO
CONFER FAME.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the
stand,
But came the waves and washed it away;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains
his prey.
Vain man! said she, that doth in vain
assay
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise.
Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by
fame:
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,

And in the heavens write your glorious
name,
Where, when as Death shall all the world
subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

ASTROPHEL (SIR PHILIP
SIDNEY).

“ Woods, hills, and rivers, now are de-
solate,
Sith he is gone, the which them all did
grace ;
And all the fields do wail their widow
state,
Sith death their fairest flower did late
deface :
The fairest flower in field that ever grew
Was Astrophel ; that was we all may rue.

“ What cruel hand of cursed foe un-
known
Hath cropt the stalk which bore so fair a
flower ?
Untimely cropt, before it well were
grown,
And clean defaced in untimely hour ;
Great loss to all that ever him did see,
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me.

“ Break now your girlouds, O ye shep-
herds’ lasses !
Sith the fair flower which them adorn’d
is gone ;
The flower which them adorn’d is gone
to ashes,
Never again let lass put girlond on :
Instead of girlond wear sad cypress now,
And bitter elder broken from the bough.

“ Ne ever sing the love-lays which he
made ;
Who ever made such lays of love as
he ?
Ne ever read the riddles which he said
Unto yourselves to make you merry glee :
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merry maker now, alas ! is dead.

“ Death, the devourer of all world’s
delight,

Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my
joy ;
Both you and me, and all the world, he
quite
Hath robb’d of joyance, and left sad
annoy.
Joy of the world, and shepherds’ pride,
was he ;
Shepherds, hope never like again to see.

“ O Death ! that hast us of such riches
reft,
Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it
done ?
What is become of him whose flower here
left
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone ?
Scarce like the shadow of that which he
was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did
pass.

“ But that immortal spirit, which was
deck’d
With all the dowries of celestial grace,
By sovereign choice from th’ heavenly
quires select,
And lineally deriv’d from angels’ race,
O what is now of it become ? aread :
Aye me ! can so divine a thing be dead :

“ Ah ! no : it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aye in blissful paradise,
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth
lie
In bed of lilies, wrapt in tender wise,
And compass’d all about with roses
sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet.

“ There thousand birds, all of celestial
brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night,
And with strange notes, of him well un-
derstood,
Lall him asleep in angel-like delight ;
Whilst in sweet dream to him presented
be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

“ But he them sees, and takes exceeding
pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,
Ç 2

And kindling love in him above all measure ;

Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling pain :

For what so goodly form he there doth see

He may enjoy, from jealous rancour free.

“ There liveth he in everlasting bliss,
Sweet Spirit ! never fearing more to die,
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,
Ne fearing savage beasts’ more cruelty,
Whilst we here wretches wail his private
 lack,
And with vain vows do often call him
 back.

“ But live thou there still, happy, happy
 Spirit !

And give us leave thee here thus to
 lament ;

Not thee that dost thy heaven’s joy in-
 herit,

But our own selves, that here in dole are
 drent.

Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our
 eyes,

Mourning in others our own miseries.”

THE BRIDAL DAY.

“ Open the temple-gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands
 trim,

For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.

With trembling steps and humble reve-
 rence

She cometh in before th’ Almighty’s
 view :

Of her, ye virgins ! learn obedience,
When so ye come into these holy places,
To humble your proud faces.

Bring her up to th’ high altar, that she
 may

The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make ;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord, in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throats

The choristers the joyous anthems sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their
 echo ring.

“ Behold whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesses her with his two happy hands,
How red the roses flush up in her cheeks !
And the pure snow, with goodly vermil
 stain,

Like crimson dy’d in grain,
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more
 fair

The more they on it stare ;
But her sad eyes, still fast’ned on the
 ground,

Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought un-
 sound.

Why blush ye, Love ! to give to me your
 hand,

The pledge of all your band ?
Sing, ye sweet angels ! Alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
 echo ring.

“ Now all is done : bring home the bride
 again,

Bring home the triumph of our victory :
Bring home with you the glory of her
 gain,

With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.

Make feast, therefore, now all this live-
 long day,

This day for ever to me holy is ;
Pour out the wine without restraint or
 stay,

Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full :
Pour out to all that will,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with
 wine,

That they may sweat, and drunken be
 withal :

Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of
 vine,

And let the Graces dance unto the rest,

For they can do it best,
The whiles the maidens do their carol
sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and
their echo ring.

'Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the
town,
And leave your wonted labours for this
day ;
This day is holy ; do you write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.

* * * * *
" Now cease, ye damsels ! your delights
forepast,

Enough it is that all the day was yours ;
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the bride into the bridal
bowers ;

Now night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in her bed her lay ;
Lay her in lilies and in violets,
And silken curtains over her display,
And odour'd sheets, and arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
In proud humility ;
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flow'ry grass,
'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was
With bathing in the Acidalian brook :
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lays to
sing ;
The woods no more shall answer, nor
your echo ring.

[SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. 1554—1586.]

TO THE MOON.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou
climb'st the skies !
How silently, and with how wan a face !
What !—may it be, that ev'n in heavenly
place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted
eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's
case ;
I read it in thy looks ; thy languished
grace,

To me, that feel the like, thy state
descries.

Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell
me,
Is constant love deemed there but want
of wit ?
Are beauties there as proud as here they
be ?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth
possess ?

Do they call virtue there—ungratefulness ?

[ANONYMOUS. 1570.]

LOVE ME LITTLE—LOVE ME LONG.

LOVE me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward or too bold ;
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.

If thou lovest me too much,
It will not prove as true as touch ;
Love me little, more than such,
For I fear the end.
I am with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent,
To be steadfast friend.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive

While that life endures :
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now, when in my May of youth,
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persevere ;
Give me that, with true endeavour
I will it restore.
A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers ; that for me,

For the land or for the sea,
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests, on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel.

Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain;
So to thee farewell.

[THOMAS LODGE. 1556—1625.]

ROSALIND'S COMPLAINT.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will you?

And if I sleep, then pierceth he
With pretty slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if I but sing;
He lends my every lovely thing,
Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting:
Ah, wanton, will you?

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast if for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin:
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou softly on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;

Lurk in my eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid! so thou pity me;
Spare not, but play thee.

[JAMES SHIRLEV. 1596—1666.]

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hand on kings
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and
spade.

Some men with swords may reap the
field,
And plant with laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must
yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring
breath,
When they, pale captives! creep to
death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day;
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the croud of common
men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are :
Nor to these alone confin'd :

He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a
heart.

[THOMAS DEKKER. 1599.]

SWEET CONTENT.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden
slumbers ?

Oh, sweet content !
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?
Oh, punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are
vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden
numbers ?

O, sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney.

Canst drink the waters of the crisped
spring ?

O, sweet content !
Swimmest thou in wealth, yet sink'st in
thine own tears ?

O, punishment !
Then he that patiently want's burden
bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king !
O, sweet content !

Work apace, apace, &c.

[SAMUEL FLETCHER. 1576—1625.]

MELANCHOLY.

HENCE all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly !
There's nought in this life sweet,
~~no~~ man were wise to see't,
But ~~only~~ melancholy !

Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound !

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves !
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !
A midnight bell, a parting groan !—
These are the sounds we feed upon ;
Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy
valley ;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely me-
lancholy !

CONSTANCY.

LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow branches bear ;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth !

WEEP NO MORE.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan.
Sorrow calls no time that's gone :
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again ;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully ;
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see ;
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last ?
Grief is but a wound to woe ;
Gentlest fair one, mourn no mo.

[ROBERT GREENE. 1560—1592.]

A DEATH-BED LAMENT.

DECEIVING world, that with alluring toys
Hast made my life the subject of thy
scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys,
T' out-length my life, whom friends have
left forlorn ;

How well are they that die ere they be
born,
And never see thy slights, which few men
shun,
Till unawares they helpless are undone !

O that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restored !
What rules of life, what counsel I would
give,
How should my sin with sorrow be
deplored !

But I must die of every man abhorred :
Time loosely spent will not again be won ;
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

[JOHN LYL. 1554—1600.]

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe playd
At cards for kisses ; Cupid paid :
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of spar-
rows ;
Loses them too ; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows
how),

With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin ;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. 1564—1616.]

ADVICE OF POLONIUS TO HIS SON, ON SETTING FORTH ON HIS TRAVELS.

Hamlet.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption
tied,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of
steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertain-
ment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade,
Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of
thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy
voice :

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich not
gaudy ;

For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
And they in France, of the best rank and
station,

Are most select and generous, chief in
that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be :

For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-
bandry.

This above all—to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man,
Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH.

To be, or not to be,—that is the ques-
tion :—

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous for-
tune ;

Or to take arms against a sea of
troubles,

And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—
to sleep,—

No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we
end

The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
shocks

That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consumma-
tion

Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to
sleep ;—

To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay
there's the rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams
 may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal
 coil,
 Must give us pause ; there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns
 of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's
 contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's
 delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy
 takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels
 bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary
 life ;
 But that the dread of something after
 death,—
 The undiscovered country, from whose
 bourn
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we
 have,
 Than fly to others that we know not
 of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us
 all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
 thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn
 a-wry,
 And lose the name of action.

HAMLET'S REPROACHES TO HIS MOTHER.

LOOK here, upon this picture, and on
 this ;
 The counterfeited presentment of two
 brothers.
 See, what a grace was seated on this
 brow :
 Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove him-
 self ;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and com-
 mand ;

A station like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his
 seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man :
 This was your husband.—Look you now,
 what follows ;
 Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd
 ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have
 you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to
 feed,
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have
 you eyes?
 You cannot call it love: for, at your
 age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, 'tis
 humble,
 And waits upon the judgment: and what
 judgment
 Would step from this to this? Sense,
 sure you have,
 Else could you not have motion: but,
 sure that sense
 Is apoplex'd: for madness would not
 err;
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserved some quantity of choice,
 To serve in such a difference. What
 devil was't
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-
 blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without
 sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans
 all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope.
 O shame! where is thy blush? Rebel-
 lious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no
 shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the
 charge ;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more :
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very
 soul.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

O THAT this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
Or that the everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God !
O God !

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on't ! O fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed ; things rank and
gross in nature

Possess it merely. That it should come
to this !

But two months dead !—nay, not so
much, not two :

So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my
mother,

That he might not betwixt the winds of
heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and
earth !

Must I remember ? why, she would hang
on him,

As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on : and yet, within a
month,—

Let me not think on't ;—Frailty, thy
name is woman !—

A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's
body,

Like Niobe, all tears ;—why she, even
she,— [of reason,

O heaven ! a beast, that wants discourse
Would have mourn'd longer,—married
with my uncle,

My father's brother ; but no more like my
father,

Than I to Hercules : Within a month ;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.

HAMLET'S ADDRESS TO HIS FATHER'S GHOST.

ANGELS and ministers of grace defend
us !—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or
blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee ; I'll call thee,
Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me :
Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in
death,

Have burst their cerements ! why the
sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble
jaws,

To cast thee up again ! What may this
mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete
steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we fools of
nature,

So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our
souls ?

HAMLET'S ESTEEM FOR HORATIO.

NAY, do not think I flatter :
For what advancement may I hope from
thee,

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee ? Why should
the poor be flatter'd ?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd
pomp ;

And crook the pregnant hinges of the
knee,

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost
thou hear ?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her
choice,

And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself ; for thou
hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers no-
thing ;

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks : and bless'd
are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well
co-mingled,

That they are not a pipe for Fortune's
finger

To sound what stop she please : Give me
that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will
wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of
hearts,

As I do thee.

CONSCIENCE.

Tempest.

O. IT is monstrous ! monstrous !

Methought the billows spoke and told me
of it ;

The winds did sing it to me ; and the
thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pro-
nounced

The name.

SECRET LOVE.

Twelfth Night.

SHE never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in
thought ;

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.



SONG.

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;

Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it ;

My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave
To weep there.

A FAITHFUL LOVER.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

His words are bonds, his oaths are
oracles ;

His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears pure messengers sent from his
heart,

His heart as far from fraud as heaven
from earth.

MUSIC.

IF music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die, —
That strain again ; it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.

HUMAN NATURE.

THESE our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe it-
self ;
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such
stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little
life
Is rounded with a sleep.

CASSIUS UPON CÆSAR.

Julius Caesar.

WHY, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world

Like a colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep
about

To find ourselves dishonourable grave-
Men at some time are masters of thei-
fates ;

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them;
 The good is oft interr'd with their bones;
 So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
 If it were so, it were a grievous fault;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
 (For Brutus is an honourable man,
 So are they all, all honourable men),
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
 But Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke.
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me,
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.
 * * * * *

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men:
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,
 I found it in his closet,—tis his will;
 Let but the commons hear this testament
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ; They, that have done this deed, are
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, honourable ;
 And, dying, mention it within their wills, What private griefs they have, alas, I
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy, know not,
 Unto their issue. That made them do it ; they are wise and
 honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer
 you.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them
 now.

You all do know this mantle ; I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
 That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger
 through ;

See, what a rent the envious Casca made ;
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus
 stabb'd ;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed
 it !

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no.
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's

Judge, O you gods ! how dearly Cæsar
 lov'd him !

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors'
 arms,

Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his
 mighty heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great
 Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us,
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you
 feel

The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you
 but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? look you
 here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with
 traitors.

* * * * *

Good Friends, sweet friends, let me not
 stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

I come not, friends, to steal away your
 hearts ;

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt
 man,

That love my friend ; and that they know
 full well

That give me public leave to speak of
 him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor
 worth,

Action nor utterance, nor the power of
 speech,

To stir men's blood ; I only speak right
 on ;

I tell you that which you yourselves do
 know ;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor,
 poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I
 Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an An-
 tony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a
 tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should
 move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Oc-
 tavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is a-weary of the world ;
 Hated by one he loves ; braved by his
 brother ;

Checked like a bondman ; all his faults
 observed,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd
 by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold ;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;

Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,

Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

ANTONY'S DESCRIPTION OF BRUTUS.

THIS was the noblest Roman of them all ;
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;

He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand
up,
And say to all the world, " This was a man ! "

MACBETH'S MENTAL STRUGGLE BEFORE THE MURDER OF DUNCAN.

Macbeth.

Macb. If it were *done* when 'tis done,
then 't were well

It were done quickly ; if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch

With his surcease, success ; that but this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—

We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,

We still have judgment here ; that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust ;

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,

Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,

Who should against his murderer shut the door,

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongued,

against

The deep damnation of his taking-off ;

And pity, like a naked new-born babe

Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim
 horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have
 no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps it-
 self,
 And falls on the other side.—How now?
 what news?

Lady. He has almost supp'd; why
 have you left the chamber?

Mach. Hath he asked for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Mach. We will proceed no further in
 this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have
 bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in the newest
 gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it
 slept since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and
 pale

At what it did so freely? From this time
 Such I account thy love. Art thou
 afraid

To be the same in thine own act and
 valour

As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou
 have that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of
 life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem,
 Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Mach. Prythee, peace
 I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more is none.

LIFE.

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-
 morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to
 day,

To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
 candle!

Life's but a walking shadow poor
 player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the
 stage,

And then is heard no more; it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

THE REPOSE OF THE GRAVE.

DUNCAN is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;

Treason has done his worst; nor steel,
 nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further.

THE VISIONARY DAGGER.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come,
 let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was
 going;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
 senses,

Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of
 blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no
 such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.

REMORSE.

WHENCE is that knocking?

How is 't with me, when every noise
 appals me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!	I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood	Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather	Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green one red.	

DISEASES OF THE MIND
INCURABLE.

CANST thou not minister to a mind
diseas'd ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous
stuff
Which weighs upon the heart ?

MACBETH TO BANQUO'S GHOST.

WHAT man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian
bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan
tiger ;
Take any shape but that, and my firm
nerves
Shall never tremble : or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy
sword ;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible
shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Why so--being
gone,

[Ghost disappears.]

I am a man again.

DESPISED OLD AGE.

I HAVE liv'd long enough : my way of
life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old
age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of
friends

CORDELIA'S EMOTION ON
HEARING OF HER SISTERS'
CRUELTY.

King Lear.

PATIENCE and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You
have seen
Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and
tears
Were like a better day : Those happy
smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to
know
What guests were in her eyes ; which
parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.

DOVER CLIFF.

How fearful
And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the
midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half
way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dread-
ful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his
head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring
bark,
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a
buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmur-
ing surge
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles
chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no
more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient
sight
Topple down headlong.

KING LEAR IN THE TEMPEST.

BLOW, wind, and crack your cheeks!
 rage! blow!
 You cataracts and huricanoes spout
 Till you have drench'd our steeples,
 drowned the cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing
 fires,
 Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-
 bolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou, all-
 shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the
 world!

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout,
 rain!
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my
 daughters:
 I tax you not, you elements with unkind-
 ness,
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you
 children,
 You owe me no subscription; why then,
 let fall
 Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your
 slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old
 man:—
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters
 join'd
 Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a
 head
 So old and white as this. O! O! 't is
 foul!

LEAR TO CORDELIA WHEN
TAKEN PRISONERS.

COME, let's away to prison:
 We two alone will sing like birds i' the
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel
 down,
 And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll
 live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales,
 and laugh

At gilded butterflies and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news; and we'll talk with
 them too,—
 Who loses, and who wins: who's in,
 who's out;
 And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies: and we'll
 wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of
 great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

EDGAR'S DEFIANCE OF
EDMUND.

DRAW thy sword;
 That if my speech offend a noble heart,
 Thy arm may do thee justice: here is
 mine.
 Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
 My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
 Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and
 eminence,
 Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new
 fortune,
 Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a
 traitor:
 False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy
 father;
 Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious
 prince;
 And from the extremest upward of thy
 head,
 To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
 A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou,
No,
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits,
 are bent
 To prove upon thy heart, whereto I
 speak,
 Thou liest.

THE STORM.

POOR naked wretches, wheresoe'er you
 are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless
 storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and un-
 fed sides,
 Your looped and windowed raggedness,
 defend you

False persons such as these? O! I have
 ta'en
 Too little care of this. Take physic,
 pomp;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches
 feel;
 That thou mayest shake the superflux to
 them,
 And show the heavens more just.

CHARACTER OF CORIOLANUS.

Coriolanus.

His nature is too noble for the world:
 He would not flatter Neptune for his
 trident,
 Or Jove for his power to thunder. His
 heart's his mouth;
 What his breast forges, that his tongue
 must vent;
 And being angry, does forget that ever
 He heard the name of death.

CORIOLANUS'S CONTEMPT FOR THE MOB.

You common cry of curs! whose breath
 I hate
 As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I
 prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
 And here remain with your uncertainty!
 Let every feeble rumour shake your
 hearts!
 Your enemies, with nodding of their
 plumes,
 Fan you into despair! Have the power
 still
 To banish your defenders; till, at length,
 Your ignorance (which finds not ill it
 feels),
 Making not reservation of yourselves
 (Still your own foes), deliver you, as
 most
 Abated captives, to some nation
 That won you without blows. Despising
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
 There is a world elsewhere.

WHAT would you have, you curs,
 That like nor peace nor war? the one
 affrights you,
 The other makes you proud. He that
 trusts you,
 Where he should find you lions, finds
 you hares;
 Where foxes, geese; you are no surer,
 no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
 To make him worthy whose offence sub-
 dues him,
 And curse that justice did it. Who
 deserves greatness,
 Deserves your hate: and your affections
 are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most
 that
 Which would increase his evil. He that
 depends
 Upon your favours swims with fins of
 lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang
 ye! Trust ye?
 With every minute you do change a
 mind;
 And call him noble that was now your
 hate.
 Him vile, that was your garland.

CLEOPATRA ON THE CYDNUS.

Antony and Cleopatra.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd
 throne,
 Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten
 gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
 The winds were love-sick with them: the
 oars were silver;
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke,
 and made
 The water which they beat to follow
 faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her
 own person,
 It beggar'd all description; she did lie
 In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
 O'er picturing that Venus, where we see,

The fanc, outwork nature: on each side
 her,
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling
 Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind
 did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they
 did cool,
 And what they undid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings; at the
 helm

A seeming mermaid steers: the silken
 tackle

Swell with the touches of those flower-
 soft hands,

That yarely frame the office. From the
 barge

A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit
 alone,

Whistling to the air; which, but for
 vacancy,

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And make a gap in nature.

ANTONY'S DESPONDENCY.

O SUN, thy uprise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and Antony part here; even
 here

Do we shake hands.—All come to this;
 —the hearts

That spaniell'd me at heels, to whom I
 gave

Their wishes, do discandy, melt their
 sweets

On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is
 bark'd,

That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
 O this false soul of Egypt! this grave
 charm,

Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and
 call'd them home,

Whose bosom was my crownnet, my chief
 end,

Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.

CLEOPATRA'S SPEECH ON AP- PLYING THE SERPENT TO HER BREAST.

GIVE me my robe, put on my crown;
 I have
 Immortal longings in me: now no more
 The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist
 this lip:

Yare, yare, good Iras; quick—Methinks
 I hear

Antony call; I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act: I hear him mock
 The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give
 men

To excuse their after-wrath: Husband, I
 come:

Now to that name my courage prove my
 title!

I am fire and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of
 my lips,

Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long
 farewell.

THE FOOL IN THE FOREST.

As You Like It.

A FOOL, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
 A motley fool— a miserable world!—

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
 Who laid him down and bask'd him in
 the sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good
 terms—

In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
 “Good morrow, fool,” quoth I—“No,
 Sir,” quoth he,

“Call me not fool, till heaven have sent
 me fortune:”

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
 And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says, very wisely, “it is ten o'clock:
 Thus may we see,” quoth he, “how the
 world wags:

'T is but an hour ago since it was nine,
 And after one hour more 't will be eleven;
 And so from hour to hour we ripe and
 ripe,

And then from hour to hour we rot and
 rot ;
 And thereby hangs a tale." When I did
 hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should besodeep-contemplative ;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool !
 A worthy fool !—motley's the only wear.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely
 players :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many
 parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the
 Infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then, the whining School-boy, with
 his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like
 snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then, the
 Lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a
 Soldier ;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like
 the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in
 quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then,
 the Justice,
 In fair round belly, with good capon
 lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age
 shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on
 side ;
 His youthful hose well saved, a world too
 wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly
 voice,

Turning again toward childish treble,
 pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of
 all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
 every thing.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more
 sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? are not these
 woods
 More free from peril than the envious
 court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference ; as the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my
 body,
 Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and
 say,
 This is no flattery ; these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
 And this our life, exempt from public
 haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the run-
 ning brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every-
 thing.

JAQUES AND THE WOUNDED DEER.

TO-DAY my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps
 out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this
 wood ;
 To the which place a poor sequester'd
 stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a
 hurt,
 Did come to languish : and, indeed, my
 lord,

The wretched animal heaved forth such
groans,
That their discharge did stretch his
leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round
tears
Coursed one another down his innocent
nose

In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift
brook,

Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless
stream;

"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a
testament

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then,
being alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
"'Tis right," quoth he, "thus misery
doth part

The flux of company." Anon, a careless
herd,

Full of the pasture, jumps along by
him,

And never stays to greet him: "Ay,"
quoth Jaques,

"Sweep on you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you
look

Upon that poor and brucken bankrupt
there?"

INGRATITUDE.

BLOW, blow thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh, ho! sing heigh ho! unto the
green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly:

Then heigh, ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing heigh ho! etc.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

SHYLOCK'S REMONSTRANCE WITH ANTONIO.

The Merchant of Venice.

SIGNIOR Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our
tribe;

You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my
help:

Go to then; you come to me, and you
say,

"Shylock, we would have monies:" you
say so;

You that did void your rheum upon my
beard,

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold; monies is your suit;
 What should I say to you? should I not
 say
 "Hath a dog money? is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?"
 or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's
 key,
 With 'bated breath, and whispering
 humbleness,
 Say this,—
 "Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday
 last:
 You spurn'd me such a day; another
 time
 You call'd me—dog; and for these cour-
 tesies
 I'll lend you thus much monies?"

CHEERFULNESS.

LET me play the fool:
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles
 come;
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying
 groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm
 within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
 Sleep when he wakes? and creep into
 the jaundice
 By being peevish?

THE DECEIT OF APPEARANCES.

THE world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all
 as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their
 chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning
 Mars;
 Who, inward search'd have livers white
 as milk?
 And these assume but valour's excrement
 To render them redoubted. Look on
 beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the
 weight;
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of
 it:
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with
 the wind,
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous
 scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times
 put on
 To entrap the wisest.

MERCY.

THE quality of Mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from
 heaven,
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice
 bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that
 takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it be-
 comes
 The thronèd monarch better than his
 crown.
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal
 power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of
 kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest
 God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore,
 Jew,

Though justice bethy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for
mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to
render
The deeds of mercy.

CELESTIAL MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon
this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of
music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the
night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of
heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
There's not the smallest orb, which thou
behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cheru-
bims,—
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn !
With sweetest touches pierce your mis-
tress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

THE LOVE OF MUSIC A TEST
OF CHARACTER.

THE man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet
sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils :
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

I SAW, but thou could'st not,
Flying between the cold moon and the
earth,
Cupid all-armed : a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal thronéd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from
his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand
hearts ;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the
watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passéd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

THE SORROWS OF TRUE LOVE.

AH me ! For aught that ever I could
read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run
smooth.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

THE poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from
earth to heaven ;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's
pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
nothing
A local habitation and a name.

FEMININE FRIENDSHIP.

O, AND is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood in-
nocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one
flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one
cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and
minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew
together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :
So, with two seeming bodies, but on
heart ;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,

Due but to one, and crowned with one
crest.
And will you rent our ancient love
asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor
friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy,
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

BEATRICE.

Much Ado about Nothing.

DISDAIN and scorn ride sparkling in her
eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak; she cannot
love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd,
I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely
featured,
But she would spell him backward; if
fair-faced,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her
sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an
antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-
headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why a vane blown with all
winds:
If silent, why a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny,

INNOCENCE.

I HAVE mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those
blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.

A WOMAN'S TONGUE.

Taming of the Shrew.

THINK you, a little din can daunt my
ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with
winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with
sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the
field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the
skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trum-
pets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to the
ear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire.

THE MIND ALONE VALUABLE.

FOR 'tis the mind that makes the body
rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest
clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
 What ! is the jay more precious than the
 lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the
 eyes ?
 O, no, good Kate : neither art thou the
 worse
 For this poor furniture and mean array.

A WIFE'S DUTY.

FIE, fie ! unknit that threatening unkind
 brow ;
 And dart not scornful glances from those
 eyes,
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy gover-
 nor :
 It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the
 meads :
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake
 fair buds ;
 And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
 A woman moved is like a fountain
 troubled,
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of
 beauty ;
 And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop
 of it.
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy
 keeper,
 Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares
 for thee,
 And for thy maintenance ; commits his
 body
 To painful labour, both by sea and land ;
 To watch the night in storms, the day in
 cold,
 While thou liest warm at home, secure
 and safe ;
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience :—
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such a woman oweth to her hus-
 band :
 And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen,
 sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord !—
 I am ashamed that women are so simple
 To offer war where they should kneel for
 peace ;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and
 obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and
 smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions and our
 hearts
 Should well agree with our external
 parts ?

MIRTHFULNESS.

Love's Labour's Lost.

A MERRIER man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal :
 His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
 For every object that the one doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expo-
 sitor)
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravished
 So sweet and voluble in his discourse.

WOMAN'S EYES.

FROM woman's eyes this doctrine I
 derive :
 They sparkle still the right Promethean
 fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the aca-
 demies,
 That show, contain, and nourish all the
 world.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

BUT love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
 But, with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every
 power ;
 And gives to every power a double power

Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye :
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is
 stopp'd ;
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled
 snails ;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross
 in taste ;
 For valour, is not love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
 Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his
 hair ; [the gods
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony,
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's
 sighs :
 O, then his lines would ravage savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.

WINTER.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home i' the
 pail ;
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whoo !
 Tu-whit ; tu-whoo ! a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
 When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marion's nose looks red and raw ;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whoo !
 Tu-whit ! tu-whoo ! a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SERENADE TO SYLVIA.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

WHO is Sylvia ? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her ?

Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
 The heavens such grace did lend her,
 That she might admir'd be.

Is she kind, as she is fair ?
 For beauty lives with kindness ;
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness ;
 And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
 That Sylvia is excelling ;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling :
 To her let us garlands bring.

THE ABUSE OF POWER.

Measure for Measure.

O, 'T is excellent
 To have a giant's strength : but tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.

THE ABUSE OF AUTHORITY.

COULD great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er
 be quiet,
 For every pelting, petty officer,
 Would use his heaven for thunder ; no-
 thing but thunder—
 Merciful Heaven !
 Thou rather, with thy sharp and sul-
 phurous bolt,
 Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled
 oak,
 Than the soft myrtle : O, but man, proud
 man !
 Drest in a little brief authority
 Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
 His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high
 heaven,
 As make the angels weep.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

AY, but to die, and go we know not
 where ;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;

This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In trilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice ;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence about
 The pendent world ; or to be worse than
 worst
 Of those, that lawless and incertain
 thoughts
 Imagine howling !—'t is too horrible !
 The weariest and most loathed worldly
 life
 That age, ache, penury, and imprison-
 ment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

SLANDER.

Cymbeline.

No, 'tis slander ;
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword :
 whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose
 breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth
 belie
 All corners of the world : kings, queens,
 and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the
 grave
 This viperous slander enters.

HARK ! HARK ! THE LARK !

(CLOTEN'S SONG.)

HARK ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate
 .
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With every thing that pretty bin ;
 My lady sweet, arise.

OTHELLO'S ACCOUNT OF HIS
COURTSHIP OF DESDEMONA.*Othello.*

MOST potent, grave, and reverend sig-
 niors,
 My very noble and approved good
 masters,—
 That I have ta'en away this old man's
 daughter,
 It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I
 in my speech,
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of
 peace ;
 For since these arms of mine had seven
 years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they
 have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and
 battle ;
 And therefore little shall I grace my
 cause,
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your
 gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs,
 what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty
 magic
 (For such proceeding I am charged
 withal),
 I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
 Still questioned me the story of my life,
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges,
 fortunes,
 That I have pass'd.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish
 days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell
 it.
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous
 chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood, and field ;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent
 deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,

And sold to slavery ; of my redemption
 thence,
 And portance in my travel's history :
 Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose
 heads touch heaven,
 It was my hint to speak ;—such was the
 process ;—
 And of the cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose
 heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. This
 to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house affairs would draw her
 thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste
 despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I ob-
 serving,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good
 means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest
 heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something
 heard,
 But not intently. I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful
 stroke,
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being
 done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of
 sighs :
 She swore—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas
 passing strange ;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
 She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she
 wish'd
 That Heaven had made her such a man :
 she thank'd me ;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved
 her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my
 story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this
 hint, I spake :
 She loved me for the dangers I had
 pass'd ;
 And I loved her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.

OTHELLO'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE MURDERING HIS WIFE.

*Desdemona discovered asleep ; enter
 Othello.*

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste
 stars !—
 It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her
 blood ;
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than
 snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster.
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more
 men.
 Put out the light, and then—put out the
 light ?
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me :—but once put out
 thine,
 Thou cunningest pattern of excelling
 nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean
 heat,
 That can thy light relume.
 When I have pluck'd thy rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again.

JEALOUSY.

TRIFLES, light as air,
 Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ.

SCENE BETWEEN OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

Desdemona. Alas, the heavy day !—
 Why do you weep ?
 Am I the occasion of these tears, my
 lord ?
 If, haply, you my father do suspect,
 An instrument of this your calling back,
 Lay not your blame on me ; if you have
 lost him,
 Why, I have lost him too.
Othello. Had it pleas'd Heaven
 To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd
 All kinds of sores and shames on my bare
 head ;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;
Given to captivity me and my utmost
hopes ;

I should have found in some part of my
soul

A drop of patience : but, alas ! to make
me

A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
Yet I could bear that too ; well, very
well :

But there, where I have garner'd up my
heart ;

Where either I must live, or bear no life ;
The fountain from the which my current
runs,

Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

To knot and gender in !—Turn thy com-
plexion there !

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd
cherubim ;

Ay, there, look grim as hell !

EMILIA'S INDIGNATION AGAINST SLANDERERS.

I WILL be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some
office,

Hath not devis'd this slander ; I'll be
hanged else.

* * * * *

The Moor's abus'd by some most villan-
ous knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy
fellow :—

O heaven, that such companions thou'dst
unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the
world,

Even from the east to the west !

REPUTATION.

GOOD name, in man and woman, dear
my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls ;

Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'ti
something, nothing ;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave
to thousands ;

But he, that filches from me my good
name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

OTHELLO'S DESPAIR.

O NOW, for ever

Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell
content !

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big
wars

That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed, and the

shrill trumpet,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing

fife,
The royal banner ; and all quality,

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
war !

And O you mortal engines, whose rude
throats

The immortal Jove's dread clamours
counterfeit,

Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

OTHELLO'S DYING SPEECH.

SOFT you ; a word or two before you
go.

I have done the state some service, and
they know it ;

No more of that. I pray you, in your
letters,

When you shall these unlucky deeds re-
late,

Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice : then must
you speak

Of one, that loved not wisely, but too
well :

Of one not easily jealous, but, being
wrought,

Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one, whose
hand,

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
 Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose
 subdu'd eyes,
 Albeit unus'd to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down
 this :

And say besides,—that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

QUEEN MAB.

Romeo and Juliet.

O, THEN, I see queen Mab hath been
 with you.

She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone
 On the forefinger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon spokes made of long spin-
 ners' legs ;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery
 beams :

Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of
 film ;

Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :

Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-
 makers.

And in this state she gallops night by
 night

Through lover's brains, and then they
 dream of love :

On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'-
 sies straight :

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream
 on fees :

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses
 dream ;

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters
 plagues,

Because their breaths with sweetmeats
 tainted are.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's
 nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a
 suit ;

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-
 pig's tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice :

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's
 neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign
 throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish
 blades,

Of healths five fathom deep ; and then
 anon

Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and
 wakes ;

And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer
 or two,

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
 That plats the manes of horses in the
 night ;

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish
 hairs,

Which, once untangled, much misfortune
 bodes.

I talk of dreams ;

Which are the children of an idle brain ;
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;

Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
 And more inconstant than the wind, who
 woos

Even now, the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from
 thence,

Turning his face to the dew-dropping
 south.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

O, SHE doth teach the torches to burn
 bright !

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek ot
 night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethlop's ear :
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too
 dear !

THE GARDEN SCENE.

Romeo. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious:
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head:

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

'Tis but thy name that is mine enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet:

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name:

And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

THE WINNING OF JULIET.

Juliet. THOU know'st the mask of night is on my face:

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, Ay:

And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,

They say Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo, If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond; And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light.

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,

My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;

And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Romeo. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree
tops.

Juliet. O, swear not by the moon, the
inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Romeo. What shall I swear by?

Juliet. Do not swear at all,
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious
self,

Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Romeo. If my heart's dear love—

Juliet. Well, do not swear: although
I joy in thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden:
Too like the lightning, which doth cease
to be

Ere one can say, It lightens. Sweet,
good night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening
breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next
we meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose
and rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my
breast!

Romeo. O, wilt thou leave me so un-
satisfied?

Juliet. What satisfaction canst thou
have to-night?

Romeo. The exchange of thy love's
faithful vow for mine.

Juliet. I gave thee mine before thou
didst request it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

Romeo. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for
what purpose, love?

Juliet. But to be frank, and give it
thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for Loth are infinite.

JULIET'S IMPATIENCE.

COME, night!—Come, Romeo! come,
thou day in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night

Whiter than new snow on a raven's
back.—

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-
brow'd night,

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall
die,

Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so
fine,

That all the world will be in love with
night,

And pay no worship to the garish sun.

RELUCTANCE TO PART.

Juliet. WILT thou be gone? It is not
yet near day.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine
ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate
tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of
the morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what envious
streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund
day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet. Yon light is not daylight, I
know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be
gone.

Romeo. Let me be ta'en, let me be put
to death:

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do
beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our
heads:

I have more care to stay than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills
it so,—

How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone,
away;

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and displeasing
sharps.

Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:

Some say, the lark and loathed toad
change eyes;

O, now I would they had chang'd voices
too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us
affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the
day.

O, now be gone; more light and light it
grows.

DREAMS.

If I may trust the flattering eye of
sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at
hand:

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful
thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me
dead;

(Strange dream! that gives a dead man
leave to think,)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my
lips,

That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in
joy?

THE APOTHECARY.

I DO remember an apothecary,—

And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I
noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming
brow,

Culling of simples, meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the
bones:

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty
seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of
roses,

Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said,—

And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,

Here lives a cattiff wretch would sell it
him.

THE DEATH OF ROMEO.

How oft when men are at the point of
death

Have they been merry? which their
keepers call

A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my
wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy
breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign
yet

Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks.
And death's pale flag is not advanced
there,—

Tybalt, lest thou there in thy bloody
sheet?

O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth
in twain,

To sunder his that was thine enemy?

Forgive me, cousin?—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I be-
lieve

That unsubstantial Death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster
keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For fear of that, I will still stay with
thee;

And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chambermaids;
O here

Will I set up my everlasting rest;

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes,
 look your last !
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips,
 O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous
 kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !—
 Come, bitter conduct, come unsavoury
 guide !
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run
 on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary
 bark !
 Here's to my love !—*[Drinks the poison.]*
 O, true apothecary !
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss
 I die. *[Dies.]*

CONSTANCE'S REPROACHES TO THE ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

King John.

O LYMOGES ! O Austria thou dost
 shame
 That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou
 wretch, thou coward ;
 Thou little valiant, great in villany !
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
 Thou Fortune's champion that dost never
 fight
 But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety ; thou art perjured,
 too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool
 art thou,
 A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and
 swear,
 Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded
 slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my
 side ?
 Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me de-
 pend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy
 strength ?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for
 shame,
 And hang a calf's skin on those recreant
 limbs.

A COMPLETE LADY.

If lusty love should go in quest of
 beauty,
 Where should he find it fairer than in
 Blanch ?
 If zealous love should go in search of
 virtue,
 Where should he find it purer than in
 Blanch ?
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
 Whose veins bound richer blood than
 lady Blanch ?

PERFECTION NEEDS NO ADDITION.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to
 garnish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

DESPONDENCY.

THERE'S nothing in this world can make
 me joy ;
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

THE CURSES OF ROYALTY.

It is the curse of kings to be attended
 By slaves that take their humours for a
 warrant
 To break within the bloody house of life ;
 And, on the winking of authority,
 To understand a law ; to know the
 meaning
 Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance,
 it frowns
 More upon humour than advised respect.
 * * * * *
 How oft the sight of means to do ill
 deeds,
 Makes deeds ill done ! Hadst not thou
 been by,
 A fellow by the hand of nature marked,

Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of
 shame,
 This murder had not come into my mind.
 But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,—
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's
 death ;
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made
 a pause,
 When I spake darkly what I purposed ;
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
 As bid me tell my tale in express words ;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made
 me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought
 fears in me.

ENGLAND INVINCIBLE.

THIS England never did, nor never
 shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Now these her princes are come home
 again,
 Come the three corners of the world in
 arms,
 And we shall shóck them : Naught shall
 make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.

THE TRAGICAL FATE OF KINGS.

King Richard II.

OF comfort no man speak :
 Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 Let's choose executors, and talk of wills ;
 And yet not so,—for what can we be-
 queath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Boling-
 broke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but
 death,

And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our
 bones.
 For heaven's sake let us sit upon the
 ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of
 kings :—
 How some have been deposed, some slain
 in war :
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have
 deposed :
 Some poison'd by their wives ; some
 sleeping kill'd ;
 All murder'd :—for within the hollow
 crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king
 Keeps Death his court : and there the
 antic sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his
 pomp ;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with
 looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our
 life,
 Were brass impregnable ; and humour'd
 thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—fare-
 well king !
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh
 and blood
 With solemn reverence ; throw away
 respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this
 while :

I live with bread like you, feel want
 taste grief,
 Need friends : subjected thus,
 How can you say to me I am a king ?

RICHARD'S HUMILITY.

WHAT must the king do now ? Must he
 submit ?
 The king shall do it. Must he be de-
 pos'd ?
 The king shall be contented. Must he
 lose

The name of king? O' God's name, let
it go.

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood;
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave—an obscure grave:
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where sub-
jects' feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's
head:

For on my heart they tread now whilst I
live;

And, buried once, why not upon my
head?

BOLINGBROKE'S ENTRY INTO LONDON.

THEN, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
broke,—

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his
course,

While all tongues cried—God save thee,
Bolingbroke!

You would have thought the very windows
spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring
eyes

Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Boling-
broke!

Whilst he, from one side to the other
turning,

Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's
neck,

Bespake them thus,—*I thank you, country-
men:*

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

* * * *

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the
stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:

Even so, or with much more contempt,
men's eyes

Did scowl on Richard; no man cried,
God save him;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome
home:

But dust was thrown upon his sacred
head;

Which with such gentle sorrow he shook
off,—

His face still combating with tears and
smiles,

The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong pur-
pose, steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce
have melted,

And barbarism itself have pitied him.

ENGLAND

THIS royal throne of kings, this scepter
isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;

This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;

This happy breed of men, this little
world;

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,

Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England.

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

King Henry IV.

BUT, I remember, when the fight was
done,

When I was dry with rage and extreme
toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my
sword,

Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly
dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new
 reap'd,
 Show'd like a stubble land at harvest
 home;
 He was perfum'd like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he
 held
 A pouncet-box which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took 't away
 again;—
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came
 there,
 Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd and
 talk'd;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, un-
 mannerly
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me; among the rest de-
 manded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds,
 being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
 He should, or he should not; for he made
 me mad
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so
 sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God
 save the mark),
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on
 earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had
 destroy'd
 So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.

A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes
 from thee
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden
 sleep?
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the
 earth;
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy
 cheeks;
 And given my treasures, and my rights
 of thee,
 To thick-eyed musing, and curs'd melan-
 choly?
 In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have
 watch'd,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron
 wars:
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding
 steed;
 Cry "Courage—to the field!" And
 thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers
 slain,
 And all the currents of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at
 war,
 And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy
 sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy
 brow,
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
 And in thy face strange motions have
 appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their
 breath
 On some great sudden haste. O what
 portents are these?
 Some heavy business hath my lord in
 hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

LADY PERCY'S SPEECH TO HER
 HUSBAND.

O, MY good lord, why are you thus alone?
 For what offence have I, this fortnight,
 been

KING HENRY IV. TO PRINCE
 HENRY.

HAD I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes o.
 men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;

Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession :
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :
 That men would tell their children,
 "This is he ;"

Others would say, "Where ?—which is
 Bolingbroke ?"

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dress'd myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's
 hearts,

Loud shouts and salutations from their
 mouths,

Even in the presence of the crowned
 king.

Thus did I keep my person fresh and
 new ;

My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at ; and so my
 state,

Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a
 feast ;

And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and
 down

With shallow jesters, and rash bavin
 wits,

Soon kindled, and soon burn'd ; carded
 his state ;

Mingled his royalty with capering fools ;
 Had his great name profan'd with their
 scorns,

And gave his countenance, against his
 name,

To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the
 push

Of every beardless vain comparative :
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :

That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey, and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof
 a little

More than a little, is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with
 such eyes,

As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,

Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes .
 But rather drows'd, and hung their eye-
 lids down,

Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries :
 Being with his presence glutt'd, gorged
 and full.

PRINCE HENRY'S DEFENCE OF HIMSELF.

God forgive them, that have so much
 sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from
 me !

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you that I am your son ;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my
 shame with it.

And that shall be the day, whene'er it
 lights,

That this same child of honour and re-
 nown,

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised
 knight,

And your unthought-of Harry chance to
 meet :

For every honour sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes ; and on my
 head

My shames redoubled ! for the time will
 come

That I shall make this northern youth
 exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my be-
 half ;

And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his
 time,

Or I will tear the reckoning from his
 heart.

This, in the name of God, I promise
 here :

The which, if He be pleas'd I shall per-
 form,

I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemper-
ance :

If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

YOUNG HARRY.

I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mer-
cury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the
clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horse-
manship.

PRINCE HENRY'S SPEECH ON THE DEATH OF HOTSPUR.

FARE thee well, great heart !

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou
shrunk !

When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound :
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough :—this earth, that bears
thee dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of
zeal :—

But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to
heaven :

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in thy grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph !

HENRY'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousand of my poorest
subjects

Are at this hour asleep !—O sleep, O
gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened
thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids
down,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?

Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky
cubs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
slumber ;

Than in the perfumed chambers of the
great,

Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest me-
lody ?

O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the
vile,

In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly
couch,

A watch-case, or a common talarum bell ?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his
brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge.
And in the visitation of the winds,

Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hang-
ing them

With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery
clouds,

That, with the hurly, death itself
awakes ?—

Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy
repose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;

And, in the calmest and most stillest
night,

With all appliances and means to boot,

Deny it to a king ?—Then, happy low, lie
down !

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

THE CHARACTER OF KING HENRY V. BY HIS FATHER

HE is gracious if he be observ'd ;

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day, for melting charity :

Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he
flint ;

As humorous as winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth ;

But, being moody, give him line and scope ;

Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,

Confound themselves with working.

FORTUNE.

WILL Fortune never come with both hands full,

But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?

She either gives a stomach, and no food,—

Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,

And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,

That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

PRINCE HENRY REBUKED BY HIS FATHER.

King Henry. COME hither to me,
Harry :—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

Prince Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King Henry. Thy wish was father,
Harry, to that thought :

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence ; and, at my death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself ;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head :

Only compound me with forgotten dust ;

Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees :

For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the Fifth is crown'd ;—up, vanity !
Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !

And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness !

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :

Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night ; rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more :

England shall double gild his treble guilt

England shall give him office, honour, might :

For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog

Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !

When that my care could not withhold thy riots,

What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care ?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince Henry. O, pardon me, my liege!
but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep
rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had
heard
The course of it so far. There is your
crown,
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours!

KING HENRY'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

King Henry V.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends,
—once more,
Or close the wall up with our English
dead!

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our
ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd
rage;

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'er-
whelm it,

As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril
wide;

Hold hard the breath, and bend up every
spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noble
English,

Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-
proof!

Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even
fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of
argument.

NIGHT IN THE CAMP.

FROM camp to camp
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire; and through their paly
flames

Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steeds threatens steeds, in high and boastful
neighs

Piercing the night's dull ear; and from
the tents,

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do
toll,

And the third hour of drowsy morning
name.

Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French

Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,

Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth
limp

So tediously away. The poor condemned
English,

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate

The morning's danger; and their gesture
sad,

Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn
coats,

Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who

will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,

Walking from watch to watch, from tent
to tent,

Let him cry—Praise and glory on his
head!

For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest
smile;

And calls them—brothers, friends, and
countrymen.

Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded
him;

Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:

But freshly looks, and overbears attain't,
But freshly looks, and overbears attain't,

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty ;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
cholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear.

MARTIAL SPIRIT.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man ;
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air ;
And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF KING HENRY V.

HEAR him but reason in divinity,
And, all admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate ;
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all
his study ;
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music :
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

KING HENRY'S SPEECH BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd.
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—To-morrow is saint Crispian's day.
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, These wounds I had on Crispian's day.
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day ; then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered,—
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here ;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

King Henry VI.

WHAT stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted ?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;

And he but naked though lock'd up in steel
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
 And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this and cannot get a crown?

THE KING'S ENVY OF A SHEP- HERD'S LIFE.

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times:

So many hours must I tend my flock;
 So many hours must I take my rest;
 So many hours must I contemplate;
 So many hours must I sport myself;
 * * * * *

So many years ere I shall shear the fleece;
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months,
 and years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

Ah, what a life were this! how sweet!
 how lovely!

RICHARD DUKE OF GLOSTER'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF.

WHY, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
 And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions;
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;

I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
 I can add colours to theameleon;

DYING WORDS OF WARWICK THE KING MAKER.

THESE eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
 Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
 To search the secret treasons of the world:
 The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
 Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres:
 For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
 Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I
 Even now forsake me; and of all my lands,
 Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

HENRY VI. ON HIS OWN LENITY.

I HAVE not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling
 My mercy dried their water-flowing tears:
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.

SUFFOLK'S HATRED OF HIS ENEMIES.

A PLAGUE upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
 Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest
words:

Mine eyes shall sparkle like the beaten
flint;

My hair be fixed on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and
ban:

And even now my burden'd heart would
break,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their
drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that
they taste!

Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress
trees!

Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!

Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's
stings;

Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert
full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell.

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive
tricks,

Nor made to court an amorous looking-
glass;

I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want
love's majesty,

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,

Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time

Into this breathing world, scarce half
made up,

And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by
them;—

Why I, in this weak piping time of
peace,

Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,

And descant on mine own deformity;
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a
lover,

To entertain these fair well spoken
days,—

I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

THE DUKE OF GLOSTER ON HIS DEFORMITY.

King Richard III.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of
York;

And all the clouds that lour'd upon our
house,

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths;

Our bruised arms hung up for monu-
ments;

Our stern alarums, chang'd to merry
meetings,

Our dreadful marches to delightful mea-
sures.

Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his
wrinkled front;

And now, instead of mounting barbed
steeds,

To fight the souls of fearful adversaries,—

QUEEN MARGARET'S EXECRATIONS ON GLOSTER.

THE worm of conscience still be-gnaw
thy soul!

Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou
liv'st,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest
friends!

No sleep close up that deadly eye of
thine,

Unless it be while some tormenting
dream

Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils;
Thou elvish-mark'd abortive, rooting
hog!

THE MURDER OF THE YOUNG PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

THE tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.

Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody
dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild com-
passion,
Wept like two children, in their death's
sad story.
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the
gentle babes—"
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling
one another

Within their alabaster innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd
each other.

A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost
changed my mind ;

But, O, the devil"—there the villain
stopp'd ;

When Dighton thus told on,—“We
smothered

The most replenished sweet work of
Nature,

That, from the prime creation, e'er she
fram'd.”—

Hence both are gone, with conscience and
remorse ;

They could not speak ; and so I left them
both,

To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

RICHMOND'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH.

FELLOWS in arms, and my most loving
friends,

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on without impediment ;
And here receive we from our father

Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.

The wretched, bloody, and usurping
boar,

That spoil'd your summer fields and fruit-
ful vines,

Swills your warm blood like wash, and
makes his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul
swine

Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we
learn :

From Tamworth thither, is but one day's
march.

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous
friends,

To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

CARDINAL WOLSEY ON THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

King Henry VIII.

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my
greatness,

This is the state of man ; to-day he puts
forth

The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow
blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick
upon him ;

The third day comes a frost, a killing
frost ;

And, when he thinks, good easy man,
full surely

His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ven-
tured,

Like little wanton boys that swim on
bladders,

This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown
pride

At length broke under me ; and now has
left me,

Wearied, and old with service, to the
mercy

Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide
me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I
hate ye ;

I feel my heart new open'd : O, how
wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes'
favours !

There is, betwixt that smile we would
aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their
 ruin,
 More pangs and fears, than wars or
 women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

WOLSEY TO CROMWELL.

THUS far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no
 mention
 Of me more must be heard of—say, I
 taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of
 glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of
 honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to
 rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master
 missed it
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd
 me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away am-
 bition :
 By that sin fell the angels, how can man,
 then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by
 it ?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts
 that hate thee ;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just,
 and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy
 country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's. Then if thou
 fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr !—Serve the
 King,
 And,—pr'y thee, lead me in ;
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 't is the King's : my
 robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,
 Cromwell !
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the
 zeal

serv'd my King, he would not in mine
 age
 have left me naked to mine enemies.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S DEATH.

At last, with easy roads, he came to
 Leicester,
 Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend
 abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd
 him ;
 To whom he gave these words,—“O
 father abbot,
 An old man, broken with the storms of
 state,
 Is come to lay his weary bones among
 ye ;
 Gave him a little earth for charity !”
 So went to bed ; where eagerly his
 sickness
 Pursued him still ; and, three nights after
 this,
 About the hour of eight (which he him-
 self
 Foretold should be his last), full of repen-
 tance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sor-
 rows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in
 peace.

TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY !

Measure for Measure.

TAKE, O take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn :
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears :
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

LOVE AND LUST.

LOVE comforteth like sunshine after rain;
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh
remain;

Lust's winter comes, e'er summer half be
done. [dies:
Love surfeits not; Lust like a glutton
Love is all truth; Lust full of forged
lies.

Venus and Adonis.

And death's dim look in life's mortalit..
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were
no strife, [in life.
But that life liv'd in death, and death

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with
blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they
knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
* * * *

Rape of Lucrece.

SUNRISE.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on
high,
And wakes the morning, from whose
silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously be-
hold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd
gold.

Venus and Adonis.

WHAT WIN I IF I GAIN ?

WHAT win I if I gain the thing I seek ?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a
week ?

Or sells eternity to get a toy ?
For one sweet grape, who will the wine
destroy ? [crown,
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the
Would with the sceptre strait be
struck down ?

Rape of Lucrece.

LUCRETIA SLEEPING.

HER lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in
sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed
is ;

* * * *

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet, whose perfect
white

Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of
night. [their light,

Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with
her breath ;

O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !
Showing life's triumph in the map of
death,

VENUS WITH THE DEAD BODY
OF ADONIS.

SHE looks upon his lips, and they are
pale ;
She takes him by the hand, and that is
cold ;

She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woeful words she told :
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his
eyes,

Where, lo, two lamps burnt out in
darkness lies !

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more re-
flect ; [excell'd,
Their virtue lost, wherein they late
And every beauty robb'd of his effect.

Wonder of time ! (quoth she) this is my
spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should
yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end ;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low ;
That all love's pleasure shall not match
his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing-while,
The bottom poison, and the top o'er-
straw'd

With sweets that shall the sharpest sight
beguile.

The strongest body shall it make most
weak,

Strike the wise dumb, and teach the
fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of not,
Teaching decrepid age to tread the mea-
sures ;

The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor
with treasures ;

It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a
child.

It shall suspect where is no cause of fear ;
It shall not fear where it should most
distrust ;

It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most
just ;

Perverse it shall be, when it seems
most toward,

Put fear to valour, courage to the
coward.

It shall be cause of war and due
events,

And set dissention 'twixt the son and
sire,

Subject and servile to all discontents,

As dry contentious matter is to fire.

Sith in his prime, death doth my love
destroy,

They that love best, their loves shall
not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,

And in his blood, that on the ground lay
spill'd,

A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd
with white,

Resembling well his pale cheeks, and
the blood

Which in round drops upon their
whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower
to smell,

Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,

Since he himself is left from her by death ;
She crops the stalk, and in the breach
appears

Green cropping sap, which she com-
pares to tears.

Poor flower ! (quoth she) this was thy
father's guise

(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling
sire),

For every little grief to wet his eyes,
To grow unto himself was his disease,

And so 'tis thine ; but know, it is as
good

To wither in my breast as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my
breast,

Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy
right,

Love in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day
and night :

There shall not be one minute of an
hour,

Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's
flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies
And yokes her silver doves, by whose
swift aid

Their mistress, mounted, through the
empyreal

In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;
Holding their course to Paphos, where
their queen

Means to immure herself, and not be
seen.

Venus and Adonis.

SONNET.

FULL many a glorious morning have I
 seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign
 eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows
 green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly al-
 chemy;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage
 hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this dis-
 grace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all-triumphant splendour on my
 brow;
 But, out, alack! he was but one hour
 mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from
 me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit dis-
 daineth;
 Suns of the world may stain when
 heaven's sun staineth.

SONNET.

NOR marble, not the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful
 rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these
 contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with
 sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire
 shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall
 still find room,
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending
 doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers'
 eyes,

SONNET.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I
 ey'd,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three
 winters' cold
 Have from the forests shook three sum-
 mers' pride:
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn
 turn'd
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes
 burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are
 green.
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace per-
 ceiv'd!
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still
 doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be
 deceiv'd.
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age
 unbred,
 Ere you were born was beauty's sum-
 mer dead.

SONNET.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent
 thought
 I summon up remembrance of things
 past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear
 time's waste:
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's date-
 less night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since-can-
 cell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
 sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear
 friend,
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows
 end.

[ANONYMOUS. 1635.]

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

COME follow, follow me,
 You, fairy elves that be :
 Which circle on the greene,
 Come follow Mab your queene.
 Hand in hand let's dance around,
 For this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at rest,
 And snoring in their nest ;
 Unheard, and unespied,
 Through key-holes we do glide ;
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul
 With platter, dish, or bowl,
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,
 And find the sluts asleep :
 There we pinch their armes and thighes ;
 None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
 And from uncleanness kept,
 We praise the houshold maid,
 And duely she is paid :
 For we use before we goe
 To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroome's head
 Our table-cloth we spread ;
 A grain of rye, or wheat,
 Is manchets, which we eat ;
 Pearly drops of dew we drink
 In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
 With unctuous fat of snailles,
 Between two cockles stew'd,
 Is meat that's easily chew'd ;
 Tailles of wormes, and marrow of mice,
 Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
 Serve for our minstrelsie ;
 Grace said, we dance a while,
 And so the time beguile :
 And if the moon doth hide her head,
 The glee-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasse
 So nimbly do we passe ;
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends when we do walk :
 Yet in the morning may be seen
 Where we the night before have been.

[SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1593.]

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand !
 Fear not to touch the best ;
 The truth shall be thy warrant.
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court—it glows
 And shines like rotten wood ;
 Go, tell the Church—it shows
 What's good, and doth no good.
 If Church and Court reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates—they live
 Acting by others' action,
 Not loved unless they give,
 Not strong but by a faction.
 If Potentates reply,
 Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
 That rule affairs of state—
 Their purpose is ambition,
 Their practice—only hate.
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
 They beg for more by spending
 Who, in their greatest cost,
 Seek nothing but commending
 And if they make reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal—it lacks devotion ;
 Tell Love—it is but lust ;
 Tell Time—it is but motion ;
 Tell Flesh—it is but dust.
 And wish them not reply,
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age—it daily wasteth ;
 Tell Honour—how it alters ;
 Tell Beauty—how she blasteth ;
 Tell Favour how it falters.
 And as they shall reply,
 Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit—how much it wrangles
 In tickle points of niceness ;
 Tell Wisdom—she entangles
 Herself in over-wiseness.
 And when they do reply,
 Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic—of her boldness ;
 Tell Skill—it is pretension ;
 Tell Charity—of coldness ;
 Tell Law—it is contention.
 And as they do reply,
 So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune—of her blindness ;
 Tell Nature—of decay ;
 Tell Friendship—of unkindness ;
 Tell Justice—of delay.
 And if they will reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts—they have no soundness.
 But vary by esteeming ;
 Tell Schools—they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
 If Arts and Schools reply,
 Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith—it's fled the City ;
 Tell—how the Country erreth ;
 Tell—Manhood shakes off pity ;
 Tell—Virtue least preferreth.
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing,
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

DULCINA.

[Ascribed to SIR WALTER RALEIGH on doubtful
 authority.]

As at noon Dulcina rested
 In her sweet and shady bower,

Came a shepherd, and requested
 In her lap to sleep an hour.
 But from her look
 A wound he took
 So deep, that for a further boon
 The nymph he prays.
 Whereto she says,
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

But in vain she did conjure him
 To depart her presence so ;
 Having a thousand tongues to allure him
 And but one to bid him go ;
 Where lips invite,
 And eyes delight,
 And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June,
 Persuade delay ;
 What boots she say,
 Forego me now, come to me soon ?

He demands what time for pleasure
 Can there be more fit than now ;
 She says, night gives love that leisure,
 Which the day can not allow.
 He says, the sight
 Improves delight ;
 Which she denies : night's murky noon
 In Venus' plays
 Makes bold, she says ;
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

But what promise or profession
 From his hands could purchase scope,
 Who would sell the sweet possession
 Of such beauty for a hope ?
 Or for the sight
 Of lingering night
 Forego the present joys of noon ?
 Though ne'er so fair
 Her speeches were,
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

How, at last, agreed these lovers ?
 She was fair, and he was young :
 The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers
 Joys unseen are never sung.
 Did she consent,
 Or he relent ;
 Accepts he night, or grants she noon ;
 Left he her a maid,
 Or not ; she said,
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

[3 WITAFR. 1538-1667]

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

SLEEP, baby, sleep! what ails my dear,
 What ails my darling thus to cry?
 Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
 To hear me sing thy lullaby.
 My pretty lamb, forbear to weep,
 Be still, my dear, sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
 What thing to thee can mischief do?
 Thy God is now thy father dear,
 His holy Spouse thy mother too.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,
 A sacred bathing thou hast had,
 And though thy birth unclean hath been,
 A blameless babe thou now art made.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep,
 Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,
 For thee great blessings ripening be;
 Thine Eldest Brother is a king,
 And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;
 For whosoever thee offends
 By thy protector threaten'd are,
 And God and angels are thy friends.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
 In little babes He took delight;
 Such innocents as thou, my dear,
 Are ever precious in his sight.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He;
 And strength in weakness then was laid
 Upon His virgin mother's knee,
 That power to thee might be convey'd,
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need
 He friends and helpers doth prepare,
 Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,
 For of thy weal they tender are.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when he was born,
 Had not so much for outward ease;
 By Him such dressings were not worn,
 Nor such like swaddling-clothes as these.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep,
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
 Where oxen lay, and asses fed:
 Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
 An easy cradle or a bed.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain
 Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee;
 And by His torments and His pain
 Thy rest and ease secured be.
 My baby, then forbear to weep,
 Be still, my babe, sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,
 A promise and an earnest got
 Of gaining everlasting bliss,
 Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not,
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR,

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flow'ry meads in May,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be griev'd or pin'd
 'Cause I see a woman kind?
 Or a well-disposed nature
 Join'd with a lovely feature?

Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to pesh for her love?
Or her well-deservings, known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

I LOVED A LASS, A FAIR ONE.

I LOV'D a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen;
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba Queen.
But, fool as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too:
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like gold did glisten,
Each eye was like a star,
She did surpass her sister,
Which pass'd all others far;
She would me honey call,
She'd, oh—she'd kiss me too:
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Many a merry meeting
My love and I have had:

She was my only sweeting,
She made my heart full glad;
The tears stood in her eyes,
Like to the morning dew:
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherry,
Her skin as white as snow;
When she was blythe and merry,
She angel-like did show;
Her waist exceeding small,
The fives did fit her shoe:
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time or winter
She had her heart's desire;
I still did scorn to stint her
From sugar, sack, or fire;
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew:
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

To maidens' vows and swearing
Henceforth no credit give;
You may give them the hearing,
But never them believe;
They are as false as fair,
Unconstant, frail, untrue:
For mine, alas! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

[THOMAS HEYWOOD. 1607.]

GOOD-MORROW.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, larks, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast;
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow;
You pretty elves, among yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.

YE LITTLE BIRDS THAT SIT
AND SING.

Faire Maide of the Exchange.

YE little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks
Within her garden alleys;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower,
Sing, pretty birds; she may not lower.
Ah me! methinks I see her frown:
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tell her through your chirping bills
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still methinks I see her frown:
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tune your voices' harmony,
And sing I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her;
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice;
Yet still methinks I see her frown:
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly, make haste; see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber;
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That, waking, she may wonder.
Sing to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love by you and you;
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

[SIR HENRY WOTTON. 1568—1639.]

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,—
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall
rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,

Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,—
What are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chanterers of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passion understood
By your weak accents,—what's your
praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen,
In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,
Tell me if she was not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY
LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth
raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile hands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

[WILLIAM WALSH. 1663—1709.]

RIVALRY IN LOVE.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
 With which our lives are curst;
 Of all the plagues a lover bears,
 Sure rivals are the worst!
 By partners of each other kind,
 Afflictions easier grow;
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
 Are labouring in my breast;
 I beg not you would favour me,
 Would you but slight the rest.
 How great soe'er your rigours are,
 With them alone I'll cope:
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

[EDMUND WALLER. 1603—1687.]

GO, LOVELY ROSE!

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That had'st thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired:
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,—
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

ADDITIONAL STANZA BY KIRKE WHITE.

[Yet, though thou fade,
 From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;

And teach the maid
 That goodness Time's rude hand de-
 fies,—
 That virtue lives when beauty dies.]

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
 Shall now my joyful temples bind:
 It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely dear.
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move!—
 A narrow compass! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
 Give me but what this ribbon bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

OLD AGE.

THE seas are quiet when the winds give
 o'er;
 So calm are we when passions are no
 more;
 For then we know how vain it was to
 boast
 Of fleeting things too certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age de-
 scribes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and
 decay'd,
 Lets in new light through chinks that
 time has made:
 Stronger by weakness wiser men become
 As they draw near to their eternal home:
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they
 view
 That stand upon the threshold of the
 new.

[GEORGE HERBERT. 1593—1633.]

VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 Sweet dew shall weep thy fall to night,
 For thou must die.
 Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,

Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.
 Sweet spring, full of sweet days and
 roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows you have your closes,
 And all must die.
 Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
 But when the whole world turns to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

[THOMAS CAREW. 1580—1639.]

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain ;
 The torrid or the frozen zone
 Brings equal ease unto my pain ;
 The temperate affords me none :
 Either extreme, of love or hate,
 Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love—
 Like Danaë in a golden shower,
 I swim in pleasure ; if it prove
 Disdain, that torrent will devour
 My vulture hopes ; and he's possess'd
 Of heaven, that's but from hell releas'd.
 Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;
 Give me more love, or more disdain.

ON CELIA SINGING.

YOU that think love can convey
 No other way
 But through the eyes into the heart
 His fatal dart ;
 Close up their casements, and but hear
 This syren sing,
 And on the wing
 Of her sweet voice it shall appear
 That love can enter at the ear.
 Then unveil your eyes, behold
 The curious mould
 Where that voice dwells ; and as we know
 When the cocks crow
 We freely may
 Gaze on the day,
 So may you, when the music's done,
 Awake and see the rising sun.

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain its fires ;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,
 Kindle never-dying fires ;
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

ASK ME NO MORE.

ASK me no more, where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose ;
 For in your beauties' orient deep,
 These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the day ;
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
 The nightingale, when May is past ;
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
 That downwards fall in dead of night ;
 For, in your eyes they sit, and there
 Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
 The phoenix builds her spicy nest ;
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

MURDERING BEAUTY.

I'LL gaze no more on her bewitching face,
 Since run harbours there in every place ;
 For my enchanted soul alike she drowns
 With calms and tempests of her smiles
 and frowns.

I'll love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are murderers :

For if she dart (like lightning) through
the air

Her beams of wrath, she kills me with
despair ;

If she behold me with a pleasing eye,
I surfeit with excess of joy, and die.

A PRAYER TO THE WIND.

Go, thou gentle whispering wind,
Bear this sigh ; and if thou find
Where my cruel fair doth rest,
Cast it in her snowy breast ;
So enflam'd by my desire,
It may set her heart a-fire :
Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy pain.
Boldly light upon her lip,
There suck odours, and thence skip
To her bosom ; lastly, fall
Down, and wander over all ;
Range about those ivory hills
From whose every part distils
Amber dew ; there spices grow,
There pure streams of nectar flow :
There perfume thyself, and bring
All those sweets upon thy wing :
As thou return'st change by thy pow'r
Every weed into a flow'r ;
Turn each thistle to a vine,
Make the bramble eglantine ;
For so rich a booty made,
Do but this, and I am paid.
Thou canst with thy pow'rful blast,
Heat apace, and cool as fast :
Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
And again destroy the same :
Then, for pity, either stir
Up the fire of love in her,
That alike both flames may shine,
Or else quite extinguish mine.

UNGRATEFUL BEAUTY.

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,
'T was I that gave thee thy renown :

Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes :
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine ;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies ;
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate :
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her
veils.

RED AND WHITE ROSES.

READ in these roses the sad story,
Of my hard fate, and your own glory :
In the white you may discover
The paleness of a fainting lover ;
In the red the flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.
The white will tell you how I languish,
And the red express my anguish :
The white my innocence displaying,
The red my martyrdom betraying :
The frowns that on your brow resided,
Have those roses thus divided.
Oh ! let your smiles but clear the weather,
And then they both shall grow together.

THE PRIMROSE.

ASK me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year ;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew ;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears
Ask me why this flow'r doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too ;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break ;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

THE PROTESTATION.

No more shall meads be deck'd with
flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers ;
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing ;
Nor April violets paint the grove ;
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn ;
The humble oak no flood shall know
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow ;
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave ;
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly ;
The sun refuse to shew his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no star appear ;
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth ;
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell ;
Grim Death no more shall horrid prove ;
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

[RICHARD LOVELACE. 1618—1658.]

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts are free,—
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When linnet-like confinèd, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king :
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,—
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage :
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO
THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,—
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore ;
I could not love thee, dear, so much.
Loved I not honour more.

[SIR JOHN SUCKLING. 1613—1641.]

I PRITHEE, SEND ME BACK MY
HEART.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine ;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain ;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie, True love is still the same ; the torrid
 And yet not lodge together ? zones,
 O Love ! where is thy sympathy, And those more frigid ones
 If thus our breasts thou sever ? It must not know :
 But love is such a mystery, For love grown cold or hot,
 I cannot find it out ; Is lust, or friendship, not
 For when I think I'm best resolv'd, The thing we have.
 Then I am most in doubt. For that's a flame would die
 Held down, or up too high :
 Then think I love more than I can ex-
 press,
 And would love more, could I but love
 thee less.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe ;
 I will no longer pine ;
 For I'll believe I have her heart,
 As much as she has mine.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN ?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prithee, why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prithee, why so pale ?

Who so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her.
 The devil take her !

TRUE LOVE.

No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be
 But an ill love in me,
 And worse for thee ;
 For were it in my power
 To love thee now this hour
 More than I did the last ;
 Twould then so fall,
 I might not love at all ;
 Love that can flow, and can admit
 increase,
 Admits as well an ebb, and may grow
 less.

[SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. 1639—1 J.L.]

THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

AH, Chloris ! that I now could sit
 As unconcerned, as when
 Your infant beauty could beget
 No pleasure nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
 And praised the coming day,
 I little thought the growing fire
 Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 Like metals in the mine :
 Age from no face took more away,
 Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection pressed,
 Fond love as unperceived did fly,
 And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 And Cupid at my heart,
 Still, as his mother favoured you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part :
 To make a lover, he
 Employed the utmost of his art—
 To make a beauty she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
 Uncertain of my fate,
 If your fair self my chains approve,
 I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disordered be ;
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

[RICHARD CRASHAW. 1616—1648.]

EUTHIANASIA ; OR, THE HAPPY DEATH.

WOULD'ST see blithe looks, fresh cheeks
beguile

Age ? would'st see December smile ?

Would'st see hosts of new roses grow

In a bed of reverend snow ?

Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering

Winter's self into a spring ?

In some would'st see a man that can

Live to be old, and still a man ?

Whose latest and most leaden hours,

Fall with soft wings stuck with soft
flowers ;

And when life's sweet fable ends,

Soul and body part like friends ;

No quarrels, murmurs, no delay—

A kiss, a sigh, and so—away ;—

This rare one reader, would'st thou see ?

Hark hither !—and thyself be he.

EPITAPH.

To these, whom death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage-bed.

For though the hand of Fate could force,

'Twixt soul and body a divorce,

It could not sunder man and wife,

'Cause they both lived but one life.

Peace, good reader, do not weep ;

Peace, the lovers are asleep ;

They (sweet turtles) folded lie,

In the last knot love could tie.

And though they lie as they were dead,

Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead ;

(Pillow hard, and sheets not warm)

Love made the bed, they'll take no harm.

Let them sleep, let them sleep on,

Till this stormy night be gone,

And th' eternal morrow dawn ;

Then the curtains will be drawn,

And they wake into that light

Whose day shall never die in night.

O ! THOU UNDAUNTED.

O ! THOU undaunted daughter of desires,

By all thy dower of lights and fires ;

By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;

By all thy lives and deaths of love ;

By thy large draughts of intellectual day ;

And by thy thirsts of love, more large
than they ;

By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire ;

By thy last morning's draught of liquid
fire ;

By the full kingdom of that final kiss,

That seal'd thy parting soul, and made
thee his ;

By all the heavens thou hast in him,

Fair sister of the seraphim ;

By all of him we have in thee,

Leave nothing of myself in me ;

Let me so read thy life, that I

Unto all life of mine **may die.**

THE TEAR.

WHAT bright soft thing is this,
Sweet Mary, thy fair eyes expense ?
A moist spark it is.

A wat'ry diamond ; from whence
The very term I think was found,
The water of a diamond.

O 'tis not a tear,

'Tis a star about to drop

From thine eye its sphere,

The sun will stoop and take it up,

Proud will his sister be to wear

This thine eye's jewel in her ear.

O 'tis a tear,

Too true a tear ; for no sad e'en

How sad soe'er

Rain so tear as thine ;

Each drop leaving a place so dear,

Weeps for itself, as its own tear.

Such a pearl as this is

(Slipt from Aurora's dewy breast)

The rose bud's sweet lip kisses ;

And such the rose itself when vex't

With ungentle flames, does shed,

Sweating in too warm a bed.

Such the maiden gem,
By the wanton spring put on,
Peeps from her parent stem,
And blushes on the wat'ry sun ;
This wat'ry blossom of thy een,
Ripe will make the richer wine.

Fair drop, why quak'st thou so ?
'Cause thou straight must lay thy head
In the dust ? O no,
The dust shall never be thy bed ;
A pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuff'd with down of angel's wing :

Thus carried up on high,
(For to heaven thou must go)
Sweetly shalt thou lie,
And in soft slumbers bathe thy woe,
Till the singing orbs awake thee,
And one of their bright chorus make thee.

There thyself shalt be
An eye, but not a weeping one,
Yet I doubt of thee,
Whether th' hadst rather there have
shone,
An eye of heaven ; or still shine here,
In th' heaven of Mary's eye a tear.

[THOMAS STANLEY. 1664—1698.]

THE DEPOSITION.

THOUGH when I lov'd thee thou wert
fair,
Thou art no longer so :
Those glories, all the pride they wear
Unto opinion owe.
Beauties, like stars, in borrow'd lustre
shine,
And 't was my love that gave thee thine.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye
Do now with mine expire ;
Thy brightest graces fade and die
At once with my desire.
Love's fires thus mutual influence return ;
Thine cease to shine when mine to burn.

Then, proud Celinda, hope no more
To be implor'd or woo'd ;

Since by thy scorn thou dost restore
The wealth my love bestow'd ;
And thy despis'd disdain too late shall
find
That none are fair but who are kind.

[ROBERT HERRICK. 1591—1674.]

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song !
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a breath to meet decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be,
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read, how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave

And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

NIGHT-PIECE TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee !

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee !
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay, [thee.
Since ghost there is none to affright

Let not the dark thee cumber ;
What though the moon does slumber ?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then Julia let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me ;
And, when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

GOOD-MORROW to the day so fair,
Good-morrow, sir, to you ;
Good-morrow to my own torn hair,
Bedabbled all with dew.

Good-morrow to this primrose too ;
Good-morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah, woe is me ; woe, woe is me ;
Alack and well-a-day !
For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave ;
I'll seek him in your eyes ;
Nay, now I think they've made his grave
In the bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there, I know ere this
The cold, cold earth doth shake him ;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him,
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who so rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed ;
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home ; but 't is decreed
That I shall never find him.

[NICHOLAS BRETON. 1555—1624]

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing
Forth I went forsooth a maying.

When anon by a wood side,
Where, as May was in his pride,
I espied, all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wot !
He would love, and she would not,
She said, never man was true :
He says none was false to you ;

He said he had lov'd her long ;
She says love should have no wrong,
Corydon would kiss her then ;
She says, maids must kiss no men,

Till they do for good and all,
When she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth,
Never lov'd a truer youth.

Then with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, faith and troth.
Such as silly shepherds use,
When they will not love abuse ;

Love, which had been long deluded,
Was, with kisses sweet concluded ;
And Phillida with garlands gay
Was made the lady of May.

[MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1614—1650.]

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway
But purest monarchy:
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe:
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me:
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

[RICHARD ALLISON. 1606.]

THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER
FACE.

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;

A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There chernes grow that none may buy
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with
snow;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

[SIMON WASTELL. 1623.]

MAN'S MORTALITY.

The Microbiblia.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had.
E'en such is man; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth;
The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
The sun sets, the shadow flies;
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to day,
Or like the pearl'd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan.
E'en such is man; who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended;
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended;
The hour is short, the span is long;
The swan's near death,—man's life is
done!

[THOMAS DUFFEY. Died 1723.]

STILL WATER.

DAMON, let a friend advise ye,
Follow Clores though she flies ye,
Though her tongue your suit is slighting,
Her kind eyes you'll find inviting :
Women's rage, like shallow water,
Does but show their hurtless nature ;
When the stream seems rough and
frowning,
There is still least fear of drowning.

Let me tell the adventurous stranger,
In our calmness lies our danger ;
Like a river's silent running,
Stillness shows our depth and cunning :
She that rails ye into trembling,
Only shows her fine dissembling ;
But the fawner to abuse ye,
Thinks ye fools, and so will use ye.

[JOHN MILTON. 1608—1664.]

THE INVOCATION AND INTRODUCTION.

Paradise Lost.

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our
woe,

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret
top

Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the
chosen seed,

In the beginning, how the Heavens and
Earth

Rose out of Chaos : or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that
flow'd

Fast by the oracle of God ; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pur-
sues

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost
prefer

Before all temples the upright heart and
pure,

Instruct me, for thou know'st ; thou from
the first

Wast present, and, with mighty wings
out-spread,

Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast
abyss

And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is
dark

Illumine ; what is low raise and support ;
That to the height of this great argument

I may assert eternal Providence,

And justify the ways of God to man.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing
from thy view,

Nor the deep tract of Hell ; say first,
what cause

Moved our grand parents, in that happy
state,

Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his

will
For one restraint, lords of the world be-
sides ?

Who first seduced them to that foul re-
volt ?

The infernal serpent ; he it was, whose
guile,

Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his

pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all
his host

Of rebel angels ; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,

He trusted to have equalled the Most
High,

If he opposed ; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,

Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle
proud,

With vain attempt. Him the Almighty
power

Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethe-
real sky,

With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition ; there to dwell

In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to

arms.

THE FALLEN ANGELS IN THE
BURNING LAKE.

THE superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore : his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulder, like the moon,
whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist
views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those

On Heaven's azure ; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with
fire :

Nathless he so endured till on the beach
Of that inflam'd sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay in-
tranced,

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the
brooks

In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian
shades,

High over-arch'd, imbower ; or scatter'd
sedge

Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion
arm'd

Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose
waves o'erthrew

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pur-
sued

The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses

And broken chariot wheels : so thick be-
strewn,

Abject and lost lay these, covering the
flood,

Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep

Of Hell resounded. " Princes, potentates,
Warnors, the flower of Heaven, once
yours, now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize

Eternal spirits ; or have ye chosen this
place,

After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of
Heaven ?

Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
T' adore the Conqueror ? who now be-
holds

Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers, from Heaven-gates,
discern

Th' advantage, and, descending, tread us
down

Thus drooping, or with link'd thunder-
bolts

Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen ! "

SATAN PRESIDING IN THE IN-
FERNAL COUNCIL.

HIGH on a throne of royal state which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of
Ind,

Or where the gorgeous East with richest
hand

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and
gold,

Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence : and, from despair

Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue

Vain war with Heaven, and, by success
untaught,

His proud imaginations thus display'd :
" Powers and dominions, deities of
Heaven ;

For since no deep within her gulf can
hold

Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and
fall'n,

I give not Heaven for lost. From this
descent

Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from
no fall,

And trust themselves to fear no second
fate.

Me though just right, and the fix'd laws
of Heaven,

Did first create your leader ; next, free choice,
 With what besides in counsel or in fight
 Hath been achieved of merit ; yet this loss
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne.
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior ; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain ? Where there is then no good
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From faction ; for none sure will claim in Hell
 Precedence ; none whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more. With this advantage then
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in heaven, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us ; and, by what best way,
 Whether of open war, or covert guile,
 We now debate : who can advise may speak."

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven,
 first-born,
 Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
 May I express thee unblamed ? since God
 is light,
 And never but in unapproach'd light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal
 stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before
 the Sun,
 Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the
 voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite,
 Thee I revisit now with a bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long
 detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while, in my
 flight,
 Through utter and through middle dark-
 ness borne,
 With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture
 down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
 Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp : but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their
 orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song ; but
 chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks be-
 neath,
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling
 flow,
 Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
 Those other two, equall'd with me in fate
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old :
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary
 move
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
 Sings dawning, and in shadiest covert
 hid,
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the
 year
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or
 morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's
 rose,
 Or flocks or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark

Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expunged and
 rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut
 out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all
 her powers
 Irradiate : there plant eyes, all mist from
 thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and
 tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

THE ANGELIC WORSHIP.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but
 all
 The multitude of angels, with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number,
 sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven
 rung
 With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
 The eternal regions : lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to
 the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and
 gold ;
 Immortal amarant, a flower which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom ; but soon for man's
 offence
 To Heaven removed where first it grew,
 there grows,
 And flowers aloft shading the fount of
 life,
 And where the river of bliss through midst
 of Heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber
 stream :
 With these that never fade the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed
 with beams ;
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off,
 the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.

Then, crown'd again, their golden harps
 they took,
 Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their
 side
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble
 sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred son and waken raptures
 high ;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could
 join
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY IN SIGHT
OF PARADISE.

O THOU, that, with surpassing glory
 crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the
 God
 Of this new world ; at whose sight all the
 stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I
 call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy
 name,
 O Sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what
 state
 I fell ; how glorious once above thy sphere,
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me
 down
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's
 matchless king :
 Ah, wherefore ! he deserved no such
 return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him
 praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him
 thanks,
 How due ! yet all his good prov'd ill in
 me,
 And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high
 I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step
 higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment
 quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,

So burthensome still paying, still to owe
 Forgetful what from him I still received,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged; what burden
 then?

O, had his powerful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had
 raised

Ambition! Yet why not? some other
 power

As great might have aspired, and me,
 though mean,

Drawn to his part; but other powers as
 great

Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will and power
 to stand?

Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or
 what to accuse,

But Heaven's free love dealt equally to
 all?

Be then his love accursed, since, love or
 hate,

To me alike, it deals eternal woe.

Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy
 will

Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly

Infinite wrath and infinite despair?

Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;

And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,

Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,

To which the Hell I suffer seems a
 Heaven.

O, then, at last relent: is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?

None left but by submission; and that
 word

Disdain forbids me, and my dread of
 shame

Among the spirits beneath, whom I
 seduced

With other promises and other vaunts

Than to submit, boasting I could subdue

The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know

How dearly I abide that boast so vain.

Under what torments inwardly I groan,

While they adore me on the throne of
 Hell.

With diadem and sceptre high advanced,

The lower still I fall, only supreme

In misery: such joy ambition finds.

But say I could repent, and could obtain,

By act of grace, my former state; how
 soon

Would height recal high thoughts, how
 soon unsay

What feign'd submission swore? Ease
 would recant

Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconciliation grow,

Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced
 so deep;

Which would but lead me to a worse
 relapse

And heavier fall: so should I purchase
 dear

Short intermission bought with double
 smart.

This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging
 peace:

All hope excluded thus, behold, instead

Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,

Mankind, created, and for him this world.

So farewell hope; and with hope, farewell
 fear;

Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost;

Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least

Divided empire with Heaven's King I
 hold,

By thee, and more than half perhaps will
 reign;

As man ere long, and this new world,
 shall know.

PARADISE.

So on he fares, and to the border comes,
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,

Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure
 green,

As with a rural mound, the champion
 head

Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides

With thicket overgrown, grotesque and
 wild,

Access denied: and overhead upgrew

Insuperable height of loftiest shade,

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching
 palm,

A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend

Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their
tops

The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung :
Which to our general sire gave prospect
large

Into his nether empire neighbouring
round.

And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest
fruit,

Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden
hue,

Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours
mix'd :

On which the Sun more glad impress'd
his beams

Than in fair evening cloud, or humid
bow,

When God hath shower'd the earth ; so
lovely seem'd

That landscape : and of pure, now purer
air

Meets his approach, and to the heart
inspires

Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair : now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoniferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence
they stole

Those balmy spoils. As when, to them
who sail

Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are
past

Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds
blow

Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest ; with such delay

Well pleased, they slack their course, and
many a league,

Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean
smiles.

EVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

THAT day I oft remember, when from
sleep

I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers, much wonder-
ing where

And what I was, whence thither brought,
and how.

Not distant far from thence, a murmuring
sound

Of waters issued from a cave, and read
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of Heaven ; I thither
went

With unexperienced thought, and laid me
down

On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another
sky.

As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the watery gleam ap-
pear'd,

Bending to look on me : I started back,
It started back ; but pleased I soon re-
turn'd,

Pleased it return'd as soon with answering
looks

Of sympathy and love.

EVENING IN PARADISE.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight
gray

Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their
nests,

Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightin-
gale ;

She all night long her amorous descant
sung ;

Silence was pleased : now glow'd the fir-
mament

With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the
Moon,

Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless
light,

And o'er the dark her silver mantle
threw.

EVE'S CONJUGAL LOVE.

MY author and disposer, what thou
bid'st,

Unargued I obey : so God ordains ;
God is thy law, thou mine : to know

Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time ;
 All seasons and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet in the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
 With charms of earliest birds : pleasant the Sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit,
 and flower,
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile Earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent Night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :
 But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising Sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit,
 flower,
 Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
 Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent Night,
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering star-light, without thee, is sweet.

ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair : Thyself how wondrous then !
 Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye, in Heaven :
 On Earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st,
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies ;
 And ye five other wandering fires, that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix
 And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky, or gray,
 Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 [rise ;
 In honour to the world's great Author
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling showers,

Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops,
ye pines,

With every plant, in sign of worship wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.

Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;

Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,

Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

SATAN, IN HIS EXPEDITION TO THE UPPER WORLD, MEETS SIN AND DEATH.

MEANWHILE, the adversary of God and man,

Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,

Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell

Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;

Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars

Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As, when far off at sea, a fleet despoiled

Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds

Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring

Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,

Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole:
so seem'd

Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,

And thence threefold the gates; three folds were brass,

Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, unpa'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat

On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist and fair;

But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd

With mortal sting: About her middle round

A cry of Hell-hounds, never ceasing, bark'd

With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung

A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,

If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,

And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd,

Within unseen. Far less abhor'd than these

Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts

Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;

Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd

In secret, riding through the air she comes,

Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance

With Lapland witches, while the labouring Moon

Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,

If shape it might be call'd that shape had none

Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,

For each seem'd either: black it stood as night,

Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,

And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd
 his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
 Satan was now at hand, and from his
 seat
 The monster moving onward came
 fast
 With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he
 strode.
 The undaunted fiend what this might be
 admired,
 Admired, not feared; God and his son
 except,
 Created thing naught valued he, nor
 shunn'd;
 And with disdainful look thus first began :
 "Whence and what art thou, execrable
 shape,
 That darest, though grim and terrible,
 advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates? through them I mean
 to pass,
 That be assured, without leave ask'd of
 thee:
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by
 proof
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of
 Heaven."
 To whom the goblin full of wrath re-
 plied:
 "Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
 Who first broke peace in Heaven, and
 faith, till then
 Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
 Drew after him the third part of Heaven's
 sons
 Conjured against the Highest; for which
 both thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here
 condemn'd
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of
 Heaven,
 Hell-doom'd, and breathe'st defiance here
 and scorn,
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee
 more,
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punish-
 ment,
 False fugitive! and to thy speed add
 wings,
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this
 dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs un-
 felt before."
 So spake the grisly Terror, and in
 shape,
 So speaking and so threatening, grew
 tenfold
 More dreadful and deform. On the
 other side,
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
 Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid
 hair
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the
 head
 Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend; and such a
 frown
 Each cast at the other, as when two black
 clouds,
 With Heaven's artillery fraught, come
 rattling on
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to
 front,
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal
 blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that
 Hell
 Grew darker at their frown; so match'd
 they stood;
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe: and now great
 deeds
 Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had
 rung,
 Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
 Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd
 between.
 * * * * *
 From her side the fatal key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
 And, towards the gate rolling her bestial
 train,
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up
 drew,
 Which but herself, not all the Stygian
 powers
 Could once have moved; then in the key-
 hole turns



L'ALLEGRO (MILTON)

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity — P 99

The intricate wards, and every bolt and
 bar
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
 Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
 The infernal doors, and on their hinges
 grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom
 shook
 Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her power; the gates wide open
 stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd
 host,
 Under spread ensigns marching, might
 pass through
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose
 array;
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace
 mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy
 flame;
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth,
 and height,
 And time, and place are lost; where
 eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
 For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four
 champions fierce,
 Strive here for mastery, and to battle
 bring
 Their embryon atoms; they around the
 flag
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,
 Light arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth,
 swift, or slow,
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the
 sands
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
 Levied to side with warring winds, and
 poised
 Their lighter wings. To whom these
 most adhere,
 He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
 And by decision more embroils the fray,
 By which he reigns: next him high ar-
 biter
 Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
 The womb of Nature, and perhaps her
 grave,
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor
 fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes
 mix'd
 Confusedly, and which thus must ever
 fight,
 Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more worlds;
 Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a
 while,
 Pondering his voyage.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
 sighs unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his
 jealous wings,
 And the night raven sings;
 There under ebon shades, and low-
 brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
 Or whether (as some sages sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr, with Aurora, playing,
 As he met her once a maying,
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste, thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 E *

And Laughter holding both his sides :
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And, if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unproved pleasures free :
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow
 Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine :
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before :
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :
 Some time walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hullocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight ;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new
 pleasures,
 While the landscape round it measures,
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied ;
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :
 Tow'rs and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,

Are at their sav'ry dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses ;
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday.
 Till the livelong daylight fail ;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets ate ;
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
 And he by friar's lantern led ;
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shad'wy flail had thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end ;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's
 length,

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And, cropful, out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tow'rd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons
 bold

In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robes, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With masque and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream,
 On summer eves, by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native woodnotes wild.

And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENNEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred !
How little you bestead,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your
toys !

Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes
possess,

As thick and numberless

As the gay notes that people the
sunbeams,

Or likest hov'ring dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus'
train.

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy !
Hail divinest Melancholy !

Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue :
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseech,
Or that star'd Ethiop queen, that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs
offended,

Yet thou art higher far descended ;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).

Oft in glim'ring bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies.
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hear the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hush along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In his sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustomed oak ;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of
folly,

Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening song ;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heav'ns' wide pathless way
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or if the air will not permit,
Some still, removed place will fit,

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen on some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in its fleshly nook ;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin ! that thy pow'r
Might raise Musæus from his bow'r,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did
seek ;

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards besides
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung ;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the
ear.

Thus Night oft see me in thy pale
career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear.
Not trick'd and frounc'd as he was
wont

With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,

When the gust hath blown his till,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard, the Nymphs to
daunt,

Or fright them from their hallow'd
haunt.

There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such conceit as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep :
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid :

And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high imbow'd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine
ear

Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine
eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that Heav'n doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew ;
Till old Experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,

Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come, to pluck your berries harsh and crude ;

And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due :
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew,

Himself, to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string ;

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :
So may some gentle muse

With lucky words favour my destined urn ;

And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,

Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade,
and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd

Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard

What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,

Battering our flocks with the fresh dews
of night,

Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,

Toward heaven's descent had sloped his
westerling wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not
mute,

Temper'd to the oaten flute ;

Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with
cloven heel

From the glad sound would not be absent
long :

And old Damœtas loved to hear our
song.

But, oh ! the heavy change, now thou
art gone,

Now thou art gone and never must
return !

Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and
desert caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine
o'ergrown,

And all their echoes, mourn :

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft
lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that

graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay ward-
robe wear,

When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the re-
morseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Ly-
cidas ?

For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids,
lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Æva spreads her wizard

stream :

Ah me ! I fondly dream,
Had ye been there : for what could that

have done ?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus

bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,

Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous

roar,
His gory visage down the stream was
sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian
shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's
trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse? 'That sunk so low that sacred head of
 Were it not better done, as others use, thine.
 To sport with Amaryllis, in the shade, Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing
 Or with the tangles of Nereus's hair? slow,
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 raise Inwrought with figures dim, and on the
 (That last infirmity of noble minds) edge
 To scorn delights and live laborious days: Like to that sanguine flower inscribed
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find, with woe.
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze, "Ah! who hath rest," quoth he, "my
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred dearest pledge?"
 shears, Last came, and last did go,
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not The pilot of the Galilean lake;
 the praise," Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain,
 Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling (The golden opens, the iron shuts amain,)
 ears; He shook his matted locks, and stern
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal bespake:
 soil, "How well could I have spared for thee,
 Nor in the glistening foil young swain,
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
 lies, Creep, and intrude, and climb into the
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure fold!
 eyes, Of other care they little reckoning make.
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove; Than how to scramble at the shearers'
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed, feast,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 deed." Blind mouths! that scarce themselves
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd know how to hold
 flood, A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with the least
 vocal reeds! That to the faithful herdsman's art be-
 That strain I heard was of a higher longs!
 mood: What recks it them? What need they
 But now my oat proceeds, They are sped;
 And listens to the herald of the sea And, when they list, their lean and flashy
 That came in Neptune's plea; songs
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon Grate on their scannel pipes of wretched
 winds, straw;
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this The hungry sheep look up, and are not
 gentle swain? fed,
 And question'd every gust, of rugged But, swoln with wind and the rank mist
 wings, they draw,
 That blows from off each beaked promon- Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
 tory: Besides what the grim wolf, with privy
 They knew not of his story; paw,
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings, Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
 That not a blast was from his dungeon But that two-handed engine at the door
 stray'd: Stands ready to smite once, and smite no
 The air was calm, and on the level brine more."
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd. Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark, past,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian
 dark, Muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither
 cast
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand
 hues.
 Ve valleys low, where the mild whispers
 use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gush-
 ing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely
 looks;
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd
 eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honey'd
 showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal
 flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken
 dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd
 with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood-
 bine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive
 head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery
 wears:
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid
 lies.
 For, so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false
 surmise:
 Ah me! whilst thee the shores and sound-
 ing seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are
 hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming
 tide,
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous
 world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows de-
 nied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded
 mount
 Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's
 hold;
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt
 with ruth:

And O, ye dolphins, waft the hapless
 youth.
 Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep
 no more,
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery
 floor;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and, with new-
 spangled ore,
 Flames in the forehead of the morning
 sky:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted
 high,
 Through the dear might of Him that
 walk'd the waves,
 Where, other groves and other streams
 along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he
 laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and
 love.
 There entertain him all the saints
 above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and, singing, in their glory
 move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his
 eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep **no**
 more;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the
 shore.
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be
 good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.
 Thus sang the uncouth swain to the
 oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals
 gray;
 He touch'd the tender stops of various
 quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric
 lay:
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the
 hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay:
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle
 blue:
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN
PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints,
whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains
cold ;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure
of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks
and stones,
Forget not : in thy bock record their
groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their
ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that
roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks.
Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and
ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still
doth sway
The triple tyrant : that from these may
grow
A hundred fold, who, having learn'd
thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe,

O NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy
spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods
are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart
does fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious
May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's
bill,
Portend success in love ; O, if Jove's
will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy
soft lay,
Now timely sing, e'er the rude bird of
hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some
grove nigh ;

As thou from year to year hast sung
too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :
Whether the muse, or love call thee his
mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train
am I.

CROMWELL OUR CHIEF OF
MEN.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through
a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith, and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way
hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his
work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of
Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises
loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet
much remains
To conquer still ; Peace hath her vic-
tories
No less renown'd than war : new foes
arise
Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular
chains :
Help us to save free conscience from
the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their
maw.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
E'er half my days in this dark world
and wide,
And that one talent which is death to
hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul
more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide ;
Doth God exact day labour, light
deny'd,
I fondly ask ? but patience to prevent
That murmur soon replies, God doth not
need

Either man's work or his own gifts ;
 who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best :
 his state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without
 rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and
 wait.
 Full sight of her in Heav'n, without
 restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her
 mind :
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied
 sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person
 shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back
 my night.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, this three years' day these eyes,
 tho' clear
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the
 year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate
 a jot
 Of heart or hope ; but still bear up, and
 steer
 Right onward. What supports me ? dost
 thou ask :
 The conscience, Friend, to have lost
 them overply'd
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to
 side,
 This thought might lead me thro' the
 world's vain mask,
 Content though blind, had I no better
 guide.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused
 saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the
 grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad
 husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force though
 pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-
 bed taint,
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to
 have

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger
 lies ;
 Nature, in awe of him,
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympa-
 thise :
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty
 paramour.
 Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air,
 To hide her guilty front with innocent
 snow ;
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden-white to
 throw ;
 Confounded, that Her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul de-
 formities,
 But he, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace ;
 She, crown'd with olive green, came
 softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere,
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds
 dividing ;
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea
 and land.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around :

The idle spear and shield were high up
hung ;

The hooked chariot stood

Unstain'd with hostile blood ;

The trumpet spake not to the armed
throng ;

And kings sat still with awful eye,

As if they surely knew their sov'reign
lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,

Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth
began :

The winds, with wonder whist,

Smoothly the waters kiss'd,

Whispering new joys to the mild
ocean,

Who now hath quite forgot to rave,

While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,

Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influ-
ence ;

And will not take their flight,

For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer had often warn'd them
thence ;

But in their glimmering orbs did glow,

Until their Lord himself bespake, and
bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom

Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted
speed,

And hid his head for shame,

As his inferior flame

The new-enlighten'd world no more
should need ;

He saw a greater sun appear

Than his bright throne, or burning axle-
tree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,

Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;

Full little thought they then

That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them
below ;

Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so
busy keep.

When such music sweet

Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal fingers strook,

Divinely-warbled voice

Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture
took :

The air, such pleasure loathe to lose,

With thousand echoes still prolongs each
heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,

Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region
thrilling,

Now was almost won,

To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last
fulfilling ;

She knew such harmony alone

Could hold all heaven and earth in
happier union.

At last surrounds their sight

A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shame-fac'd
night array'd ;

The helmed cherubim,

And sworded seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings
display'd,

Harping in loud and solemn quire,

With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's
new-born heir.

Such music, as 'tis said,

Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning
sung,

While the Creator great

His constellations set,

And the well-balanc'd world on hinges
hung,

And cast the dark foundations deep,

And bid the weltering waves their oozy
channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
 Once bless our human ears,
 If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time ;
 And let the bass of Heaven's deep
 organ blow ;
 And, with your ninefold harmony,
 Make up full concert to the angelic
 symphony.

For, if such holy song
 Enwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age
 of gold ;
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly
 mould ;
 And Hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the
 peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories
 wearing,
 Mercy will sit between,
 Thron'd in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds
 down steering ;
 And Heaven, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high
 palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
 This must not yet be so,
 The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss,
 So both himself and us to glorify :
 Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder
 through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
 As on Mount Sinai rang,
 While the red fire and smould'ring
 clouds out brake ;
 The aged earth aghast,
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the centre
 shake ;

When, at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall
 spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss,
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins ; for, from this happy
 day,
 The old dragon, underground,
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb ;
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arched roof in words
 deceiving,
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
 leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the
 prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud
 lament ;
 From haunted spring and dale,
 Edg'd with poplar pale,
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled
 thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,
 The Lars and Lemurs mourn with mid-
 night plaint.
 In urns and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service
 quaint ;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar power foregoes his
 wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
 Forsake their temples dim
 With that twice-battered god of Pales-
 tine ;

And mooned Ashtoroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy
 shine ;
 The Libyac Hammon shrinks his horn ;
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded
 Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue :
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace
 blue :

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis,
 haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshowered grass with
 lowings loud ;
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his
 shroud ;
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his wor-
 shipp'd ark.

He feels from Judah's land
 The dreaded infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky
 eyne ;

Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky
 twine :

Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
 Can in his swaddling bands control the
 damned crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several
 grave ;

And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their
 moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her babe to rest ;
 Time is, our tedious song should here
 have ending :
 Heaven's youngest-teemed star
 Hath fixed her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid
 lamp attending ;
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harness'd angels sit in order ser-
 viceable.

THE LADY'S SONG.

Comus.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st
 unseen
 Within thy aery shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth
 well ;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are ?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the
 sphere ! [skies,
 So may'st thou be translated to the
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's
 harmonies.

HOW CHARMING IS DIVINE PHILOSOPHY.

How charming is divine philosophy !
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools
 suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute.
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

BEFORE THE STARRY THRES- HOLD OF JOVE'S COURT.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's
 court,
 My mansion is, where those immortal

Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
 Which men call Earth, and with low-
 thoughted care,
 Confin'd and pester'd in this pin-fold
 here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish
 being,
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives
 After this mortal change, to her true ser-
 vants,
 Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted
 seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps
 aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden
 key
 That opes the palace of Eternity:
 To such my errand is; and but for such,
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial
 weeds
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worn
 mould.

CHASTITY.

So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can
 hear,
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward
 shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's
 essence,
 Till all be made immortal; but when
 Lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and
 foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows
 damp,
 Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,

Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made
 grave,
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

THE SPIRIT'S EPILOGUE.

To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where Day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid air,
 All amidst the garden fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
 That sing about the golden tree:
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund spring,
 The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring;
 That there eternal summer dwells,
 And west-winds with musky wing
 About the cedarn alleys fling
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
 Ius there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purpled scarf can show,
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of hyacinths and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumbers soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son advanc'd,
 Holds her dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,
 After her wand'ring labours long,
 Till free consent the gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
 But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run,
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon.
 Mortals that would follow me,
 Love Virtue, she alone is free,

She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the spherie chime ;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

SONG. MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's har-
binger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads
with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap
throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale prim-
rose.

Hail bounteous May ! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

[SIR JOHN DENHAM. 1615—1668.]

THE THAMES.

My eye, descending from the hill, sur-
veys,
Where Thames among the wanton valleys
strays ;
Thames, the most loved of all the ocean's
sons

By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.

Though with those streams he no remem-
brance hold,

Whose foam is amber and their gravel
gold,

His genuine and less guilty wealth to
explore,

Search not his bottom but survey his
shore,

O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious

And hatches plenty for the ensuing

And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers who their infants overlay ;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he
gave.

No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plough
man's toil,
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;
First loves to do, then loves the good he
does.

Nor are his blessings to his banks con-
fined,

Put free or common as the sea or wind ,
When he to boast or to disperse her
stores,

Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers,
Brings home to us, and makes both
Indies ours :

Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where
it wants,

Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants ;
So that to us no thing, no place is
strange,

While his fair bosom is the world's ex-
change.

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy
stream

My great example, as it is my theme !
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle,
yet not dull ;

Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing
full !

[ANONYMOUS. About 1650.]

THE THREE RAVENS.

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be :

The one of them said to his mate,
"Where shall we our breakfast take ?"

"Down in yonder green field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield;

"His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well do they their master keep ;

"His hawks they fly so eagerly.
There's no fowl dare come him nigh."

Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go.

She lifted up his bloody head,
And kissed his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her back,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself before even-song
time.

God send every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a
leman.

[JOHN DRYDEN. 1636—1700]

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW.

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the
skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from para-
dise, [rise,
In spreading branches more sublimely
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring
star,

Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering
race,

Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'st with the heaven's majestic pace;

Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast
abyss:

Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;

Thou wilt have time enough for hymns
divine,

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal muse thy praise re-
hearse,

In no ignoble verse:
But such as thy own voice did practise
here,

When thy first fruits of poesy were given,
To make thyself a welcome inmate there;

While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfused into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.

But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it
was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-
born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy
rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left
behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy
celestial kind.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of
love?

O wretched we! why were we hurried
down
This lubrique and adulterate age?

What can we say t'excuse our second
fall?

Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and unde-
filed;

Her wit was more than man, her innocence
a child.
Art she had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas
only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed.

Er'n love (for love sometimes her muse
express)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd
about her breast:
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,

Er'n love (for love sometimes her muse
express)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd
about her breast:
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,

So cold herself, while she such warmth
 exprest,
 Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.
 * * * * *
 When in mid-air the golden trump shall
 sound
 To raise the nations under ground;
 When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
 The judging God shall close the book of
 fate;
 And there the last assizes keep,
 For those who wake, and those who
 sleep;
 When rattling bones together fly,
 From the four corners of the sky;
 When sinews on the skeletons are spread,
 Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires
 the dead;
 The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
 And foremost from the tomb shall
 bound,
 For they are cover'd with the lightest
 ground;
 And straight, with inborn vigour, on the
 wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morning
 sing.
 There thou, sweet saint, before the quire
 shalt go,
 As harbinger of heaven, the way to
 show,
 The way which thou so well hast learned
 below.

THE CHARACTER OF THE EARL
 OF SHAFTESBURY DELI-
 NEATED AS ACHITOPHEL.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
 A name to all succeeding ages curst:
 For close designs and crooked counsels
 fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit:
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay:
 A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves
 went high

He sought the storms; but, for a calm
 unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast
 his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near
 allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds
 divide:
 Else why should he, with wealth and
 honours blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
 Punish a body which he could not please;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
 * * * * *
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
 To compass this the triple bond he broke,
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel with a foreign yoke;
 Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting
 fame,
 Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name;
 So easy still it proves, in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's
 will!
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence
 be known, [own!
 Since in another's guilt they find their
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the
 judge.
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
 With more discerning eyes or hands more
 clean,
 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to re-
 dress;
 Swift of despatch and easy of access.
 Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
 With virtues only proper to the gown;
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cockle, that oppress'd the noble
 seed;
 David for him his tuneful harp had
 strung,
 And heaven had wanted one immortal
 song.
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, nor
 stand;
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,

Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the
tree.

Now, manifest of crimes contrived long
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulk'd behind
the laws.

VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKING- HAM, DELINEATED AS ZIMRI.

A MAN so various that he seem'd to be
Not one but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing
long;

But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and
buffoon.

* * * *

Blest madman ! who could every hour em-
ploy

With something new to wish or to enjoy.
Railing and praising were his usual
themes,

And both, to show his judgment, in ex-
tremes.

So over-violent or over-civil,
That every man with him was god or
devil.

In squandering wealth was his peculiar
art,

Nothing went unrewarded but desert ;
Beggard by fools whom still he found too
late ;

He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court, then had
relief,

By forming parties, but could ne'er be
chief;

For, spite of him, the weight of business
fell

On Absalom and wise Achitophel.

"RELIGIO LAICI."

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and
stars

To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reason to the soul : and as on high,

Those rolling fires discover but the sky.
Not light us here ; so reason's glimmering
ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.

And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemi-
sphere ;

So pale grows reason at religion's sight—
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural
light.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST,

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S
DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :

Aloft in awful state

The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne :

His valiant peers were placed around ;

Their brows with roses and with myrtle
bound,

(So should desert in arms be crown'd) :

The lovely Thais, by his side.

Sate, like a blooming Eastern bride,

In flower of youth and beauty's pride,

Happy, happy, happy pair !

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high

Amid the tuneful quire,

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,

Who left his blissful seats above

(Such is the power of mighty Love !).

A dragon's fiery form belied the god,

Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,

When he to fair Olympia press'd,

And stamp'd an image of himself, a sove-
reign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty
sound,

A present deity ! they shout around :

A present deity ! the vaulted roof's re-
bound :

With raptures ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet
musician sung :

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sounded the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face ;

Now give the haughty breath : he comes !
he comes !

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king
grew vain ;

Fought all his battles o'er again ;

And thrice he routed all his foes, and
thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And, while he heaven and earth
defied, [pride,

Changed his hand, and check'd his
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse :

He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood ;

Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed :
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor
sate,

Revolving in his alter'd soul,
The various turns of chance below ;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree :

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

War, he sing, is toil and trouble ;
Honour, but an empty babble ;

Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying !

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee !
The many rend the skies with loud ap-
plause ;

So love was crown'd, but music won the
cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair,

Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and
look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again .
At length, with love and wine at once
oppress'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her
breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain

Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And reuse him, like a rattling peal of
thunder

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head !

As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.

Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise ;

See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their
eyes !

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle
were slain,

And unburn'd remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew !

Behold how they toss their torches on
the gh,

How they point to the Persian abodes.

And glittering temples of their hostile
Then return to our lasses like fortunate
traders,
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal
invaders,
to destroy ;

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another
Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle
soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred
store,

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-
known before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

COME, IF YOU DARE.

"COME, if you dare !" our trumpets
sound,

"Come, if you dare !" the foes rebound ;
"We come, we come !"

Says the double beat of the thund'ring
drum ;

Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again.

The gods from above the mad labour be-
hold,

And pity mankind that will perish for
gold.

The fainting foemen quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in the sound—

They fly ! they fly !

"Victoria ! Victoria !" the bold Britons
cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the lunder we run ;

FAIR, SWEET, AND YOUNG.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize
Reserved for your victorious eyes :
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
Oh, pity and distinguish me !
As I from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was design'd ;
Your every motion charms my mind ;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you speak ;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with
you.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost unless you love ;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain :
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

MANKIND.

MEN are but children of a larger growth ;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain ;
And yet the soul shut up in her dark
room,

Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees
nothing ;

But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it out-
ward

To the world's open view.

HUMAN LIFE.

WHEN I consider life, 'tis all a cheat ;
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the
deceit ;

Trust on, and think to-morrow will re-
pay :

To-morrow's falser than the former day ;

Lies worse ; and while it says we shall be blest	Our frailties help, our vice control, Submit the senses to the soul ;
With some new joys cuts off what we possessed.	And when rebellious they are grown, Then lay Thine hand, and hold them down.
Strange cozenage ! None would live past years again ;	
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet re- main ;	Chase from our minds the infernal foe, And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And from the dregs of life think to receive	And, lest our feet should step astray, Protect and guide us in the way.
What the first sprightly running could not give.	Make us eternal truths receive, And practise all that we believe : Give us Thyself, that we may see The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

FREEDOM OF THE SAVAGE.

No man has more contempt than I of breath,	Immortal honour, endless fame, Attend the Almighty Father's name !
But whence hast thou the right to give me death ?	The Saviour Son be glorified, Who for lost man's redemption died !
I am as free as nature first made man, Ere the base laws of servitude began,	And equal adoration be, Eternal Paraclete, to Thee !
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.	

VENI CREATOR.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy !
Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth com-
mand ;
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gifts with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthly parts :
But oh, inflame and fire our hearts !

ADVICE TO POETS.

OBSERVE the language well in all you
write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest
flight
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offence ;
A barbarous phrase no reader can ap-
prove ;
Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you
write
Can never yield us profit nor delight.
Take time for thinking ; never work in
haste ;
And value not yourself for writing fast.
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding
wit.
More pleased we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud
torrents roar,
With foamy waters on a muddy shore.
Gently make haste, of labour not afraid :
A hundred times consider what you've
said :

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener take away.
'Tis not enough when swarming faults are writ,

That here and there are scatter'd sparks
of wit ;

Each object must be fix'd in the due place,
And differing parts have corresponding
grace :

Till, by a curious art disposed, we find
One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.
Keep to your subject close in all you
say ;

Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.
The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.

Fantastic wits their darling follies love ;
But find you faithful friends that will
approve,

That on your works may look with careful
eyes,

And of your faults be zealous enemies :
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer descry,
Who seems to like, but means not what
he says :

Embrace true counsel, but suspect false
praise.

A sycophant will every thing admire :
Each verse, each sentence, sets his soul on
fire :

All is divine ! there's not a word amiss !
He shakes with joy, and weeps with ten-
derness,

He overpowers you with his mighty praise.
Truth never moves in those impetuous
ways :

A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedless errors blame ;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verse to rule and order will confine.
Reprove of words the too affected sound ;
Here the sense flags, and your expression's
round,

Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows
vain,

Your terms improper, make them just and
plain.

Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom
use ;

But authors, partial to their darling muse,
Think to protect it they have just pretence,
And at your friendly counsel take offence.

Said you of this, that the expression's
flat ?

Your servant, Sir, you must excuse me
that,

He answers you. This word has here no
grace,

Pray leave it out : That Sir 's the pro-
perest place.

This turn I like not : 'Tis approved by all.
Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,

If there's a syllable of which you doubt,
'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out,

Yet still he says you may his faults con-
fute,

And over him your power is absolute :
But of his feign'd humility take heed ;

'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read.
And when he leaves you happy in his
muse,

Restless he runs some other to abuse,
And often finds ; for in our scribbling
times

No fool can want a sot to praise his
rhymes :

The flattest work has ever in the court
Met with some zealous ass for its sup-
port :

And in all times a forward scribbling fop
Has found some greater fool to cry him
up.

UNDER MILTON'S PICTURE.

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.

The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd ;
The next, in majesty ; in both the last.

The force of nature could no further go ;
To make a third, she join'd the former
two.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train ;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.

His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.

Rich was his soul, though his attire was
poor

(As God hath clothed his own ambassador)

For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer
bore.

Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might
last

To sixty more, but that he lived too fast;
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.

Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere,
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see:
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity:
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was
arm'd;

Though harsh the precept, yet the people
charm'd.

For, letting down the golden chain from
high,

He drew his audience upward to the sky:
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd
their ears,

(A music more melodious than the
spheres:)

For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look:
But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd
all he spoke.

He preach'd the joys of heaven, and
pains of hell,

And warn'd the sinner with becoming
zeal;

But, on eternal mercy loved to dwell.

He taught the gospel rather than the law;
And forced himself to drive; but loved to
draw.

For fear but freezes minds: but love, like
heat,

Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her
native seat,

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm
prepared;

But, when the milder beams of mercy
play,

He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak
away.

Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:

Those but proclaim his style, and dis-
appear;

The stiller sounds succeed, and God is
there.

[MARTYN PARKER. 1630.]

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND

YE gentlemen of England

That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.

Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly shew
All the cares and the fears

When the stormy winds do blow.

When the stormy, &c.

If enemies oppose us

When England is at war

With any foreign nation,

We fear not wound or scar;

Our roaring guns shall teach 'em

Our valour for to know,

Whilst they reel on the keel,

And the stormy winds do blow.

And the stormy, &c.

Then courage, all brave mariners,

And never be dismay'd;

While we have bold adventurers,

We ne'er shall want a trade:

Our merchants will employ us

To fetch them wealth, we know;

Then be bold—work for gold,

When the stormy winds do blow.

When the stormy, &c.

[JOHN CHALKHILL. 1653.]

THE PRAISE OF A COUNTRY- MAN'S LIFE.

OH, the sweet contentment

The countryman doth find,

High trollicie, lollie, lol; high trollicie,
lee;

That quiet contemplation

Possesseth all my mind:

Then care away, and wend along with
me.

For courts are full of flattery,

As hath too oft been tried,

High trollicie, lollie, lol; high trollicie
lee:

The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride :
Then care away, and wend along with
me.

But, oh ! the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
High trolollie, lollie, lol ; high trolollie,
lee ;

His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart :
Then care away, and wend along with
me.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
Grey russet for our wives,
High trolollie, lollie, lol ; high trolollie,
lee ;

'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives :
Then care away, and wend along with
me.

The ploughman, though he labour
hard,
Yet on the holy day,
High trolollie, lollie, lol ; high trolollie,
lee ;
No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away :
Then care away, and wend along with

To recompense our tillage
The heavens afford us showers,
High trolollie, lollie, lol ; high trolollie,
lee ;
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers ;
Then care away, and wend along with
me.

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
High trolollie, lollie, lol ; high trolollie,
lee ;

And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring :
Then care away, and wend along with

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys,

High trolollie, lollie, lol ; high trolollie,
lee ;

Though others think they have as
much,

Yet he that says so lies :
Then care away, and wend along with
me.

[ANONYMOUS. 1700]

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

I WISH I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnel Lee !

Curst be the heart that thought the
thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me !

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae
mair !
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnel Lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, " Haste, and come to me ! "

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I were blest.

Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding sheet drawn o'er my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

[WILLIAM COLLINS. 1720—1756.]

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes is shown ;
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between :
Ah Fear ! ah frantic Fear !
I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye !
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly ;
For lo, what monsters in thy train appear !
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold ?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep :
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind :

And those the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks pre-
side ;

While Vengeance in the lurid air
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare :
On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait ;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee ?

Thou, who such weary lengths has
pass'd,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at
last ?

Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell ?
Or in some hollow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,

Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests
brought,
Dark pow'r, with shudd'ring meek sub-
mitted Thought ?

Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awak'ning bards have told,
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
The pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men !

O thou whose spirit most possess'd
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast .
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke !
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel ;
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear ! will dwell with thee.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy
modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright
hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloud
skirts,

With braid ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-
ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern
wing ;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless
hum ;
Now teach me, maid composed
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy
darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp,
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day.

And many a Nymph who wreathes her
brows with sedge,*
And sheds the freshening dew, and,
lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy
scene ;
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary
dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving
rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd
spires ;
And hears their simple bell, and marks
o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as
oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest
Eve !
While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with
leaves :
Or Winter yelling through the troublous
air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling
Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN music, heavenly maid, was
young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's paint-
ing :

By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined ;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were
fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrles round
They snatch'd their instruments of
sound ;

And, as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive
power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd : his eyes on fire
In lightnings own'd his secret
stings :

* The water-nymphs, Nalads, are so crowned.

In one rade clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the
strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief be-
guiled;

A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was
wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at dis-
tance hail!

Still would her touch the strain pro-
long;

And from the rocks, the woods, the
vale,

She call'd on Echo still, through all
the song:

And, where her sweetest theme she
chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard
at every close,

And Hope, enchanted smiled, and
waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung;—but with
a frown,

Revenge impatient rose:

He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in
thunder, down;

And, with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of
woe!

And, ever and anon, he beat

The doubling drum, with furious
heat;

And though sometimes, each dreary
pause between,

Dejected Pity, at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice applied,

Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd
mien,

While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd
bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were
fix'd;

Sad proof of thy distressful state;

Of differing themes the veering song was
mix'd;

And now it courted Love, now raving
call'd on Hate,

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her
pensive soul:

And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled
measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted stream, with
fond delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing,

Love of peace, and lonely musing,

In hollow murmurs died away,
But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier
tone,

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of heal-
thiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,

Her buskins gemm'd with morning
dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and
thicket rung,

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad
known!

The oak-crown'd sisters, and their
chaste-eyed Queen,*

Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen,

Peeping from forth their alleys green:

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;

And Sport leapt up and seized his
beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:

He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand ad-
dress'd;

But soon he saw the brisk-awakening
viol.

Whose sweet entrancing voice he
loved the best;

They would have thought who
heard the strain

They saw, in Tempe's vale, her
native maids,

Amidst the festal sounding shades,

* The Dryads and Diana.

To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While as his flying fingers kiss'd the
strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay tan-
tastic round :
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone
unbound ;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy
wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding
power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard ;
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more pre-
vail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard
age ;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavour cease ;
Revive the just designs of Greece :
Return in all thy simple state !
Confirm the tales her sons relate !

FROM AN ODE ON THE POPULAR
SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGH-
LANDS ; CONSIDERED AS THE
SUBJECT OF POETRY.

ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN HOME.

THESE, too, thou'lt sing ! for well thy
magic muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur
soar ;

Or stoop to wail the swain that is no
more !
Ah, homely swains ! your homeward steps
ne'er lose ;
Let not dank Will * mislead you to the
heath ;
Dancing in murky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows to draw you downward to
your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow
brake !

What though far off, from some dark dell
espied
His glimmering mazes cheer the excur-
sive sight,
Yet, turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps
aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless
light ;
For watchful, lurking, mid th' unrustling
reed, [lies,
At those murky hours the wily monster
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen
eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak
wretch surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest'd,
indeed !
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank,
dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking
hamlet, then !
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy
weed :
On him, enraged, the fiend, in angry
mood,
Shall never look with Pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming
flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all
return !
Or if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill, that seems uprising
near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly
shape,

* A fiery meteor, called by various names, such
as Will with the Whisp, Jack with the Lantern,
&c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny
places.

In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
 Meantime the watery surge shall round
 him rise,
 Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling
 source !
 What now remains but tears and hope-
 less sighs ?
 His fear-shook limbs have lost their youth-
 ful force,
 And down the waves he floats, a pale
 and breathless corse !

For him in vain his anxious wife shall
 wait,
 Or wander forth to meet him on his
 way !
 For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
 His babes shall linger at th' unclosing
 gate !
 Ah, ne'er shall he return ! alone, if
 night
 Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers
 steep !
 With drooping willows dress'd, his mourn-
 ful sprite
 Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent
 sleep :

Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery
 hand
 Shall fondly seem to press her shudder-
 ing cheek,
 And with his blue swoln face before her
 stand,
 And shivering cold these piteous accents
 speak :

" Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils pursue,
 At dawn or dusk, industrious as before ;
 Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
 While I lie weltering on the osier
 shore,
 Drown'd by the Kelpie's * wrath, nor e'er
 shall aid thee more ! "

Unbounded is thy range ; with varied
 skill
 Thy muse may, like those feathery
 tribes which spring
 From their rude rocks, extend her
 skirting wing
 Round the moist marge of each cold
 Hebrid isle,

To that hoar pile * which still its ruins
 shows ;
 In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is
 found,
 Whose bones the delver with his spade
 upthrows,
 And culls them, wondering, from the
 hallow'd ground
 Or thither, † where beneath the showery
 west,
 The mighty kings of three fair realms
 are laid ;

Once foes, perhaps, together now they
 rest,
 No slaves revere them, and no wars
 invade :

Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn
 hour,
 The rifted mounds their yawning cells
 unfold,
 And forth the monarchs stalk with sove-
 reign power,
 In pageant robes, and wreathed with
 sheeny gold,
 And on their twilight tombs aerial council
 hold.

But, oh ! o'er all, forget not Kilda's
 race,
 On whose bleak rocks, which brave the
 wasting tides,
 Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet
 abides.

Go ! just, as they, their blameless manners
 trace !
 Then to my ear transmit some gentle
 song,
 Of those whose lives are yet sincere and
 plain,
 Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs
 along,
 And all their prospect but the wintry main.
 With sparing temperance, at the needful
 time,
 They drain the scented spring : or, hunger-
 press'd,

* The water fiend.

* One of the Hebrides is called the Isle of Pigmies ; it is reported that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

† Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading
 climb,
 And of its eggs despoil the solan's nest.*
 Thus, blest in primal innocence they
 live,
 Sufficed and happy with that frugal fare
 Which tasteful toil and hourly danger
 give :
 Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and
 bare ;
 Nor ever vernal bee was heard to
 murmur there !

Nor need'st thou blush that such false
 themes engage
 Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores pos-
 sess'd ;

For not alone they touch the village
 breast,
 But fill'd, in elder time, the historic
 page.

There, Shakspeare's self, with every
 garland crown'd,
 Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
 In musing hour, his wayward sisters
 found,
 And with their terrors dress'd the magic
 scene.

From them he sung, when mid his bold
 design,

Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast !
 The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated
 line

Through the dark cave in gloomy pageant
 pass'd.

Proceed ! nor quit the tales which,
 simply told,

Could once so well my answering bosom
 pierce ;

Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour
 bold,

The native legends of thy land rehearse ;
 To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy
 powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to
 depart

From sober truth, are still to nature
 true,

And call forth fresh delight to fancy's
 view,
 Th' heroic muse employ'd her Tasso's
 heart !

How have I trembled, when, at Tan-
 cred's stroke,
 Its gushing blood the gaping cypress
 pour'd !

When each live plant with mortal accents
 spoke,
 And the wild blast upheaved the vanish'd
 sword ?

How have I sat, when piped the pensive
 wind,
 To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung !
 Prevailing poet ! whose undoubting
 mind

Believed the magic wonders which he
 sung ;

Hence, at each sound, imagination
 glows !

Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts
 here !

Hence his warm lay with softest sweet-
 ness flows !

Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong,
 and clear,

And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins
 the harmonious ear !

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rife all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
 But female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss and gather'd flowers
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

* An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of
 which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of
 the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or 'midst the chase upon the plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O THOU, who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best
adored ;

Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his
bloodless sword !

Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By god-like chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to
ground :

See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded
hands,

Before thy shrine my country's genius
stands,

And decks thy altar still, though pierced
with many a wound !

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his
prey ;

Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his
rage away.

I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own ;
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and
share our monarch's throne !

ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave !
The year's best sweets shall duteous
rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave !

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing
shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is
drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah ! what will every dirge avail ?
Or tears which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering
near ?

With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view !
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom !

Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress | And in her hand, for sceptre, she does
With simple hands thy rural tomb. wield

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
O ! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies !
'Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear
entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance
fill'd,
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction
join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement
unkind.

[WILLIAM SHENSTONE. 1714—1763.]

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees and hardly known to
fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean
attire,
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress
name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to
tame ;
They griev'd sore, in piteous durance
pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentless
dame,
And oft times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconnn'd, are
sorely shent.

Near to this dome is found a patch so
green,
On which the tribe their gambols do dis-
play,
An at the door imprisoning board is
seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size
should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !
The noises intermix'd, which thence re-
sound,
Do learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look
profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her
wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does
yield ;
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field ;

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders
thrown,
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so
fair ;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece pre-
pare ;
And, sooth to say, her pupils rang'd
around,
Through pious awe did term it passing
rare,
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the
greatest wight on ground.

Albeit, ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, for-
sooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held
right dear ;
Ne would esteem him act as mought
behove
Who should not honour'd eld with these
revere :
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that
title love.

* * * * *

Herbs too she knew, and well of each
could speak
That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy
streak,
But herbs for use and physic, not a few
Of gray renown, within those borders
grew ;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme.

Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
 Ah! dearest Lord! forefend, think days
 should e'er return.

The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining
 here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues
 around,

And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
 And plantain ribb'd, that heals the
 reaper's wound,

And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posy
 found,

And lavender, whose spikes of azure
 bloom

Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,

And crown her kerchiefs clean with
 mickle rare perfume.

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent
 eve,

Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth
 did mete ;

If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did
 cleave,

But in her garden found a summer-seat :
 Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat

How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
 While taunting foe-men did a song en-
 treat,

All for the nonce untuning every string,
 Upon their useless lyres—small heart had

they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous
 lore,

And pass'd much time in truly virtuous
 deed ;

And in those elfins' ears would oft de-
 plore

The times when Truth by Popish rage
 did bleed,

And tortuous death was true Devotion's
 need ;

And simple Faith in iron chains did
 mourn,

That n' ould on wooden image place her
 creed ;

And lawny saints in smouldering flames
 did burn :

Right well she knew each temper to
 descry,

To thwart the proud, and the submit to
 raise,

Some with vile copper prize exalt on
 high,

And some entice with pittance small of
 praise,

And other some with baleful sprig she
 'frays :

Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth
 hold,

While with quaint arts the giddy crowd
 she sways ;

Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks be-
 hold,

'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the
 scene unfold.

THE SCHOOL LET OUT.

BUT now Dan Phœbus gains the middle
 sky,

And Liberty unbars her prison-door,
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,

And now the grassy cirque han cover'd
 o'er

With boisterous revel-rout and wild up-
 roar ;

A thousand ways in wanton rings they
 run,

Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastime, I
 implore !

For well may freedom, erst so dearly
 won,

Appear to British elf more gladsome than
 the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive
 trade,

And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest
 flowers,

For when my bones in grass-green sods
 are laid,

For never may ye taste more careless
 hours

In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers,
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thung !

But most in courts, where proud Ambition towers ;
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear !

These rudely carol, most incondite lay ;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer

Salute the stranger passing on his way ;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay,
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,

With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;

Thilk to the huckster's savoury cottage tend,

In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here as each season yields a different store,

Each season's stores in order ranged been,
Apples with cabbage-net y'cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen,

And gooseberry. clad in livery red or green ;

And here of lovely dye the catherine pear,

Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice I ween !

O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,

Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care !

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,

With thread so white in tempting posies tied,

Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,

With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,

And must be bought, though penury be-tide ;

The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
And here, each season, do those cakes abide.

Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

[MARK AKENSIDE. 1721—1770.]

THE MINGLED PAIN AND PLEASURE ARISING FROM VIRTUOUS EMOTIONS.

Pleasures of the Imagination.

BEHOLD the ways
Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent, and wise :
That Virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued
By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round

Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion swelling with distress and pain,

To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial Pleasure ? Ask the faithful youth,

Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd

So often fills his arms ; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears ?
O ! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds

Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise

Of Care and Envy, sweet Remembrance soothes,

With Virtue's kindest looks, his achin breast,

And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd,

Which flies impatient from the village walk

To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below

The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast

Some hapless baek ; while sacred Pity melts
 The gen'ral eye, or Terror's icy hand
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent
 hair ;
 While ev'ry mother closer to her breast
 Catches her child, and, pointing where
 the waves
 Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks
 aloud,
 As one poor wretch, that spreads his
 piteous arms
 For succour, swallow'd by the roaring
 surge,
 As now another, dash'd against the rock,
 Drops lifeless down. O ! deemest thou
 indeed
 No kind endearment here by Nature giv'n
 To mutual Terror and Compassion's
 tears ?
 No sweetly-smelling softness, which at-
 tracts,
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social
 pow'rs
 To this their proper action and their
 end ?—
 Ask thy own heart ; when, at the mid-
 night hour,
 Slow through that studious gloom thy
 pausing eye,
 Led by the glimm'ring taper, moves
 around
 The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
 Of Grecian bards, and records writ by
 Fame
 For Grecian heroes, where the present
 pow'r
 Of heav'n and earth surveys th' immortal
 page,
 E'en as a father blessing, while he reads
 The praises of his son ; if then thy soul,
 Spurning the yoke of these inglorious
 Mix in their deeds and kindle with their
 flame :
 Say, when the prospect blackens on thy
 view,
 When rooted from the base, heroic states
 Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the
 frown [band
 Of curs'd Ambition ;—when the pious
 Of youths that fought for freedom and
 their sires

Lie side by side in gore ;—when ruffian
 Pride
 Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the
 pomp
 Of public pow'r the majesty of rule,
 The sword, the laurel, and the purple
 robe,
 To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
 A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
 Of such as bow the knee ;—when honour'd
 urns
 Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
 And storied arch, to glut the coward rage
 Of regal envy, strew the public way
 With hallow'd ruins !—when the muse's
 haunt,
 The marble porch where Wisdom, wont
 to talk
 With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
 Save the hoarse jargon of contentious
 monks,
 Or female Superstition's midnight pray'r ;—
 When ruthless Rapine from the hand of
 Time
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer
 blow
 To sweep the works of Glory from their
 base ;
 Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown
 street
 Expands his raven wings, and up the
 wall,
 Where senates once the pride of monarchs
 doom'd,
 Hisses the gliding snake through hoary
 weeds,
 That clasp the mould'ring column :—thus
 defac'd,
 Thus widely mournful when the prospect
 thrills
 Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's
 tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended
 arm
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove,
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's
 brow,
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car ;—
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress ? or wouldst thou then
 exchange
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd

Of mute barbarians bending to his nod
 And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
 And says within himself, "I am a king,
 "And wherefore should the clam'rous
 voice of Woe
 "Intrude upon mine ear?"—The baleful
 dregs
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
 Blest be th' Eternal Ruler of the world !
 Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
 The native honours of the human soul,
 Nor so effac'd the image of its ire.

ON TASTE.

SAY, what is Taste, but the internal
 pow'rs
 Active and strong, and feelingly alive
 To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
 From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or
 gross
 In species? This nor gems, nor stores of
 gold,
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow ;
 But God alone, when first his active hand
 Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.
 He, Mighty Parent ! wise and just in all,
 Free as the vital breeze, or light of
 heav'n,
 Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the
 swain
 Who journeys homeward from a sum-
 mer-day's
 Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
 And due repose, he loiters to behold
 The sunshine gleaming as through amber
 clouds
 O'er all the western sky ! Full soon, I
 ween,
 His rude expression, and untutor'd airs,
 Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold
 The form of Beauty smiling at his heart,
 How lovely ! how commanding ! But
 though Heav'n
 In every breast hath sown these early
 seeds
 Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
 Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,
 Without enliv'ning suns and genial
 show'rs,

And shelter from the blast, in vain we
 hope
 The tender plant should rear its blooming
 head,
 Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.
 Nor yet will ev'ry soil with equal stores
 Repay the tiller's labour ; or attend
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce
 The olive or the laurel. Diff'rent minds
 Incline to diff'rent objects : one pursues
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild ;
 Another sighs for harmony and grace,
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when light-
 ning fires
 The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock
 the ground ;
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howl-
 ing air,
 And Ocean, groaning from his lowest
 bed,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the
 sky ;
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below
 The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks
 abroad
 From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
 The elemental war. But Waller longs,
 All on the margin of some flow'ry stream.
 To spread his careless limbs, amid the
 cool
 Of plantane shades, and to the list'ning
 deer
 The tale of slighted vows and Love's
 disdain
 Resounds, soft warbling, all the livelong
 day.
 Consenting Zephyr sighs ; the weeping
 rill
 Joins in his plaint, melodious ; mute the
 groves ;
 And hill and dale with all their echoes
 mourn.
 Such and so various are the tastes of men.

THE PLEASURES OF A CULTI-
VATED IMAGINATION.

O BLEST of Heav'n, whom not the languid
 songs
 Of Luxury, the siren ! not the bribes
 Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy
 spoils

Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
Those everblooming sweets, which from
the store

Of Nature fair Imagination culls,
To charm th' enliven'd soul ! What
though not all

Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envied life ; though only few possess
Patrician treasures, or imperial state :

Yet Nature's care to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man

Will labour to use them. His the city's
pomp,

The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column, and the
arch,

The breathing marbles, and the sculptur'd
gold,

Beyond the proud possessor's narrow
claim,

His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the
Spring

Distils her dew, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds ; for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch

With blooming gold, and blushes like the
morn.

Each passing hour sheds tribute from her
wing ;

And still new beauties meet his lonely
walk,

And loves unfelt attract him. Not a
breeze

Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud im-
bibes

The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling
shade

Ascend, but whence his bosom can par-
take

Fresh pleasure unproved.

I lean'd my back unto an aik,
And thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak',
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love is bonny,
A little time while it is new,
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.
Oh ! wherefore should I busk my head !
Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fil'd by me,
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree ?
Oh, gentle death ! when wilt thou come ?
For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blowing snows inclemency ;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see ;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd
That love had been so ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
And pinn'd it with a silver pin.
And oh ! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gane,
Wi' the green grass growing over me !

[ANONYMOUS. 1720.]

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

BALOW, my babe ! lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep :
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Balow, my babe ! thy mother's joy !
Thy father bred me great annoy.

[ANONYMOUS. 1720.]

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-side,
Where I and my love went to gae.

Balow, my babe ! lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling ! sleep awhile,
And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile ;

But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid !
For in thine eye his look I see,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.
Balow, my babe, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugar'd words to move,
His tempting face, and flatt'ring cheer,
That time to me did not appear ;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.
Balow, my babe, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth
That ever kiss a woman's mouth !
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy courtesy :
For, if they do, oh ! cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.
Balow, my babe, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first
To yield thee all a maiden durst :
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love ;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,

Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.
Balow, my babe, &c.

I wish I were a maid again,
From young men's flattery I'd refrain ;
For now unto my grief I find
They all are perjurd and unkind :
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witness my babe lies in my arms.
Balow, my babe, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a nurse,
And lull my young son on my lap !
From me, sweet orphan, take the pap.
Balow, my child ! thy mother mild
Shall wail as from all bliss exiled.
Balow, my babe, &c.

Balow, my babe ! weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,
Nor pity her deserved smart
Who can blame none but her fond heart ;
For, too soon trusting latest finds
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.
Balow, my babe, &c.

Balow, my babe ! thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son has play'd :
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me ;
But now perhaps thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine.
Balow, my babe, &c.

But curse not him ; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :
Perhaps at death, for who can tell
Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,
By some proud foe has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low !
Balow, my babe, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds,
Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair !
No woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.
Balow, my babe, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake.
Then quickly to him would I make
My smock, once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding-sheet,
Ah me ! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapp'd therein.
Balow, my babe, &c.

Balow, my babe ! I'll weep for thee ;
Tho' soon, alack, thou'lt weep for me !
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
God grant thee patience when they come :
Born to sustain thy mother's shame
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.
Balow, my babe ! lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

[WM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR. 1704—1754.]

THE BRAES OF YARROW

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny
bride,

Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny
bride,

And let us leave the braes of Yarrow."

"Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
Where got ye that winsome marrow?"

"I got her where I durst not well be
seen,

Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

"Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny
bride,

Weep not, weep not, my winsome mar-
row,

Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

"Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny
bride?

Why does she weep thy winsome mar-
row?

And why dare ye nae mair well be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yar-
row?"

"Lang must she weep, lang must she,
must she weep,

Lang must she weep with dule and
sorrow,

And lang must I nae mair well be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

"For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I have slain the comeliest swain
That ever pu'ed birks on the braes of
Yarrow.

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow,
Yarrow, reid?

Why on thy braes heard the voice of
sorrow?

And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonny oirks of Yarrow?

"What's yonder floats on the rueful,
rueful flood?

What's yonder floats? Oh, dule and
sorrow!

Oh! 'tis the comely swain I slew
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow!

"Wash, oh, wash his wounds, his wounds
in tears,

His wounds in tears of dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow!

"Then build, then build, ye sisters,
sisters sad,

Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in woeful wise,
His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless
shield,

My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the braes of Yar-
row.

"Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of
Yarrow.

"Sweet smells the birk, green grows,
green grows the grass,

Yellow on Yarrow braes the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet is the wave of Yarrow flowan.

"Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as
sweet flows Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

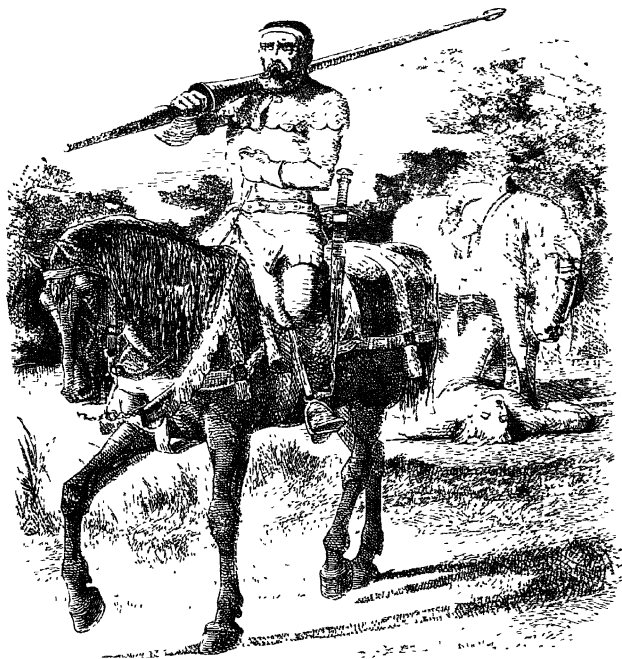
"Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy
love,

In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny
bride,

Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of
Tweed,

And think nae mair on the braes of
Yarrow."



THE BRAES OF YARROW (WM. HAMILTON OF BANGOUR)

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
 My arm, that wrought the deed of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
 His comely breast, on the braes of Yarrow '—P' 136

"How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow!

"Oh, Yarrow fields! may never, never
rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my love,
My love as he had not been a lover!

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of
green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing:
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
He was in these to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white, milk-
white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But ere the toofal of the night,
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

"Much I rejoic'd that woeful, woeful
day,
I sung, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was floun
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous
father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear;
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo
me?

"My happy sisters may be, may be
proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek on Yarrow's braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threat'ning words to move
me;
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of
love,
With bridal sheets my body cover;
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover!

"But who the expected husband, husband
is?

His hands, methinks, are bath'd in
slaughter.

Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding, after?

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him
down,
Oh, lay his cold head on my pillow!
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with yellow.

"Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best
belov'd,
Oh, could my warmth to life restore thee,
Ye 't lie all night between my breasts:
No youth lay ever there before thee.

"Pale, indeed, oh, lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after."

Return, return, oh, mournful, mournful
bride!
Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy lover heeds naught of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow!

[ANONYMOUS. 1726]

WHY, LOVELY CHARMER.

The Hero.

WHY, lovely charmer, tell me why,
So very kind, and yet so snay?
Why does that cold forbidding air
Give damps of sorrow and despair?
Or why that smile my soul subdue,
And kindle up my flames anew?

In vain you strive, with all your art,
By turns to fire and freeze my heart:
When I behold a face so fair,
So sweet a look, so soft an air,
My ravish'd soul is charm'd all o'er,—
I cannot love thee less or more.

[ANONYMOUS. 1726.]

UNHAPPY LOVE.

I SEE she flies me everywhere,
 Her eyes her scorn discover :
 But what's her scorn, or my despair,
 Since 'tis my fate to love her ?
 Were she but kind whom I adore,
 I might live longer, but not love her more.

[ANONYMOUS. 1726.]

TILL DEATH I SYLVIA MUST
ADORE.

TILL death I Sylvia must adore ;
 No time my freedom can restore ;
 For though her rigour makes me smart,
 Yet when I try to free my heart,
 Straight all my senses take her part.

And when against the cruel maid
 I call my reason to my aid ;
 By that, alas ! I plainly see
 That nothing lovely is but she ;
 And reason captivates me more.
 Than all my senses did before.

[ALEXANDER POPE. 1688—1744.]

THE MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE : IN IMITATION
 OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan
 shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian
 maids,
 Delight no more—O Thou my voice
 inspire
 Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with
 fire !

Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a
 Son !

From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills
 the skies :

The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall
 move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar
 pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall
 aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a
 shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud
 shall fail ;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand ex-
 tend,
 And white-robed Innocence from heaven
 descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected
 morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be
 born !
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to
 bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing
 spring :
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains
 dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the
 skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert
 cheers ;
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears :
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending
 skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys,
 rise ;
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage
 pay ;
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods,
 give way,
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards fore-
 told !
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, be-
 hold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual
 ray,
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day ;
 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall
 clear,

And bid new music charm the unfolding
 ear :
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch
 forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall
 hear,
 From every face he wipes off every tear.
 In adamant chains shall Death be
 bound,
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal
 wound
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest
 air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep
 directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night pro-
 tects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom
 warms ;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care
 engage,
 The promised Father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful
 eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered
 o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no
 more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare
 end.
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire
 begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall
 yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap
 the field.
 The swain, in barren deserts with surprise
 See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
 And start, amidst the thirsty wolds, to
 hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush
 nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with
 thorn,
 The spury fir and shapely box adorn ;

To leafless shrubs the flowering palms
 succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome
 weed
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the
 verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger
 lead ;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall
 meet,
 And harmless serpents lock the pilgrim's
 feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased the green lustre of the scales
 survey,
 And with their forked tongue shall inno-
 cently play
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem,
 rise !
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
 See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with pros-
 trate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabeian
 prings,
 For : Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophur's mountains
 glow
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide dis-
 And upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising sun shall gild the
 mom,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts ; the Light himself
 shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke
 decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt
 away ;
 But fix'd his word, his saving power
 remains ;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH
 reigns !

CDE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing,
The breathing instruments inspire ;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre !

In a sadly pleasing strain

Let the warbling lute complain :

Let the loud trumpet sound,

Till the roofs all around

The shrill echoes rebound :

While in more lengthen'd notes and slow

The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark ! the numbers soft and clear

Gently steal upon the ear ;

Now louder, and yet louder rise,

And fill with spreading sounds the
skies ;

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold
notes,

In broken air, trembling, the wild music
floats

Till, by degrees, remote and small,

The strains decay,

And melt away

In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,

Not swell too high, nor sink too low ;

If in the brief tumultuous joys arise,

Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;

Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,

Exalts her in enlivening airs :

Warriors she fires with animated sounds,

Pours balm into the bleeding lover's
wounds ;

Melancholy lifts her head,

Morpheus rouses from his bed,

Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,

List'ning Envy drops her snakes,

Intestine war no more our Passions wage,

And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to
arms,

How martial music ev'ry bosom warms !

So when the first bold vessel dar'd the
seas,

High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his
strain,

While Argo saw her kindred trees

Descend from Pelion to the main,

Transported demigods stood round,

And men grew heroes at the sound,

Inflam'd with glory's charms :

Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,

And half unsheath'd the shining blade :

And seas, and rock, and skies rebound ;

To arms ! to arms ! to arms !

But when through all the infernal bounds,

Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,

Love, strong as Death, the poet led

To the pale nations of the dead,

What sounds were heard,

What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coasts ?

Dreadful gleams,

Dismal screams,

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of wo,

Sullen moans,

Hollow groans,

And cries of tortured ghosts,

But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;

And see ! the tortured ghosts respire,

See, shady forms advance !

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,

Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance !

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,

And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round
their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,

By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;

By those happy souls who dwell

In yellow meads of asphodel,

Or amaranthine bow'rs ;

By the heroes' armed shades,

Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades,

By the youths that died for love,

Wand'ring in the myrtle grove ;

Restore, restore Eurydice to life :

O, take the Husband, or return the Wife !

He sung, and Hell consented

To hear the poet's prayer :

Stern Proserpine relented,

And gave him back the fair :

Thus song could prevail

O'er Death and o'er Hell,

A conquest how hard, and how glorious !

Though Fate had fast bound her,

With Styx nine times round her,

Yet Music and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his
eyes,

Again she falls—again she dies—she
dies!

How wilt thou now the fatal sisters
move?

No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to
love.

Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,

All alone,

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan ;

And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost!

Now with Furies surrounded,

Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst Rhodope's snows :

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he
flies ;

Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bac-
chanals' cries—Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods,

Eurydice the floods,

Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains
rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,

And fate's severest rage disarm ;

Music can soften pain to ease,

And make despair and madness please ;

Our joys below it can improve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,

And to her Maker's praise confin'd the
sound.

When the full organ joins the tuneful
qu shore,

Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear

Borne on the swelling notes our souls
aspire,

While solemn airs improve the sacred
fire ;

And angels lean from Heav'n to hear.

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,

To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n ;

His numbers rais'd a shade from Hell,

Hers lift the soul to Heav'n.

EASE IN WRITING.

TRUE ease in writing comes from art, not
chance,

As those move easiest who have learned
to dance.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives
offence,

The sound must seem an echo to the
sense.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently
blows,

And the smooth stream in smoother
numbers flows ;

But when loud surges lash the sounding
shore,

The hoarse rough verse should like the
torrent roar ;

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight
to throw,

The line too labours and the words move
slow ;

Not so when swift Camilla scours the
plain,

Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims
along the main,

Hear how Timotheus' varied lays sur-
prise,

And bid alternate passions fall and rise !

While at each change, the son of Libyan
Jove

Now burns with glory and then melts
with love ;

Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury
glow,

Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to
flow :
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature
found,

And the world's victor stood subdued by
sound !

The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

ON VIRTUE.

Essay on Man.

KNOW thou this truth, enough for man
to know,

"Virtue alone is Happiness below?"

The only point where human bliss stands

And tastes the good without the fall
 to ill ;
 Where only Merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it
 gives ;
 The joy unquall'd if its end it gain,
 And if it lose attended with no pain :
 Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more dis-
 tress'd ;
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :
 Good, from each object, from each place
 acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd yet never tir'd ;
 Never elated while one man's oppress'd ;
 Never dejected while another's bless'd :
 And where no wants, no wishes can re-
 main,
 Since but to wish more Virtue is to gain.
 See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all
 bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks
 can know ;
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning
 blind,
 The bad must miss ; the good, untaught,
 will find :
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private
 road,
 But looks through Nature, up to Nature's
 God ;
 Pursues that chain which links th' im-
 mense design,
 Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and
 divine ;
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below ;
 Learns, from this union of the rising
 whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all
 began,
 All end in Love of God, and Love of
 Man.
 For him alone Hope leads from goal to
 goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
 Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and uncon-
 fined,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the
 mind.
 He sees why Nature plants in man alone

Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss
 unknown
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are given in vain, but what they seek
 they find).
 Wise is her present ; she connects in this
 His greatest Virtue with his greatest
 Bliss ;
 At once his own bright prospects to be
 blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.
 Self-love thus push'd to social, to di-
 vine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bless-
 ing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart ?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part :
 Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life,
 and Sense,
 In one close system of Benevolence :
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
 God loves from whole to parts : but
 human soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to
 wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful
 lake ;
 The centre mov'd, a circle straight suc-
 ceeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads ;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will
 embrace ;
 His country next ; and next all human
 race ;
 Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of
 the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind ;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless
 bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his
 breast.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF
 MAN VINDICATED.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book
 of Fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present
 state ;
 From brutes what men, from men what
 spirits know,

Or who could suffer being here below ?
The lamb thy not dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry

food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his
blood.

O blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle marked by
Heav'n ;

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall ;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a
world.

Hope humbly, then, with trembling
pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher, Death ; and God
adore.

What future bliss, he gives not thee to
know,

But gives that Hope to be thy blessing
now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never IS, but always TO BE blest :
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and exultates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd
mind

Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the
wind ; [stray

His soul proud Science never taught to
Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, a humble
heav'n ;

Some safer world in depth of woods em-
brac'd,

Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land
behold,

No fiends torment, nor Christians thirst
*for gold.

To BE, contents his natural desire
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire :
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of
sense

Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too
much .

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust
If man alone engross not Heav'n's high
care,

Alone made perfect here, immortal there :
Snatch from his hand the balance and the
rod,

Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error
lies ;

All quit their sphere, and rush into the
skies,

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be
Gods.

Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel .
And who but wishes to revert the laws
Of Order sins against th' Eternal Cause.

ON THE ORDER OF NATURE.

SEE through this air, this ocean, and this
earth,

All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go !
Around, how wide ! how deep extend
below !

Vast chain of Being ! which from God
began,

Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can
see,

No glass can reach ; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing. On superior
pow'rs

Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where one step broken the great scale's
destroy'd ;

From Nature's chain whatever link you
strike,

Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain
alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the
sky ;

Let ruling angels from their spheres be
 hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on
 world,
 Heav'n's whole foundations to the centre
 nod,
 And nature tremble to the throne of God :
 All this dread order break—from whom?
 for thee?
 Vile worm!—Oh madness! pride! im-
 piety!
 What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to
 tread,
 Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
 Just as absurd to mourn the task or pains,
 The great directing Mind of All ordains,
 All are but parts of one stupendous
 whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul :
 That chang'd through all, and yet in all
 the same,
 Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal
 frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the
 trees,
 Lives through all life, extends through all
 extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal
 part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rap't seraph that adores and burns;
 To him no high, no low, no great, no
 small ; [all
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals
 Cease, then, nor Order Imperfection
 name :
 Our proper bliss depends on what we
 Know thy own point : This kind, this due
 degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows
 on thee.
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
 Saie in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee
 All Chance, Direction which thou canst
 not see
 All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
 All partial Evil, universal Good :
 And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's
 spite,
 One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS
 RIGHT.

THE ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITION
 AND TYRANNY.

WHO first taught souls enslav'd and
 realms undone,
 Th' enormous faith of many made for
 one ;
 That proud exception to all Nature's
 laws,
 T' invert the world, and counterwork its
 cause ?
 Force first made conquest, and that con-
 quest, law ;
 Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
 Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of conquerors, slaves of sub-
 jects made.
 She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and
 thunder's sound,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when
 groan'd the ground,
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud
 to pray,
 To pow'rs unseen, and mightier far than
 they :
 She, from the rending earth and bursting
 skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal
 rise :
 Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest
 abodes ;
 Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope
 her Gods ;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, un-
 just,
 Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or
 Lust ;
 Such as the souls of cowards might con-
 ceive,
 And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would
 believe.

Zeal, then, not Charity, became the guide;
 And Hell was built on spite, and Heav'n on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
 Then first the flamen tasted living food;
 Next his grim idol, smear'd with human blood;
 With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
 So drives Self-love, through just and through unjust,
 To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
 The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws;
 For what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
 How shall he keep, what sleeping or awake
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
 His safety must his liberty restrain:
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,
 Even kings learn'd justice and benevolence;
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
 And found the private in the public good.
 'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
 Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
 The faith and moral Nature gave before;
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;
 Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
 Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,
 The less or greater set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too;
 Till jarring int'rests of themselves create

Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
 From order, union, full consent of things:
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade:
 More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, bless:
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
 For Forms of Government let fools contest;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
 For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight,
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
 In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
 But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
 All must be false that thwart this one great end,
 And all of God, that bless mankind or mend.
 Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported,
 lives;
 The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
 On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
 So two consistent motions act the soul,
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.
 Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
 And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

ON HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim,
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name;
 That something still, which prompts th' eternal sigh;
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die;

Which still so near us, yet beyond us
 lies,
 O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool, and
 wise,
 Plant of celestial seed ! if dropp'd below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to
 grow ?
 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious
 shine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming
 mine ?
 Twined with the wreaths Parnassian
 laurels yield,
 Or reaped in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows ?—where grows it not ? If
 vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the
 soil :
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
 'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere ;
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And, fled from monarchs, St. John
 dwells with thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the way, the
 Learn'd are blind,
 This bids to serve, and that to shun man-
 kind :
 Some place the bliss in action, some in
 ease,
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment
 these :
 Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in
 pain,
 Some, swell'd to Gods, confess e'en virtue
 vain :
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
 To trust in ev'rything, or doubt of all.
 Who thus define it say they, more or less
 Than this, that Happiness is Happiness ?
 Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's
 leave, [ceive ;
 All states can reach it, and all heads con-
 spire ;
 Obvious her goods, in no extremes they
 dwell ;
 There needs but thinking right, and
 meaning well ;
 And mourn our various portions as we
 please,
 Equal is common sense and common ease.
 Remember, Man, " The Universal Cause
 Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;"
 makes what Happiness we justly
 all

Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the
 kind ;
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with
 pride,
 No cavern'd Hermit rests self-satisfied :
 Who most to shun or hate Mankind pre-
 tend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend :
 Abstract what others feel, what others
 think,
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :
 Each has his share ; and who would more
 obtain
 Shall find the pleasure pays not half the
 pain.
 Order is Heav'n's first law ; and this con-
 fess'd,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the
 rest ;
 More rich, more wise : but who infers
 from hence [sense.
 That such are happier shocks all common
 Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their Happiness :
 But mutual wants this Happiness increase ;
 All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's
 peace.
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing ;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king ;
 In who obtain defence, or who defend ;
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend :
 Heav'n breathes through ev'ry member of
 the whole
 One common blessing, as one common
 soul.
 But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess'd,
 And all were equal, must not all contest ?
 If then to all men Happiness was meant,
 God in externals could not place Content.
 Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy
 " those ;
 But Heav'n's just balance equal will ap-
 pear,
 While those are placed in Hope, and
 these in Fear ;
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
 But future views of better or of worse.
 O, sons of earth, attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the
 skies ?

Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil
surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they
raise.

Know, all the good that individuals
find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere man-
kind,

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of
sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and
Competence.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

—ALL our praises why should Lords
engross?

Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of
Ross:

Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding
bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause re-
sounds.

Who hung with woods yon mountain's
sultry brow?

From the dry rock who bade the waters
flow?

Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the
plain

Health to the sick, and solace to the
swain.

Whose causeway parts the vale with shady
rows?

Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that Heav'n-directed spire to
rise?

"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe
replies.

Behold the market-place with poor o'er-
spread!

The Man of Ross divides the weekly
bread:

He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void
of state,

Where age and want sit smiling at the
gate:

Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans
bless,

The young who labour, and the old who
rest.

Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes,
and gives.

Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no
more.

Despairing quacks with curses fled the
place,

And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue

What all so wish, but want the power to
do!

O say! what sums that gen'rous hand
supply?

What mines, to swell that boundless
charity?

Of debts and taxes, wife and children
clear,

This man possess'd—five hundred pounds
a year.

Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts
withdraw your blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminished
rays.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-
light shade,

Invites my steps, and points to yonder
glade?

'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom
gor'd?

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
O, ever beauteous! ever friendly! tell,

Is it in Heav'n a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,

To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

For those who greatly think or bravely
die?

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul
aspire

Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest

abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:

Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes

glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an
 age,
 Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage :
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of
 years
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
 Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
 And, close confin'd to their own palace,
 sleep.
 From these perhaps (ere Nature bade
 her die)
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
 As into air the purer spirits flow,
 And sep'rate from their kindred dregs
 below ;
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
 But thou, false guardian of a charge too
 good,
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's
 blood !
 See on these ruby lips the trembling
 breath,
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of
 death.
 Cold is that breast which warmed the
 world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no
 more.
 Thus, if Eternal justice rules the ball,
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your
 children fall :
 On all the line a sudden vengeance
 waits,
 And frequent hearses shall besiege your
 gates :
 There passengers shall stand, and point-
 ing say
 (While the long fun'rals blacken all the
 way),
 Lo ! these were they, whose souls the
 Furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to
 yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd
 to glow
 For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
 What can atone (O, ever-injur'd shade !)
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic
 tear

Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy
 mournful bier ;
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were
 clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs com-
 pos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave
 adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers
 mourn'd.
 What though no friends in sable weeds
 appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn
 a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show :
 What though no weeping Loves thy ashes
 grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ;
 What though no sacred earth allow thee
 room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy
 tomb ;
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be
 dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy
 breast :
 There shall the morn her earliest tears
 bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall
 blow :
 While angels with their silver wings o'er-
 shade
 The ground, now sacred by thy relics
 made.
 So peaceful rests, without a stone, a
 name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and
 fame,
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails
 thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall
 be !
 Poets themselves must fall like those
 they sung,
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tune-
 ful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mourn-
 ful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he
 pays ;

Then from his closing eyes thy form shall
part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his
heart ;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no
more !

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of
art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the
heart,
To make mankind, in conscious virtue
bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they
behold :
For this the tragic Muse first trod the
stage,
Commanding tears to stream through
every age ;
Tyrants no more their savage nature
kept,
And foes to virtue wondered how they
wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to
move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;
In pitying love, we but our weakness
show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gene-
rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying
laws :
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour
rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from
British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he
draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato
was :
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself sur-
veys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of
fate,
And greatly falling, with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
nat bosom beats not in his country's
cause ?

Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
Who hears him groan and does not wish
to bleed ?
Even when proud Cæsar, 'midst trium-
phal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of
wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in
state ;
As her dead father's reverend image
pass'd
The pomp was darken'd, and the day
o'ercast ;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from
every eye ;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded
by ;
Her last good man dejected Rome
adored,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's
sword.
Britons, attend : be worth like this
approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be
mov'd.
With honest scorn the first famed Cato
view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom
she subdued ;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the
stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native
rage :
Such plays alone should win a British
ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

ELOISA'S PRAYER FOR
ABELARD.

MAY one kind grave unite each hapless
name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame !
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are
o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no

If ever chance two wandering lovers
 brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver
 springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their
 heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other
 sheds;
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 "O may we never love as these have
 lov'd!"
 From the full choir, when loud hosannas
 rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene if some relenting eye
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics
 lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from
 Heaven,
 One human tear shall drop, and be for-
 given.
 And sure if fate some future bard shall
 join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to
 deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no
 more;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so
 well;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
 The well-sung woes will soothe my pen-
 sive ghost;
 He best can paint them who shall feel
 them most.

FAME.

WHAT's fame? a fancy'd life in others'
 breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have; and what's
 unknown,
 The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your
 own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living as a Cæsar dead;
 Alike or when, or where, they shone, or
 shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of
 God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can
 save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave;
 When what t' oblivion better were re-
 sign'd,
 Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to
 the heart:
 One self-approving hour whole years out-
 weighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 "Sister spirit, come away."
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting?

[JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672-1719.]

ITALY.

FOR whereso'er I turn my ravished eyes,
 Gay, gilded scenes in shining prospect rise;
 Poetic fields encompass me around,
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground

For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head un-
 sung;
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket
 grows,
 And every stream in heavenly numbers
 flows.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore,
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

HYMN.

How are thy servants blest, oh Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
 And breathed the tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every toil,
 Made every region please ;
 The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
 And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, oh my soul, devoutly think,
 How, with affrighted eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
 In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
 And fear in every heart ;
 When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free,
 Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
 My faith took hold on thee.

For, though in dreadful whirls we hung,
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea, that roared at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display ;
 And publishes, to every land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
 And nightly to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
 What though nor real voice nor sound,
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXIII

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye :
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wandering steps he lea

Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ROSAMOND'S SONG.

FROM walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream convey'd,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,

Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,

Full of grief and full of love,
Impatient for my Lord's return
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn,
Was ever passion cross'd like mine ?

To rend my breast,
And break my rest,
A thousand thousand ills combine.
Absence wounds me,
Fear surrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,

Was ever passion cross'd like mine ?

How does my constant grief deface
The pleasures of this happy place !
In vain the spring my senses greets,
In all her colours, all her sweets ;

To me the rose
No longer glows,
Every plant
Has lost his scent ;

The vernal blooms of various hue,
The blossoms fresh with morning dew,
The breeze, that sweeps these fragrant
bowers,
Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,

Purple scenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,
(Nature's softest, sweetest store)
Charm my tortur'd soul no more.
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die :
Why so slow ! great Henry, why ?
From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my arms,
Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st
well—

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond
desire,

This longing after immortality ?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward
horror

Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the
Soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?

'Tis the Divinity, that stirs within us ;

'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out a here-
after,

And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !

Through what variety of untried being,

Through what new scenes and changes
must we pass !

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies
before me ;

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest
upon it. [us,

Here will I hold. If there's a power above
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight
in virtue ;

And that which he delights in must be
happy.

But when or where ?—This world was
made for Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end
'em.

Thus am I doubly arm'd—My death
and life,

My bane and antidote are both before me
This in a moment brings me to an end ;
But this informs me I shall never die.

The Soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in
years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of
worlds.

[JAMES THOMSON. 1699—1748]

THE PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

O, KNEW he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public
rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few
retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural
life.
What though the dome be wanting, whose
proud gate
Each morning vomits out the sneaking
crowd
Of flatt'ers false, and in their turn abused?
Vile intercourse! What though the
glitt'ring robe,
Of ev'ry hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him
not?
What though, from utmost land and sea
purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? What though
his bowl,
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in
beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses not the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle
state?
What though he knows not those fantastic
joys
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life estranged
From disappointment and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,

In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the
Spring,
When Heav'n descends in show'rs, or
bends the bough;
When Summers reldens, and when Au-
tumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Concealed, and fattens with the richest
sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky
drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of
stream,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the
shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor ought beside of prospect, grove, or
song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and foun-
tains clear.
Here, too, dwells simple Truth, plain
Innocence,
Unsullied Beauty, sound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleased;
Health ever-blooming, unambitious Toil,
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.
The rage of nations, and the crush of
states,
Move not the man, who, from the world
escaped,
In still retreats and flow'ry solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to
month, [year:
And day to day, through the revolving
Admiring, sees her in her ev'ry shape,
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she lib'ral gives, nor thinks of
more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the
bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the health-
ful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows.
And not an op'ning blossom breathes, in
vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse of
these,
Perhaps has in immortal numbers sung;

Or what she dictates writes : and, oft an eye

Shot round, rejoices in the vig'rous year.

When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,

And tempts the sickled swain into the field,

Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy, his heart dis-tends

With gentle throes ; and, through the tepid gleams

Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.

Ev'n Winter mild to him is full of bliss.

The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,

Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,

Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,

Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
Pour ev'ry lustre on th' exalted eye.

A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,

And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing

O'er land and sea th' imagination roams ;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,

Elates his being, and unfolds his pow'rs ;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels ;

The modest eye, whose beams on his alone

Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twisted round his neck,

And, emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,

Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;

For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.

This is the life which those who fret in guilt,

And guilty cities, never know ; the life

Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself,
with man.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

HAPPY they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate

Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

'T is not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,

Attuning all their passions into love ;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,

Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
Thought meeting thought, and will pre-venting will,

With boundless confidence.

CELADON AND AMELIA.

'Tis list'ning fear and dumb amazement all :

When to the startled eye the sudden glance

Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;

And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven,

The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes

And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more

The noise astounds ; till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze :

Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling, peal on peal

Crush'd horrible, convulsive heav'n and earth.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.

And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash.—Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;

With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace ;
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
 And his the radiance of the risen day.
 They loved ; but such their guiltless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time informed the heart
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
 'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish ;
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self ;
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
 Still in harmonious intercourse they lived
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Ah ! little think the gay, licentious,
 proud,
 Whom pleasure, pow'r, and affluence surround !
 They, who their thoughtless hours in
 giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel riot waste ;
 Ah ! little think they, while they dance
 along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain :
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame : how many
 bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and
 Man ;
 How many pine in want, and dungeon
 glooms ;
 Shut from the common air and common
 use

Of their own limbs : how many drink the
 cup
 Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of Misery : sore pierced by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless Poverty : how many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse.
 Whence, tumbling headlong from the
 height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse :
 Ev'n in the vale, where Wisdom loves to
 dwell,
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contempla-
 tion join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions,
 droop
 In deep, retired distress : how many stand
 Around the deathbed of their dearest
 friends,
 And point the parting anguish.—Thought
 fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless
 ills
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suff'ring, and of
 fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand ap-
 pall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to
 think ;
 The conscious heart of Charity would
 warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;
 The social tear would rise, the social
 sigh ;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

SUNRISE.

YONDER comes the powerful king of
 day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening
 cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's
 brow
 Illumed with fluid gold, his near ap-
 proach
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent a

Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd
 air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd
 plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and
 wandering streams,
 High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer
 Light!
 Of all material beings first, and best!
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
 Without whose vesting beauty all were
 wrapt
 In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
 Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom
 best seen
 Shines out thy Maker, may I sing of
 thee?

A WINTER STORM.

THEN comes the father of the tempest
 forth,
 Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless
 rains obscure
 Drive through the mingling skies with
 vapour foul;
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake
 the woods,
 That grumbling wave below. The un-
 sightly plain
 Lies a brown deluge, as the low-bent
 clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and deepening into night, shut
 up
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of
 Heaven,
 Each to his home retire; save those that
 love
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply
 pool.
 The cattle from the untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning low, their wonted
 stalls,
 Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
 Thither the household feathery people
 crowd,
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pevasive, and dipping; while the cottage
 hind

Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and
 taleful there
 Recounts his simple folic: much he
 talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm
 that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
 Wide o'er the brim, with many a tor-
 rent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'er-
 spread,
 At last the roused-up river pours along:
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it
 comes,
 From the rude mountain and the mossy
 wld,
 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and
 sounding far;
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating
 spreads,
 Calm sluggish, silent; till again, con-
 strain'd

Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the
 turbid stream;
 There, gathering triple force, rapid and
 deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and
 thunders through.

* * * * *

When from the pallid sky the Sun de-
 scends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring
 orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery
 streaks
 Begin to flush around. The reeling
 clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,
 Blank in the leaden-colour'd east, the
 Moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted
 horns.
 Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
 Or frequent seen to shoot athwart the
 gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening
 blaze.

* * * * *

Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide

And blind commotion, heaves ; while
 from the shore,
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
 And forest-rustling mountains, comes a
 voice,
 That solemn sounding bids the world
 prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden
 burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated air,
 Down, in a torrent. On the passive main
 Descends the etereal force, and with strong
 gust
 Turns from its bottom the discolour'd
 deep.
 Through the black night that sits immense
 around,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting
 brine
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to
 burn.
 Meantime the mountain-bulwoks to the
 clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above
 surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd navies from their stations
 drive,
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste
 Of mighty waters : now the inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous
 shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their
 head.
 Emerging thence again, before the breath
 Of full-exerted Heaven, they wing their
 course,
 And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp
 rock,
 Or shoal insidious, break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them float-
 ing round.

Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and
 sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tear-
 ing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling through the dissipated
 grove,

The whirling tempest raves along the
 plain ;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly
 roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid
 base.
 Sleep frighted flies ; and round the rock-
 ing dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage
 blast.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's com-
 mand,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang the strain :
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the
 waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall ;
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all :
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak :
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to hurl thee down
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe—but thy renown :
 Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore encircle thine :
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd
 And manly hearts to guard the fair :
 Rule Britannia, &c.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

IN lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd
 round,
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is no
 where found,
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
 And there a season atween June and
 May,
 Half pranked with spring, with summer
 half imbrown'd,
 A listless climate made, where sooth to
 say,
 No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n
 for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns
 between;
 And flowery beds that slumberous in-
 fluence kest,
 From poppies breath'd; and beds of
 pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature
 seen.
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering stream-
 lets play'd
 And purled everywhere their waters
 sheen;
 That as they bicker'd through the
 sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling
 murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
 Were heard the lowing herds along the
 vale,
 And flocks loud-bleating from the dis-
 tant hills;
 And vacant shepherds piping in the
 dale:
 And now and then sweet Philomel
 would wail,
 Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest
 deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
 And still a coil the grasshopper did
 keep;
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to

Full in the passage of the vale above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
 Where nought but shadowy forms were
 seen to move,
 As Idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood:
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and
 fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the
 blood;
 And where this valley winded out,
 below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and
 scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-
 shut eye;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that
 pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky:
 There eke the soft delights, that witch-
 ingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the
 breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd
 nigh;
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or
 unrest,
 Was far far off expell'd from this delicious
 nest.

ODE.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
 Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
 To what delightful world above,
 Appointed for the happy dead.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
 Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
 While, under every well-known tree
 I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
 And every tear is full of thee.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
 Beside some sympathetic stream,
 In slumber find a short relief,
 Oh, visit thou my soothing dream!

[ERASMUS DARWIN. 1731—1802.]

ELIZA.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd
height
O'er Minden's plains spectatress of the
fight ;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody
strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life ;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And view'd his banner, or believed she
view'd.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker
tread,
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led ;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled on her
arm :
While round her brows bright beams of
honour dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her
heart.
—Near and more near the intrepid beauty
press'd,
Saw through the driving smoke his danc-
ing crest,
Heard the exulting shout—"They run !
—they run !" "
"He's safe !" she cried, "he's safe ! the
battle's won !" "
—A ball now hisses through the airy
tides,
(Some Fury wings it, and some Demon
guides,) "
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that
deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her
neck :
The red stream issuing from her azure
veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom
stains.
—"Ah me !" she cried, and sinking on
the ground,
Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the
wound :
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital
urn,
Wait, gushing life, oh ! wait my love's
return !" "
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams
from far,

The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of
war ;—

Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their
tender age !

On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust
your rage ! "

Then with weak arms, her weeping babes
caress'd,

And sighing, hid them in her blood-
stain'd vest.

From tent to tent the impatient warrior
flies,

Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes :

Eliza's name along the camp he calls,

Eliza echoes through the canvas walls ;

Quick through the murmuring gloom his
footsteps tread,

O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the
dead,

Vault o'er the plain,—and in the tangled
wood,—

Lo ! dead Eliza—weltering in her blood !
Soon hears his listening son the welcome
sounds,

With open arms and sparkling eyes he
bounds,

"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little
hand, [sand ;

"Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold
Alas ! we both with cold and hunger
quake—

Why do you weep ? Mamma will soon
awake."

—"She'll wake no more !" the hopeless
mourner cried,

Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands,
and sigh'd ;

Stretch'd on the ground, awhile entranced
he lay,

And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless
clay ;

And then upsprung with wild convulsive
start,

And all the father kindled in his heart ;
"Oh, Heaven !" he cried, "my first rash
vow forgive !

These bind to earth, for these I pray to
live."

Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his
crimson vest,

And clasp'd them sobbing, to his aching
breast.

THE STARS.

ROLL on, ye stars! exult in youthful
prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless
steps of Time;
Near and more near your beamy cars ap-
proach;
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs en-
croach;
Flowers of the sky! ye too to age must
yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field.
Star after star from Heaven's high arch
shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems, systems
crush,
Headlong extinct to one dark centre fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle
all:
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the
storm,
Immortal Nature lifts her changeeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of
flame,
And soars and shines, another and the
same!

THE PAPYRUS.

PAPYRA, throned upon the banks of Nile,
Spread her smooth leaf, and waved her
silver style.
The storied pyramid, the laurel'd bust,
The trophied arch had crumbled into
dust;
The sacred symbol, and the epic song
(Unknown the character, forgot the
tongue),
With each unconquer'd chief, or sainted
maid,
Sunk undistinguish'd in Oblivion's shade.
Sad o'er the scatter'd ruins Genius sigh'd,
And infant Arts but learn'd to lisp and
died,
Till to astonish'd realms Papyra taught
To paint in mystic colours sound and
thought.
With Wisdom's voice to point the page
sublime,
And mark in adamant the steps of Time.

Three favour'd youths her soft attention
share,
The fond disciples of the studious fair.
Hear her sweet voice, the golden process
prove;
Gaze as they learn, and, as they listen,
love.
The first from alpha to omega joins
The letter'd tribes along the level lines:
Weighs with nice ear the vowel, liquid,
surd,
And breaks in syllables the volant word.
Then forms *the next* upon the marshall'd
plain
In deepening ranks his dext'rous cypher-
train, bands,
And counts, as wheel the decimating
The dews of Egypt, or Arabia's sands.
And then *the third*, on four concordant
lines,
Prints the long crotchet, and the quaver
joins;
Marks the gay trill, the solemn pause in-
scribes,
And parts with bars the undulating tribes.
Pleased, round her cane-wove throne, the
applauding crowd
Clapp'd their rude hands, their swarthy
foreheads bow'd;
With loud acclaim, "A present God!"
they cried,
"A present God!" rebellowing shores
replied;
Then peal'd at intervals with mingled
swell,
The echoing harp, shrill clarion, horn,
and shell:
While bards, ecstatic bending o'er the
lyre,
Struck deeper chords, and wing'd the
song with fire.
Then mark'd astronomers with keener
eyes,
The moon's refulgent journey through the
skies;
Watch'd the swift comets urge their
blazing cars,
And weigh'd the sun with his revolving
stars.
High raised the chemists their hermetic
wands
(And changing forms obey'd their waving
hands),

Her treasured gold from earth's deep chambers tore,
 Or fused and harden'd her chalybeate ore.
 All, with bent knee, from fair Papyrus
 clame,
 Wove by her hands, the wreath of death-
 less fame.
 Exulting Genius crown'd his darling child.
 The young Arts clasp'd her knees, and
 Value smiled,

STEEL.

HAIL adamant steel ! magnetic lord,
 King of the prow, the ploughshare, and
 the sword.
 True to the pole, by thee the pilot guides
 His steady helm amid the struggling
 tides ;
 Braves with broad sail th' immeasurable
 sea,
 Cleaves the dark air, and asks no star but
 thee.—
 By thee the ploughshare rends the matted
 plain,
 Inhumes in level rows the living grain ;
 Intrusive forests quit the cultured ground,
 And Ceres laughs, with golden fillets
 crown'd.
 O'er restless realms, when scowling Dis-
 cord flings
 Her snakes, and loud the din of battle
 rings ;
 Expiring strength, and vanquish'd courage
 feel
 Thy arm resistless, adamant Steel !

SLAVERY.

HARK ! heard ye not that piercing cry,
 Which shook the waves, and rent the
 sky !
 E'en now, e'en now, on yonder Western
 shores
 Weeps pale Despair, and writhing Anguish
 roars. [yell
 E'en now in Afric's groves with hideous
 Fierce Slavery stalks, and slips the dogs
 of Hell ;
 From vale to vale the gathering cries re-
 bound,
 And sable nations tremble at the sound !—

Ye binds of Senators ! whose suffrage
 sways
 Britannia's realms ; whom either Ind
 obeys ; [brave ;
 Who right the injur'd, and reward the
 Stretch your strong arm, for ye have
 power to save !
 Thron'd in the vaulted heart, his dread
 resort,
 Inevorable Conscience holds his court ;
 With still small voice the plots of Guilt
 alarms,
 Bares his mask'd brow, his lifted hand
 disarms ;
 But, wrapp'd in night with terrors all his
 own, [done.
 He speaks in thunder when the deed is
Hear Him, ye Senates ! hear this truth
 sublime,
 "He who allows oppression shares the
 crime."
 No radiant pearl, which crested Fortune
 wears,
 No gem, that twinkling hangs from
 Beauty's ears,
 Not the bright stars, which Night's blue
 arch adorn,
 Nor rising suns, that gild the vernal
 morn, [breaks
 Shine with such lustre, as the tear that
 For others' woe down Virtue's manly
 cheeks.

[JAMES BRATTIE. 1735—1803]

EDWIN.

The Mins'red.

THERE liv'd in gothic days, as legends
 tell,
 A shepherd-swain, a man of low de-
 gree ;
 Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland
 might dwell,
 Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady.
 But he, I ween, was of the north coast
 true :
 A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's
 charms ;
 Zealous, yet modest : innocent, though
 free ;
 Patient of toil ; serene, amidst alarms,
 Inflexible in faith • invincible in arms .

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention
 made,
 On Scotia's mountains fed his little
 flock;
 The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never
 sway'd;
 An honest heart was almost all his
 stock;
 His drink the living water from the
 rock;
 The milky dams supplied his board, and
 lent
 Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's
 shock;
 And he, though oft with dust and sweat
 besprent,
 Did guide and guard their wanderings,
 wheresoe'er they went.

From labour health, from health con-
 tentment springs,
 Contentment opes the source of every
 joy;
 He envied not, he never thought of,
 kings;
 Nor from those appetites sustain'd
 annoy,
 That chance may frustrate, or indul-
 gence cloy:
 Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes
 beguil'd;
 He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor
 mistress coy,
 For on his vows the blameless Phoebe
 smil'd,
 And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her from
 a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'er-
 cast,
 Nor blasted were their wedded days
 with strife;
 Each season, look'd delightful, as it
 past,
 To the fond husband, and the faithful
 wife;
 Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
 They never roam'd; secure beneath the
 storm
 Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
 Where peace and love are canker'd by
 the worm
 Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to
 deform

The wight, whose tales these artless
 lines unfold,
 Was all the offspring of this humble
 pair:
 His birth no oracle or seer foretold:
 No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
 Nor aught that might a strange event
 declare.
 You guess each circumstance of Edwin's
 birth;
 The parent's transport, and the parent's
 care;
 The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit,
 and worth;
 And one long summer-day of indolence
 and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant
 eye:
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor
 toy,
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
 Silent, when glad; affectionate, though
 shy;
 And now his look was most demurely
 sad,
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none
 knew why;
 The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet
 bless'd the lad;
 Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and
 some believ'd him mad.

But why should I his childish feats dis-
 play?
 Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever
 fled;
 Nor car'd to mingle in the clamorous
 fray
 Of squabbling imps, but to the forest
 sped,
 Or roam'd at large the lonely moun-
 tain's head;
 Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd
 stream
 To deep untrodden groves his footsteps
 led,
 There would he wander wild, till
 Phœbus' beam,
 Shot from the western cliff, releas'd the
 weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring:
 His heart, from cruel sport estrang'd,
 would bleed
 To work the woe of any living thing,
 By trap or net, by arrow or by sling;
 These he detested, those he scorn'd to
 wield;
 He wish'd to be the guardian, not the
 king,
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field:
 And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy
 might yield.

What dreadful pleasure! there to stand
 sublime,
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert
 coast,
 And view th' enormous waste of vapour
 tost
 In billows, lengthening to th' horizon
 round,
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains
 now emboss'd!
 And hear the voice of mirth and song
 rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the
 hoar profound!

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in won-
 der, roves
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with
 pine;
 And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling
 groves,
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents
 shine:
 While waters, woods, and winds, in
 concert join,
 And Echo swells the chorus to the
 skies.
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
 For aught the huntsman's puny craft
 supplies?
 Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's
 charms to prize.

In truth he was a strange and wayward
 wight,
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful
 In darkness, and in storm, he found
 delight;
 Nor less, than when on ocean-wave
 serene
 The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling
 shene,
 Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul:
 And if a sigh would sometimes inter-
 vene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear so sweet, he wish'd not to
 control.

EDWIN'S MEDITATIONS IN AUTUMN.

And oft he trac'd the uplands, to survey,
 When o'er the sky advanc'd the kind-
 ling dawn,
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and
 mountain gray,
 And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky
 lawn;
 Far to the west the long long vale with-
 drawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for a
 while;
 And now he faintly kens the bounding
 And villager abroad at early toil.—
 But lo! the sun appears! and heaven,
 earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to
 climb,
 When all in mist the world below was
 lost:

"O YE wild groves, O where is now
 your bloom!"
 (The Muse interprets thus his tender
 thought)
 "Your flowers, your verdure, and your
 balmy gloom,
 Of late so grateful in the hour of
 drought!
 Why do the birds, that song and rapture
 brought
 To all your bowers, their mansions now
 forsake?
 Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin
 wrought?
 For now the storm howls mournful
 through the brake,
 And the dead foliage flies in many a
 shapeless flake.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure,
 and cool,
 And meads, with life, and mirth, and
 beauty crown'd!
 Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and slug-
 gish pool,
 Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd;
 Fled each fair form, and mute each
 melting sound,
 The raven croaks forlorn on naked
 spray:
 And, hark! the river, bursting every
 mound,
 Down the vale thunders; and with
 wasteful sway,
 Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd
 rocks away.

"Yet such the destiny of all on
 earth;
 So flourishes and fades majestic man!
 Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings
 forth,
 And fostering gales a while the nursling
 fan:
 O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mil-
 dews wane,
 Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his
 balmy prime,
 Nor lessen of his life the little span:
 Borne on the swift, though silent wings
 of Time,
 Old age comes on apace to ravage all the
 clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore
 their doom,
 Whose hope still grovels in this dark
 sojourn:
 But lofty souls, who look beyond the
 tomb,
 Can smile at Fate, and wonder how
 they mourn.
 Shall spring to these sad scenes no more
 return?
 Is yonder wave the sun's eternal
 bed?—
 Soon shall the orient with new lustre
 burn,
 And spring shall soon her vital influence
 shed,
 Again attune the grove, again adorn the
 mead.

"Shall I be left abandon'd in the dust,
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower
 revive,
 Shall Nature's voice, to man alone
 unjust,
 Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope
 to live?
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury, and
 pain?—
 No: Heaven's immortal spring shall
 yet arrive
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 Bright through th' eternal year of Love's
 triumphant reign."

This truth sublime his simple sire had
 taught,
 In sooth, 't was almost all the shepherd
 knew,
 No subtle nor superfluous lore he
 sought,
 Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue:—
 "Let man's own sphere" (quoth he)
 "confine his view;
 Beman's peculiar work his sole delight."
 And much, and oft, he warn'd him to
 eschew
 Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain
 the right,
 By pleasure uneduc'd, unaw'd by lawless
 might.

"And from the prayer of Want, and
 plaint of Woe,
 O never, never turn away thine ear;
 Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
 Ah! what were man, should Heaven
 refuse to hear!
 To others do (the law is not severe)
 What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
 Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents
 dear, [alone;
 And friends, and native land; nor those
 All human weal and woe learn thou to
 make thine own."

MORNING.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
 The wild-brook babbling down the
 mountain side.

The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple
bell ;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs
above ;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of
love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal
grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping
milkmaid sings ;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield ;
and, hark !
Down the rough slope the ponderous
wagon rings ;
Thro' rustling corn the hare astonish'd
springs ; [hour ;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy
The partridge bursts away on whirling
wings ;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd
bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial
tower.

EDWIN'S FANCIES AT EVENING.

WHEN the long-sounding curfew from
afar [gale,
Loaded with loud lament the lonely
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening
star,
Lingering and listening wander'd down
the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and
corse pale ;
And ghosts, that to the charnel-dungeon
throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain,
and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering
aisles along.

Or when the setting moon, in crimson
died,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy
deep.

To haunted stream, remote from man
he hied,
Where Fays of yore their revels wont
to keep ;
And there let Fancy roam at large, till
sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly-murmuring wind
'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear ; then tapers
bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the
vault of Night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose ; the trumpet bids the valves un-
fold ;
And forth a host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe
of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanour
bold,
And green their helmets, and green their
silk attire.
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed minstrels wake the
warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial
pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and tim-
brels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers
advance :
The little warriors doff the targe and
spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the
dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel
askance
To right, to left, they thrud the flying
maze ;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring,
then glance
Rapid along ; with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing
forests blaze.

THE HUMBLE WISH.

LET vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons
of renown,

In the deep dungeon of some gothic
dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the
down ;
Where the green grassy turf is all I
crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmur
ing wave ;
And many an evening sunshine sweetly
on my grave.

And thither let the village swain repair ;
And, light of heart the village maiden
gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd
hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May ;
There let the shepherd's pipe the live
long day, [woe ;
Fill all the grove with love's bewitchin'
And when mild evening comes wit
mantle gray,
Let not the blooming band make haste
to go,
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode
shall know.

FANCY AND EXPERIENCE.

I CANNOT blame thy choice (the Sage
replied),
For soft and smooth are fancy's flowery
ways.
And yet even there, if left without a
guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy
rays,
In modest truth no light nor beauty find.
And who, my child, would trust the
meteor-blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the
wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if it
ne'er had shined ?

Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the
heart,
And, while it dazzles, wounds the
mental sight :

To joy each heightening charm it can
impart,
But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold
night.
And often, when no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, and endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might,
And through the throbbing heart, and
dizzy brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of
more than mortal pain.

And yet, alas ! the real ills of life
Claim the full vigour of a mind pre-
pared,
Prepared for patient, long, laborious
strife,
Its guide Experience, and Truth its
guard.
We fare on earth as other men have
fared :
Were they successful ? Let not us
despair.
Was disappointment oft their sole
reward ?
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare
How they have borne the load ourselves
are doom'd to bear.

POETIC LEGENDS IN EARLY CHILDHOOD.

BUT hail, ye mighty masters of the lay
Nature's true sons, the friends of man
and truth !
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely
gay,
Amused my childhood, and inform'd
my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wan-
derings guide !
Your voice each rugged path of life can
smooth ;
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence,
abide.

Ah me ! abandon'd on the lonesome
plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your
lore.

Save when against the winter's drench-
ing rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the
door :
Then as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legends when the beldam 'gan
impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his
heart ;
Much he the tale admired, but more the
tuneful art.

Various and strange was the long-
winded tale ;
And halls, and knights, and feats of
arms, display'd ;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-
brown ale ;
And sing enamour'd of the nut-brown
maid ;
The moonlight revel of the fairy glade ;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the
moon in blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th'
infuriate flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose.
A gentler strain the beldam would re-
hearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle
fierce.
O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to
stone !
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls be-
moan
Those helpless orphan-babes by thy fell
arts undone.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with
brambles torn,
The babes now famish'd lay them down
to die,
'Midst the wild howl of darksome woods
forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie ;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their
dying cry :

" For from the town the man returns
no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance
dar'st defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon
deplora,
When Death lays waste thy house, and
flames consume thy store.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet
is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness
prove ;
When nought but the torrent is heard on
the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song
in the grove ;
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain
afar,
While his harp rang symphonious, a
hermit began ;
No more with himself, or with nature, at
war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as
a man.

" Ah ! why thus abandon'd to darkness
and woe ?
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing
fall ?
For spring shall return, and a lover be-
stow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom en-
thral.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad
lay ;
Mourn, sweetest complainer ; man calls
thee to mourn.
O, soothe him, whose pleasures like thine
pass away :
Full quickly they pass—but they never
return.

" Now gliding remote, on the verge of
the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent
displays ;
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on
high

She shone, and the planets were lost in
her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness
pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again :
But man's faded glory what change shall
renew ?
Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

" 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely
no more :

I mourn ; but ye woodlands, I mourn
not for you ;

For morn is approaching, your charms to
restore,

Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glittering
with dew :

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will
save ;

But when shall spring visit the mouldering
urn ?

O, when shall day dawn on the night
of the grave ?

" 'Twas thus, by the light of false science
betray'd,

That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to
blind,

My thoughts wont to roam, from shade
onward to shade,

Destruction before me, and sorrow
behind.

'O, pity, great Father of light,' then I
cried,

'Thy creature, that fain would not
wander from Thee :

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my
pride :

From doubt and from darkness Thou
only canst free !'

" And darkness and doubt are now flying
away ;

No longer I roam in conjecture
form :

So breaks on the traveller, faint and
astray,

The bright and the balmy effulgence of
morn.

See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph
descending,

And Nature all glowing in Eden's first
bloom !

On the cold cheek of Death smiles and
roses are blending,

And Beauty immortal awakes from the
tomb !"

[OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1728—1774]

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the
plain,

Where health and plenty cheer'd the
labouring swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit
paid

And parting summer's ling'ring blooms
delay'd ;

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and
ease,

Seats of my youth, when every sport
could please ;

How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each
scene ;

How often have I paus'd on every
charm,

The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,

The decent church that topt the neigh-
b'ring hill,

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath
the shade,

For talking age and whisp'ring lovers
made !

How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,

And all the village train, from labour
free,

Led up their sports beneath the spreading
tree,

While many a pastime circled in the
shade,

The young contending as the old sur-
vey'd ;

And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the
ground,

And sleights of art and feats of strength
went round ;

And still as each repeated pleasure tired,

Succeeding sports the mirthful band in-
 spired.
 The dancing pair that simply sought re-
 nown,
 By holding out, to tire each other down ;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the
 place ;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of
 love,
 The matron's glance that would those
 looks reprove—
 These were thy charms, sweet village!
 sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil
 to please ;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful
 influence shed,
 These were thy charms—But all these
 charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the
 lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms
 withdrawn ;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is
 seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green :
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the
 day,
 But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy
 way ;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its
 nest ;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And ties their echoes with unvary'd
 cries.
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring
 wall ;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the
 spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a
 prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men
 decay ;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may
 fade ;

A breath can make them, as a breath has
 made ;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's
 pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be sup-
 plied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs
 began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd
 its man ;
 For him light labour spread her whole-
 some store,
 Just gave what life required, but gave no
 more :
 His best companions, innocence and
 health,
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling
 train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets
 rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp
 repose :
 And every want to luxury allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to
 bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little
 room,
 Those healthful sports that graced the
 peaceful scene,
 Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the
 green ;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME AND INFANCY.

SWEET Auburn ! parent of the blissful
 hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's
 power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the haw-
 thorn grew,

Remembrance wakes with all her busy
train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past
to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world
of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my
share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me
down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by re-
pose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-
learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns
pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he
flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's
decline,
Retreats from care that never must be
mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades
like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong tempta-
tions try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to
fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and
weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous
reep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the
last,
His heaven commences ere the world be
past!

Sweet was the sound, when, oft at
ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose:
There, as I past with careless steps and
slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from
below;
The swain, responsive as the milkmaid
sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their
young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the
pool,
The playful children just let loose from
school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the
whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant
mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the
shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had
made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way
tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy
spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for
bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses
spread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the
thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till
morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the gar-
den smiled
And still where many a garden flower
grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place
disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion



THE VILLAGE PASTOR (GOLDSMITH)

The long remember'd beggar was his guest.
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast - P 171

A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a
 year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to
 change his place ;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying
 hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to
 prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to
 rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant
 train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but relieved
 their pain ;
 The long remember'd beggar was his
 guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged
 breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer
 proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims
 allow'd ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow
 done,
 Shoulderd'd his crutch, and show'd how
 fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man
 learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to
 scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his
 pride,
 And even his failings lean'd to virtue's
 side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt
 for all ;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment
 tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the
 He tried each art, reproved each dull
 delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the
 way.

Beside the bed where parting life was
 laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns
 dismay'd,
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his
 control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling
 soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch
 to raise,
 And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd
 praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected
 grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double
 sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained
 to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Even children follow'd, with endearing
 wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good
 man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth ex-
 press'd,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares
 distrest ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs
 were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in
 heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves
 the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds
 are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE VILLAGE INN.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts
 the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to
 rule,
 The village master taught his little school,
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew

Well had the loding tremblers learn'd to trace,
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;

Yet he was kind, or if severe in ought,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
 The village all declared how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And even the story ran that he could gauge :
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;

While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
 Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toll retired,
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;

The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of those ;
 The , except when winter chill'd the day,
 With aspin boughs and flowers and fennel gay,
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendour ! could not all [fall ?
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.

THE EXILES.

WHERE, then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him there ?
 To see profusion that he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way ;

The dome where pleasure holds her mid-
 night reign,
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous
 train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing
 square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches
 glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er
 annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !—
 Are these thy serious thoughts ? ah, turn
 thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shivering female
 lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty
 bless'd,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd ;
 Her modest look the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
 thorn.
 Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue
 fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her
 head,
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking
 from the shower
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless
 hour,
 When, idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel, and robes of country
 brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the
 loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger
 led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little
 bread !

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary
 scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes be-
 tween,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps
 they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their
 ears
 Far different there from all that charm'd
 before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore ;

Those blazing suns that dart a downward
 ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
 Those matted woods where birds forget
 'to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxu-
 riance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death
 around ;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to
 wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless
 prey,
 And savage men more murderous still
 than they ;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Ming'ling the ravaged landscape with the
 skies.
 Far different these from every former
 scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested
 green ;
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless
 love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd
 that parting day,
 That call'd them from their native walks
 away ;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly
 look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in
 vain
 For seats like these beyond the western
 main ;
 And shuddering still to face the distant
 deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to
 weep !
 The good old sire, the first, prepared to
 go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for
 others' woe :
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the
 grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless
 years,

Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her
 woes,
 And bless'd the cot where every pleasure
 rose ;
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with
 many a tear,
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly
 dear ;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend
 relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.—
 O luxury ; thou cursed by Heaven's
 deceit,
 How ill exchanged are things like these
 for thee !
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness
 grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own ;
 At every draught more large and large
 they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy wo ;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part
 unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin
 round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done ;
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I
 stand,
 I see the rural Virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads
 the sail,
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, melancholy
 band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the
 strand.
 Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
 And kind connubial Tenderness, are
 there :
 And Piety with wishes placed above,
 And steady Loyalty and faithful Love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest
 maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest
 fame ;

Dear charming nymph, neglected and
 decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my
 wo,
 Thou found'st me poor at first, and
 keep'st me so :
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts
 excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.

THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian
 boor
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the
 door ;
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste expanding to the skies :
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to
 thee : [pain,
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless
 And drags at each remove a lengthening
 chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest
 friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saluts
 attend ;
 Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests
 retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening
 fire :
 Bless'd that abode, where want and pain
 repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
 Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty
 crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never
 fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to
 share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent and

Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with
the view :

That, like the circle bounding earth and
skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my
own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes
ascend,

I sit me down a pensive hour to spend :
And, placed on high, above the storm's
career,

Look downward where an hundred realms
appear ;

Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending
wide,

The pomp of kings, the shepherd's
humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around
combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride
repine ?

Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler
bosom vain ?

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it
can,

These little thi are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

Ye glittering towns, with wealth and
spendour crown'd ;

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion
round ;

Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy
gale ;

Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery
vale ;

For me your tributary stores combine ;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is
mine !

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it
o'er :

Hoards after hoards his rising raptures
fill,

Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting
still ;

Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to
man supplies ;

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering
hope at rest ;

May gather bliss, to see my fellows
bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot
below,

Who can direct, when all pretend to
know ?

The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his
own ;

Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease ;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy
wine,

Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid
wave,

And thanks his gods for all the good they
gave.

Such is the patriot's boast where'er we
roam,

His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we com-
pare,

And estimate the blessings which they
share,

Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom
find

An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
As different good, by art or nature given,

To different nations makes their blessings
even.

CHARACTER OF THE ITALIANS.

FAR to the right, where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends :

Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's
side,

Woods over woods in gay theatric pride :
While oft some temple's mouldering tops
between

With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are
 found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the
 ground;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied
 year;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern
 sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to
 die;
 These here disporting, own the kindred
 soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's
 toil;
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings
 expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling
 land.

But small the bliss that sense alone
 bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles
 here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners
 reign;
 Though poor, luxurious; though submis-
 sive, vain;
 Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet
 untrue;
 And even in penance planning sins anew.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind;
 For wealth was theirs, not far removed
 the date,
 When commerce proudly flourish'd
 through the state;
 At her command the palace learn'd to
 rise,
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the
 .
 The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en Nature
 warm,
 The it quarry teem'd with human
 .
 Till, more unsteady than the southern
 gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her
 sail:

While nought remain'd of all that riches
 gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a
 slave:
 And late the nation found, with fruitless
 skill,
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here sup-
 plied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former
 pride;
 From these the feeble heart and long-
 fall'n mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp
 array'd,
 The pasteboard triumph and the caval-
 cade:
 By arts like these are all their cares
 guiled;
 The sports of children satisfy the child:
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long con-
 trol,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the
 soul;
 While low delights, succeeding fast be-
 hind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind:
 As in those domes, where Cesars once
 bore sway,
 Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his
 shed;
 And, wondering man could want the
 larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a
 smile.

CHARACTER OF THE SWISS.

MY soul turn from them;—turn we to
 survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race dis-
 play,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy man-
 sion tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
 No product here the barren hills afford
 But man and steel, the soldier and his
 sword:

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of
 May ;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's
 breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms
 invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread
 a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts
 though small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble
 shed ;

No costly lord the sumptuous banquet
 deal,

To make him loth his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the
 soil.

Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short
 repose,

Breathes the keen air, and carols as he
 goes ;

With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the
 steep ;

Or seeks the den where snow-tracksmark
 the way,

And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a
 shed ;

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round
 surveys

His children's looks, that brighten at the
 blaze ;

While his loved partner, boastful of her
 hoard,

Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And, haply too, some pilgrim thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds im-
 part,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
 And ev'n those hills, that round his man-
 sion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund sup-
 plies :

Dear is that shed to which his soul con-
 forms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the
 storms ;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds
 molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's
 breast,

So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's
 roar,

But bind him to his native mountains

CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners
 reign,

I turn ; and France displays her bright
 domain.

Gay sprightly land of mirth and social
 ease,

Pleased with thyself, whom all the world
 can please,

How often have I led thy sporting choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring
 Loire,

Where shading elms along the margin
 grew,

And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr
 flew ;

And haply, though my harsh touch
 falt'ring still,

But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the
 dancers' skill,

Yet would the village praise my wondrous
 power,

And dance forgetful of the noon-tide
 hour.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirth-
 ful maze ;

And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic
 lore,

Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-
 score.

So blest a life these thoughtless realm
 display,

Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind
 endear,

For honour forms the social temper here

Honour, that praise which real merit
 Or even imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current; paid from hand to
 hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
 From courts to camps, to cottages it
 strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise;
 They please, are pleased, they give to get
 esteem,
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what
 they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss sup-
 plies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise:
 For praise too dearly loved, or warmly
 sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools
 impart;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robe of frieze with copper
 lace;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily
 cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a
 year
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-
 applause.

CONCLUSION OF THE TRAVELLER.

HAVE we not seen, round Britain's
 peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction
 haste,
 Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they
 waste;
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets
 rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose?

Have we not seen at pleasure's lord
 call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing
 maid,
 Forced from their homes, a melancholy
 train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western
 main;
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps
 around,
 And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound!

Even now, perhaps, as there some pil-
 grim strays
 Through tangled forests, and through
 dangerous ways;
 Where beasts with man divided empire
 claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with mur-
 d'rous aim;
 There, while above the giddy tempest
 flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a long look where England's
 glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathise with
 mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to
 find
 That bliss which only centres in the
 mind;
 Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and
 repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws re-
 strain,
 How small of all that human hearts en-
 dure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause
 or cure!
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find.
 With secret course, which no loud storm
 annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic
 joy.

The lifted axe, the agonising wheel,
 Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of
 steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely
 known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all
 our own.

THE WRETCH, CONDEMNED WITH LIFE TO PART.

THE wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies ;
 And every pang that rends the heart,
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way ;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 And guide my lonely way
 To where yon taper cheers the vale
 With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
 With fainting steps and slow ;
 Where wilds, unmeasurably spread,
 Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
 "To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
 For yonder faithless phantom flies
 To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
 My door is open still ;
 And though my portion is but scant,
 I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
 Whate'er my cell bestows ;
 My rushy couch and frugal fare,
 My blessing, and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
 To slaughter I condemn ;
 Taught by that Power that pities me,
 I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side
 A guiltless feast I bring ;
 A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
 And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
 All earth-born cares are wrong ;
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
 His gentle accents fell ;
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay ;
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Required a master's care ;
 The wicket, opening with a latch,
 Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily press'd, and smiled ;
 And, skill'd in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
 Its tricks the kitten tries ;
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To soothe the stranger's woe ;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
 With answering care oppress :
 "And whence, unhappy youth," he cried
 "The sorrows of thy breast ?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
 Reluctant dost thou rove ?
 Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 Or unregarded love ?

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

"Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep :
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

'And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest ;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms ;
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms !

And, "Ah, forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried ;
"Wl ose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, and finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine ;
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came ;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove ;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talked of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but, woe is me,
Their constancy was mine !

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain :
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die ;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven !" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that prest !

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee !

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign :
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine ?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

(TOLIAS STOLLEL. 17-1-1771)

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoky runs sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war :
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swans are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks .
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
'Through the wide-spreading waste of
time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze !
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day :
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause ! oh, fatal morn !
Accursed to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased :
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel !

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath ;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;

Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend ;
And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow :
" Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the bon-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the
sky.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every
varying clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied :
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urged the infernal
blow.

And red the stream began to flow :
The vanquish'd were baptised with blood !

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stain'd with human gore ;
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main ;
When a bold savage past that way,
Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd :
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest ;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow
beard ;
And his broad shoulders braved the
furious blast.

He stopt : he gazed ; his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt the impression of her
charms :

He seized the advantage fate allow'd,
And straight compressed her in his vigo-
rous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew scream'd, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;
Old Time exulted as he flew ;

And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy
plains,

Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled
strains, [born.

The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was
The mountain dryads seized with joy,
The smiling infant to their care con-
sign'd ;

The Doric muse caress'd the favourite
boy ;

The hermit Wisdom stored his opening
mind.

As rolling years matured his age,
He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his
sire ;

While the mild passions in his breast
assuage

The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts the as-
piring soul.

On desert isles 'twas he that raised
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where tyranny beheld amazed
Fair freedom's temple, where he mark'd
her grave.

He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberians double chain ;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide
domain.

He with the generous rustics sate,
On Uri's rocks in close divan ;
And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To freedom's adamant shrine ;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast !
He snatch'd from under fell oppression's

wing,
And taught amidst the dreary waste
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffused through every baser mould ;
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky
shore,

And turns the dross of Corsica to gold :
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise :
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart
denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never
tread,

Where varnish'd vice and vanity com-
bined,

To dazzle and seduce, their banners
spread, [mind ;

And forge vile shackles for the free-born
While insolence his wrinkled front up-
rears,

And all the flowers of spurious fancy
blow ;

And tittle his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the mis-
creant's brow :

Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert and
vain,

Presents her cup of stale profession's
froth ;

And pale disease, with all his bloated
train,

Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE.

In fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils op-
prest ;

So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd
pride,

That bears the treasure which he cannot
taste.

For him let vocal birds disgorge the lay,
And harping minstrels wake the tinkling
string;
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasures
lay;
And jingling bells farthest folly ring,
Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall inter-
vene,
And nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every
scene.
Shook from the baleful passions of disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd
haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove,
or cell,
Where the poised lark his evening ditty
chants,
And health, and peace, and contempla-
tion dwell.
There staid shall with solitude recline;
And friendship pledge me to his fellow-
swains,
And toil and temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life
sustains:
And fearless poverty shall guard the door;
And taste unspoil'd the frugal table
spread;
And industry supply the humble store;
And sleep untroubled his dews refreshing
shed;
White-mantled innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far-off the goblins of the
night,
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my
pride.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

Oh Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white round polish'd pebbles spread,

While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In rymas cleave thy crystal food,
The springing trout in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide,
The ruthless pike, intent on war,
The silver eel, and mottled eel,
Devouring from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine
Stal on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen:
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolved and hands prepared
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

[SIR WILLIAM JOHNS. 1745—1794.]

TO A NEW-BORN INFANT

Persian.

THERE, on the nurse's lap, a new-born
child,
We saw thee weep while all around thee
smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Thou still may'st smile while all around
thee weep.

[JOHN LANGFORD. 1735—1779.]

ELEGY.

Oh! yet, ye dear, deluding visions stay!
Fond hopes, of innocence and fancy
born!
For you I'll cast these waking thoughts
away,
For one wild dream of life's romantic
morn.

Ah! no: the sunshine o'er each object
spread
By flattering hope, the flowers that blew
so fair;
Like the gay gardens of Armida fled,
And vanish'd from the powerful rod o'
care.

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

So the poor pilgrim, who, in rapturous
thought,
Plans his dear journey to Loretto's
shrine,
Seems on his way by guardian seraphs
brought,
Sees among angels favour his design.

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
By those fresh founts on Eden's happy
plain,
And Sharon's roses all his age strew:
So fancy dreams; but cy's dreams
are vain.

Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,
His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim
lies,
Or takes some ruthless robber for his
guide,
And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning-landscape gilt with orient
light,
Where hope, and joy, and fancy hold
their reign;
The grove's green wave, the blue stream
sparkling bright,
The blithe hours dancing round Hype-
rion's wain.

In radiant colours youth's free hand pour-
trays,
Then holds the flattering tablet to his
Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove
decays,
Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er
the sky.

Hence fancy conquer'd by the dart of pain,
And wandering far from her Platonic
shade,
Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient
reign,
Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children
fly,
Their fairy race that fill'd her festive
Joy rears his wreath, and hope inverts her
eye,
And folly wonders that her dream was

[CHATTERTON. 1752-1770.]

ON RESIGNATION.

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the powers of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then, why, my soul, dost thou complain
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank the infliction of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

[ANONYMOUS. 1750.]

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER
WIDOW.

My love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it all with lily flower;
A braver bower you ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport and went his way,
And brought the king that very night
Who broke my bower and slew my knight.

He slew my knight to me so dear;
He slew my knight and pou'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my moan;
I watch'd his corpse, myself alone;
I watch'd his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod so green.

But think na ye my heart was sair
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair;
Think nae ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae!

No living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
With one lock of his yellow hair,
I'll bind my heart for evermair.

[DAVID MALLETT. 1703?—1765]

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'T WAS at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;

The rose was budded in her cheek
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—
She died before her time.

"Awake," she cried, "thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refused to save.

"This is the dark and dreary hour,
When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me
hence;
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you,

The lark sung loud ; the morning smiled
 With beams of rosy red ;
 Pale William quaked in every limb,
 And raving left his bed.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss,
 Did love on both bestow !
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.

He hied him to the fatal place,
 Where Margaret's body lay ; [turf,
 And stretch'd him on the green grass
 That wrapt her breathless clay.

His sister, who, like envy form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
 To work them harm with wicked skill
 Each darker art employ'd.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
 And thrice he wept full sore ;
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spake never more.

The father, too, a sordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all unfeeling as the rock
 From whence his riches grew.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a shelt'ring wood,
 The safe retreat of health and peace,
 A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
 Beneath her mother's eye,
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
 Gave colour to her cheek ;
 Such orient colour smiles through Heav'n
 When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
 The charmers of the plains ;
 That sun which bids their diamond blaze
 To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fired each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair,
 And though by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair ;

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
 A soul that knew no art ;
 And from whose eyes serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
 Was quickly too reveal'd ;
 For neither bosom lodged a wish,
 Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
 And seen it long unmoved ;
 Then with a father's frown at last
 He sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
 Of diff'ring passions strove ;
 His heart, which durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, in Stanemore's wintry waste,
 Beneath the moonlight shade,
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
 The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty
 glow'd,
 A deadly pale o'ercast ;
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
 Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed,
 And wearied Heav'n with fruitless pray'rs,
 And fruitless sorrows shed.

'T is past," he cried, " but if your soul
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
 Let these dim eyes once more behold
 What they must ever love."

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,
 And bathed with many a tear :

Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh, his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she!)
Forthade what Emma came to say,
"My Edwin, live for me."

Now homeward as she hopeless went,
The churchyard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl
scream'd
Her lover's fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In ev'ry bush his how'ring shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale,
When lo! the deathbell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

[steps
Just then she reach'd with trembling
Her aged mother's door:
"He's gone," she cried, "and I shall see
That angel face no more!

"I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side!"
From her white arm down sunk her head,
She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died.

[JAMES SOMERVILLE. 1692—1742.]

THE RED AND WHITE ROSE.

If this pale rose offend your sight,
It in your bosom wear;
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But, Celia, should the red be chose,
With gay vermillion bright,
'Twould sicken at each blush that glows,
And in despair turn white.

Let politicians idly prate,
Their Babels build in vain;
As uncontrollable as fate,
Imperial Love shall reign.

Each haughty faction shall obey,
And wings and tories join;
Submit to your despotic sway,
Confess your right divine.

Yet this, my gracious monarch, own,
They're tyrants that oppress;
'Tis mercy must support your throne,
And 'tis like heaven to bless.

[ROBERT BLAIR. 1699—1745.]

OFT IN THE LONE CHURCH- YARD.

OFT, in the lone church-yard at night I've
seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine chequering
through the trees,
The school-boy with his satchel in his
hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat
stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'er-
grown.)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he
hears,
The sound of something purring at his
heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look
behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fel-
lows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the
tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his
stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and (strange
to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

THE GRAVE.

DULL grave! thou spoil'st the dance of
youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of
mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the
face;

Branding our laughter with the name of Honest effusion ! the swoll'n heart -
 madness. vain

Where are the jesters now ? the men of Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.
 health

Complexionally pleasant ? Where the
 droll,

Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a
 joke

To chapping theatres and shouting
 crowds,

And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing
 melancholy

To gather up her face into a smile

Before she was aware ? Ah ! sullen
 now,

And dumb as the green turf that covers
 them.

BEAUTY IN THE GRAVE.

BEAUTY—thou pretty plaything, dear
 deceit,

That steals so softly o'er the stripling's
 heart,

And gives it a new pulse, unknown be-
 fore,

The grave discredits thee : thy charms
 expung'd,

Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
 What hast thou more to boast of ? Will

thy lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do
 thee homage ?

Methinks I see thee with thy head low
 laid,

Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
 The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes
 roll'd,

Riots unscared.—For this, was all thy
 caution ?

For this, thy painful labours at thy glass ?
 T' improve those charms, and keep them
 in repair,

For which the spoiler thanks thee not,
 Foul feeder,

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full
 as well,

And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
 Look how the fair one weeps !—the con-
 scious tears

Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of
 flowers :

STRENGTH IN THE GRAVE.

STRENGTH too—thou surly, and less
 gentle boast

Of those that loud laugh at the village
 ring ;

A fit of common sickness pulls thee
 down

With greater ease, than e'er thou didst
 the stripling

That rashly dared thee to th' unequal
 fight.

What groan was that I heard ?—deep
 groan indeed !

With anguish heavy laden ; let me trace
 it :

From yonder bed it comes, where the
 strong man,

By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for
 breath

Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great
 heart

Beats thick ! his roomy chest by far too
 scant

To give the lungs full play.—What now
 avail

The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-
 spread shoulders ;

See how he tugs for life, and lays about
 him,

Mad with his pain ! Eager he catches
 hold

Of what comes next to hand, and grasps
 it hard, [sight !

Just like a creature drowning ; hideous
 Oh ! how his eyes stand out, and stare
 full ghastly !

While the distemper's rank and deadly
 venom

Shoots like a burning arrow cross his
 bowels,

And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you
 that groan ?

It was his last.—See how the 'great
 Goliah,

Just like a child that brawl'd itself to
 rest,

Lies still.

(THOMA GRAY. 1715-1771.)

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling

From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress
take;

The laughing flowers that round them
blow,

Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds
along,

Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres'
golden reign :

Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow
to the roar.

Oh ! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing
airs,

Enchanting shell ! the sullen cares,
And frantic passions, hear thy soft
control :

On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy
command :

Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd
king

With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of
his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sports and blue-eyed Plea-
sures,

Frisking light in frolic measures ;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet :

Thy notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow-melting strains their queen's ap-
proach declare.

Where'er she turns the Graces homage
pay,

With arms sublime that float upon the
air ;

In gliding state she wins her easy way :
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom
move

The bloom of young Desire, and purple
light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the
storms of Fate !

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he given in vain the heavenly
Muse ?

Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding
cry,

He gives to range the dreary sky :
Till down the eastern cliffs afar

Hyperion's march they spy, the glittering
shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built
mountains roam,

The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull
abode.

And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth
repeat,

In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and
dusky loves.

Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's
holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown'd th' Ægean deep,

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering labyrinths creep,
 How do your tuneful Echoes languish
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish?
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around :
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus, for the Latian
 plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-
 power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her
 chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-
 encircled coast.

III.

Far from the Sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling
 laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face : the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and
 smiled.
 "This pencil take," she said, "whose
 colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal
 boy !
 This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic
 tears."

Nor second he, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place
 and time :
 The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
 Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
 He saw ; but, blasted with excess of
 light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presump-
 tuous car,
 Wide o'er the field of Glory bear

Two coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-
 resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that
 burn.

But ah ! 'tis heard no more—
 Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ? Though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would
 run

Such forms as glitter in the Muse's

orient hues, unborrow'd of the
 Sun :
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his dis-
 tant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far !—but far above
 the great.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamant chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and
 alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
 And bade thee form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore :
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know
 And from her own she learn'd to melt a
 others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless
Joy,
And leave us leisure so be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are
again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing
tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning
mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly
Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know my-
self a man.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,

Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'
among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames (for thou hast
seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margin green,
The paths of pleasure trace),
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murr'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring con-
straint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry,
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;
Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering labyrinths creep,
 How do your tuneful Echoes languish
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish?
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around :
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus, for the Latian
 plains.

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-
 power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her
 chains.

When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-
 encircled coast.

III.

Far from the Sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling
 laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face : the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and
 smiled.

"This pencil take," she said, "whose
 colours clear

Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal
 boy!

This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic
 tears."

Nor second he, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place
 and time :

The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
 Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
 He saw ; but, blasted with excess of
 light,

Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presump-
 tuous car,

Wide o'er the field of Glory bear

Two coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-
 resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that
 burn.

But ah ! 'tis heard no more—
 Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ? Though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion

Through the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would
 run

Such forms as glitter in the Muse's
 ray

With orient hues, unborrow'd of the
 Sun :

Yet shall he mount, and keep his dis-
 tant way

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far !—but far above
 the great.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamant chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and
 alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
 And bade thee form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore :
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know
 And from her own she learn'd to melt a
 others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless
Joy,
And leave us leisure so be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are
again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing
tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess lay thy chast'ning hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning
mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly
Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess ! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know my-
self a man.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade ;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,

Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'
among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
Ah, fields beloved in vain !
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames (for thou hast
seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace),
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthal ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murr'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring con-
straint
To sweeten liberty :
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry,
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast ;
Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play !

No sense have they of ills to come,
 No care beyond to-day :
 Yet see how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train ?
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murd'rous band,
 Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind :
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim visaged comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen ;
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every lab'ring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th'unfeeling for his own.
 Yet ah ! why should they know their
 fate
 Since Sorrow never comes too late,
 And Happiness too swiftly flies ;
 Thought would destroy their Paradise.
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting
 day,
 The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the
 lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his
 weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to
 me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on
 the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning
 flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
 folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled
 tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon com-
 plain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret
 bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew
 tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a moul-
 d'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing
 Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-
 built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
 horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their
 lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth
 shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care :
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to
 share.



ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD (GRAY)

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd-wind slowly o'er the ha — P. 172

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has
 broke :

How jocund did they drive their team
 afield !

How bow'd the woods beneath their
 sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toll,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful
 smile

The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Pow'r,
 And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er
 gave,

Await alike th' inevitable hour,
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the
 fault,

If Mem'ry o'er their tombs no trophies
 raise,

Where through the long drawn aisle, and
 fretted vault,

The pealing anthem swells the note of
 praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting
 breath ?

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent
 dust,

Or Flattery sooth the dull cold ear of
 Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial
 fire ;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have
 sway'd,

Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample
 page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er
 unroll ;

Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flow'r is born to blush un-
 seen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with daunt-
 less breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may
 rest,

Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's
 blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to com-
 mand,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes
 confin'd ;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a
 throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth
 to hide,

To quench the blushes of ingenuous
 shame,

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
 strife

Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray,
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their
 way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to
 protect,

Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculp-
 ture deck'd,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' un
 letter'd Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look be-
hind?

On some fond breast the parting soul
relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye re-
quires;
Ev'n the tomb the voice of Nature
cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd
dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale
relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy
fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of
dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding
beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
high,
His listless length at noontide would he
stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles
by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would
rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one for-
lorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless
love.

"One morn, I miss'd him on th' accu-
tom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite
tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad
array,
Slow through the churchway path we
saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read)
the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged
thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of
Earth
A youth to Fortune and to Fame un-
known:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble
birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her
own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul
sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he
wish'd, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread
abode:

(There they alike in trembling hope
repose)

The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE BARD.

I. I.

"RUTH seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly
fears, [tears!]"
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested
pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dis-
may, [side
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy
He wound with tollsome march his
long array.

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless
trance :

"To arms !" cried Mortimer, and couch'd
his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood ;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled
air)

And with a master's hand, and prophet's
fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert
cave,

Sighs to the torrent's awful voice
beneath !

O'er thee, O King ! their hundred arms
they wave,

Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs
breathe ;

Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal
day,

To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llew-
ellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main :

Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-
topt head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes
by.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad
eyes,

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my
heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's
cries—

No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :

With me in dreadful harmony they
join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue
of thy line.

II. I.

"Weave the warp, and weave the
woof,

The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.

Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkely's roof
that ring,

Shrieks of an agonizing king !
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting
fangs,

That tear'd the bowels of thy mangled
mate,

From thee be born, who o'er thy
country hangs

The scourge of Heav'n. What Terrors
round him wait !

Amazement in his van, with Flight com-
bin'd,

And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude
behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord !
Low on his funeral couch he lies !

No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled ?

Thy son is gone. He rests among the
dead.

The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam
were born.

Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
blows,

While proudly riding o'er the azure
realm

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at
the helm :

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's
sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his
evening prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the
feast :
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
Long years of havock urge their destined
course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mov
their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting
shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder
fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's
fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we
spread :
The bristled Boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed
loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify
his doom.

III. I.

"Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is
spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbles'd, unpitied, here to
mourn :
In yon bright track, that fires the western
skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snow-
don's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts
unroll !
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's
issue, hail !

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen
old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-
line ;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding
face,
Attempt'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the
air,
What strains of vocal transport round
her play !
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,
hear ;
They breathe a soul to animate thy
clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she
Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-
colour'd wings.

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing
breast,
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou you
sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the
orb of day ?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled
ray.
Enough for me ; with joy I see
The diff'rent doom our fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the moun-
tain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to
endless night.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

UPROSE the King of men with speed,
 And saddled straight his coal-black steed ;
 Down the yawning steep he rode,
 That leads to Hela's drear abode.
 Him the dog of darkness spied ;
 His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
 While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
 Foam and human gore distill'd :
 Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;
 And long pursues with fruitless yell,
 The father of the powerful spell.
 Onward still his way he takes,
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
 Till full before his fearless eyes
 The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
 By the moss-grown pile he sate ;
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid
 The dust of the prophetic maid.
 Facing to the northern clime,
 Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme ;
 Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
 The thrilling verse that wakes the dead :
 Till from out the hollow ground
 Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms pre-
 sume
 To break the quiet of the tomb ?
 Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
 And drags me from the realms of night ?
 Long on these mould'ring bones have
 beat
 The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
 The drenching dews, and driving rain !
 Let me, let me sleep again.
 Who is he, with voice unblest,
 That calls me from the bed of rest ?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
 Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
 Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;
 Tell me what is done below,
 For whom yon glitt'ring board is spr.ad,
 Dress'd for whom yon golden bed ?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
 The pure bev'rage of the bee :
 O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;
 'Tis the drink of Balder bold :
 Balder's head to death is giv'n.
 Pain can reach the sons of heaven !
 Unwilling I my lips uncloze :
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey,
 Prophetess, arise, and say,
 What dangers Odin's child await,
 Who the author of his fate ?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom ;
 His brother sends him to the tomb.
 Now my weary lips I close :
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

Prophetess, my spell obey,
 Once again arise, and say,
 Who th' avenger of his guilt,
 By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
 By Odn's fierce embrace comprest,
 A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,
 Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
 Nor wash his visage in the stream,
 Nor see the sun's departing beam,
 Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
 Flaming on the funeral pile.
 Now my weary lips I close :
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey ;
 Prophetess, awake, and say,
 What virgins these, in speechless woe,
 That bend to earth their solemn brow
 That their flaxen tresses tear,
 And snowy veils that float in air ?
 Tell me whence their sorrows rose :
 Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha ! no traveller art thou,
King of men, I know thee now ;
Mightier of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good ;
But mother of the giant brood !

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron sleep again ;
Till Loke has burst his tenfold chain ;
Never, till substantial night
Has reassumed her ancient right ;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

[THOMAS TICKELL. 1686—1740.]

THE DEAD IN WESTMINSTER
ABBEY.

OFF let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown !
Along the walls where speaking marbles
show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould
below ;
Proud names, who once the reins of em-
pire held ;
In arms who triumphed, or in arts ex-
celled ;
Chiefs graced with scars and prodigal of
blood ;
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom
stood ;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were
given ;
And saints, who taught and led the way
to heaven.

[JOHN GAY. 1683—1732.]

THE PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND
THE CLOUD.

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose every thought the god inspires ?

When Envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines :
Her hissing snakes with venom swell,
She calls her venal train from hell ;
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curll's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up Calumny and Spite ;
Thus Shadow owes its birth to Light.

As prostrate to the god of day
With heart devout a Persian lay,
His invocation thus begun :

" Parent of light, all-seeing sun,
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of Providence,
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year."
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful
tongue,

The day with sudden darkness hung ;
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud :

" Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows nor incense know ?
Where praise is due, the praise bestow."

With fervent zeal the Persian moved,
Thus the proud calumny reproved :

" It was that God who claims my
prayer,
Who gave thee birth, and raised thee
there ;

When o'er His beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown :
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combined."

The gale arose ; the vapour tossed,
The sport of winds, in air was lost ;
The glorious orb the day refines ;
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
" Oh, where shall I my true-love
find ?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me
true,
Does my sweet William sail among ye
crew ? "

William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as the well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below ;
 The cord flies swiftly through his glow-
 ing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he
 stands.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall always true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,—
 We only part to meet again ;
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart
 shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to
 thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant
 mind ;
 They tell thee sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find ;
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you
 so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
 No longer she must stay on board,—
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his
 head :
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to
 land,
 'Adieu !' she cried, and wav'd her dily
 hand.

[THOMAS PARNELL 1679—1718.]

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a reverend hermit
 grew ;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble
 cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal
 well :
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd
 the days,
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure
 praise

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion
 rose ;
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's
 sway :
 His hopes no more a certain prospect
 boast,
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost :
 So when a smooth expanse receives im-
 prest
 Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depend-
 ing grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colours
 glow ;
 But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken
 sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder
 run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world
 by sight,
 To find if books, or swains, report it
 right ;
 (For yet by swains alone the world he
 knew,
 Whose feet came wandering o'er the
 nightly dew.)
 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless
 grass, [pass ;
 And long and lonesome was the wild to
 But when the southern sun had warm'd
 the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets waved his
 hair.
 Then near approaching, "Father, hail !"
 he cried,
 "And hail, my son," the reverend sire
 replied ;
 Words follow'd words, from question
 answer flow'd
 And talk of various kind deceived the
 road :

Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart:
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
 Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
 Nature in silence bade the world repose:
 When near the road a stately palace rose:
 There by the moon through ranks of trees
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanced the noble master of the dome,
 Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
 At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
 Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
 Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go,
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
 His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize
 As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:
 So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,
 The shining spoil, his wily partner show'd.
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
 Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That generous actions meet a base reward.
 While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
 A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
 Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
 Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
 As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
 The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
 ('Twas then, his threshold first received a guest,) [care,
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
 One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:

Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted,) served them both to dine
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
 And why should such (within himself he cried)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place
 In every settling feature of his face !
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :
 Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day :
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To Him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
 From Him you come, for Him accept it here, [cheer."
 A frank and sober, more than costly
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travel of uncertain thought ;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose :
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept [slept,
 Near the closed cradle where an infant
 And writhed his neck : the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
 Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
 How look'd our hermit when the fact was done ?
 Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ;
 Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

His steps the youth pursues ; the country
 lay
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd
 the way :
 A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge sup-
 plied,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending
 glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time
 to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust
 him in ;
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the
 dead.
 Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's
 eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly
 cries,
 "Detested wretch !" — but scarce his
 speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no
 longer man :
 His youthful face grew more serenely
 sweet ;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon
 his feet ;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his
 hair ;
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled
 air ;
 [day,
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes
 display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.
 Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion
 grew,
 Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to
 do ;
 Surprise in secret chains his words sus-
 pends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).
 "Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice
 unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
 These charms, success in our bright
 region find,
 And force an angel down, to calm thy
 mind ;
 For this, commission'd, I forsook the
 sky,
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I,
 'Then know the truth of government
 divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.
 "The Maker justly claims that world He
 made,
 In this the right of Providence is laid ;
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work His ends :
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human
 eye,
 The power exerts his attributes on high,
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be
 still.
 "What strange events can strike with
 more surprise
 Than those which lately struck thy won-
 dering eyes ?
 Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty
 just,
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to
 trust !
 "The great, vain man, who fared on
 costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
 Who made his ivory stands with goblets
 shine,
 And forced his guests to morning draughts
 of wine,
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom
 lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of
 cost.
 "The mean, suspicious wretch, whose
 bolted door
 Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering
 poor ;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be
 kind,

Conscious of wanting worth, he views the
bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful
soul.

Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to
glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs
below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart
from God;

(Child of his age,) for him he lived in
pain,

And measured back his steps to earth
again.

To what excesses had this dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow).
The poor fond parent, humbled in the
dust,

Now owns in tears the punishment was
just.

"But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant
to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

"Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this
trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth with-
drew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph
flew.

Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on
high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow
too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will
be done!"

Then gladly turning, sought his ancient
place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

[EDWARD YOUNG. 1681—1763.]

SLEEP.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy
sleep!

He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched lie
forsakes,

Swift on his downy pinions flies from
woe,

And lights on lids unsullied by a tear!

PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

If not so frequent, would not this be
strange?

That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this
bears

The palm, "That all men are about to
live,"—

For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to
think

They one day shall not drivel: and their
pride

On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their future selves
applaud.

How excellent that life—they ne'er will
lead!

Time lodged in their own hands is folly's
vails,

That lodged in fate's to wisdom they
consign;

The thing they can't but purpose, they
postpone.

'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom, to do
more.

All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when
young, indeed,

In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest

Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As dutious sons, our fathers were more
wise.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then, dies the
same.

And why? Because he thinks himself
immortal.

All men think all men mortal, but themselves;

Themselves, when some alarming shock
of fate

Strikes through their wounded hearts
the sudden dread.

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded
air,

Soon close, where, past the shaft, no trace
is found.

As from the wing, no scar the sky re-
tains;

The parted wave no furrow from the
keel;—

So dies in human hearts the thought of
death,

E'en with the tender tear which Nature
sheds

O'er those we love,—we drop it in their
grave.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

RETIRE;—The world shut out;—thy
thoughts call home:—

Imagination's airy wing repress:—

Lock up thy senses;—let no passions
stir;—

Wake all to Reason—let her reign alone;
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the
depth

Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus in-
quire:

What am I? and from whence? I no-
thing know

But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal: had there e'er been
nought,

Nought still had been: Eternal there
must be—

But what eternal? Why not human race,
And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
That's hard to be conceived; since ev'ry
link

Of that long chain'd succession is so frail;
Can every part depend, and not the
whole?

Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the
shore.

Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—
Eternal too?

Grant matter was eternal: still these orbs
Would want some other Father—much
design

Is seen in all their motions, all their
makes.

Design implies intelligence and art,
That can't be from themselves—or man;
that art

Man scarce can comprehend could man
bestow?

And nothing greater yet allow'd than
man.— [grain,

Who motion, foreign to the smallest
Shot through vast masses of enormous
weight?

Who bid brute matter's restive lump as-
sume [fly?

Such various forms, and gave it wings to
Has matter innate motion? Then each
atom,

Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust.

Has matter none? Then whence these
glorious forms

And boundless flights, from shapeless and
reposed?

Has matter more than motion? Has it
thought,

Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply
learn'd

In mathematics? Has it framed such
laws,

Which, but to guess, a Newton made im-
mortal?—

If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
And that with greater far than human
skill,

Reside not in each block;—a GODHEAD
reigns;—

And, if a GOD there is, that God how
great!

[SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE, LORD HAILES.
1726—1732.]

EDWARD! EDWARD!

"WHY does your brand so drop with blood?

Edward! Edward!

Why does your brand so drop with blood,
And why so sad go ye, O?"

"O! I have killed my hawk so good,
Mother! Mother!

O! I have killed my hawk so good,
And I have no more but he, O!"

"Your hawk's blood was never so red,
Edward! Edward!

Your hawk's blood was never so red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O!"

"O! I have killed my red roan steed,
Mother! Mother!

O! I have killed my red roan steed,
That once was fair and free, O!"

"Your steed was old and ye have got more,
Edward! Edward!

Your steed was old and ye have got more,
Some other dule you drie, O!"

"O! I have killed my father dear,
Mother! Mother!

O! I have killed my father dear,
Alas, and woe is me, O!"

"And what penance will ye drie for that?
Edward! Edward!

And what penance will ye drie for that?
My dear son, now tell me, O!"

"I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mother! Mother!

I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O!

"And what will you do with your towers
and your hall?

Edward! Edward!

And what will you do with your towers
and your hall,
That were so fair to see, O?"

"I'll let them stand till they down fall,
Mother! Mother!

I'll let them stand till they down fall,
For here never more must I be, O!"

"And what will you leave to your bairns
and your wife?

Edward! Edward!

And what will you leave to your bairns
and your wife,
When you go over the sea, O?"

"The world's room, let them beg through
life,

Mother! Mother!

The world's room, let them beg through
life,
For them never more will I see, O!"

"And what will you leave to your own
mother dear?

Edward! Edward!

And what will you leave to your own
mother dear?
My dear son, now tell me, O!"

"The curse of hell from me shall you
bear,

Mother! Mother!

The curse of hell from me shall you
bear,
Such counsels you gave to me, O!"

[THOMAS PERCY, BISHOP OF DROMORE.
1728—1811.]

O NANNY, WILT THOU GO
WITH ME?

O NANNY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,—
The lowly cot and russet gown?

No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,—
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?

Oh, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst you love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go;
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath,
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers and drop the tender
tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend
friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true-love
From many another one?"
"Oh, by his cockle-hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

"But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green-grass turf,
And at his heel's a stone.

"Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

"They bore him barefaced on his bier,
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth
And art thou dead and gone;
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"Oh, weep not, lady, weep not so,
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrows rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"Oh, do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

"And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll ever weep and sigh;
For aye I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets pluck'd, the sweetest shower
Will ne'er make grow again.

"Our joys as wing'd dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"Oh, say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
For since my true-love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

"And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comeliest youth was he;
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!"

'Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart,
Oh, he was ever true!

"And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell, home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

"But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall;
See, through the hawthorn blows cold the
wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"Oh, stay me not, thou holy friar;
Oh, stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of grey
Thy own true-love appears.

"Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought,
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

"But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."

[SAMUEL JOHNSON. 1709—1784.]

PREFERMENT.

UNNUMBER'D suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning-worshippers no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold;
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

In full blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'r consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.

Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
 (At once is lost the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liveried army, and the menial lord.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

CHARLES XII.

ON what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
 "Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till naught remain;
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realms of frost;
 He comes, not want and cold his course delay;
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands;
 Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait;
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.

But did not chance at length her error mend?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand:
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale

SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
 First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakspeare rose.
 Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
 And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
 His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
 And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
 To please in method, and invent by rule,
 His studious patience and laborious art,
 By regular approach essay'd the heart;
 Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
 For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise;
 A mortal born, he met the general doom,
 But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heaven,
 The noble mind's delight and pride,
 To men and angels only given,
 To all the lower world denied.

While love, unknown among the blest,
 Parent of thousand wild desires,
 The savage and the human breast
 Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly,
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the favourites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys,
On fools and villains ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
O guide us through life's darksome
way!
And let the tortures of mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,
When souls to peaceful climes remove:
What rais'd our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happiness above.

[ANONYMOUS. 1744.]

BUSY, CURIOUS, THIRSTY FLY.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

[GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON. 1709—1773.]

TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice than hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before—
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

[JAMES MACPHERSON. 1738—1796.]

FATHER OF HEROES.

Ossian.

FATHER of Heroes, high dweller of ed-
dying winds,
Where the dark red thunder marks the
troubled cloud,
Open thou thy stormy hall,
Let the bards of old be near.
We sit at the rock, but there is no voice,
No light, but the meteor of fire.
O! from the rock on the hill,
From the top of the windy steep,
O! speak, ye ghosts of the dead—
O! whither are ye gone to rest?
In what cave of the hill shall we find the
departed?
No feeble voice is on the gale,
No answer half-drown'd in the storm.
Father of heroes! the people bend be-
fore thee, [brave,
Thou turnest the battle in the field of the
Thy terrors pour the blasts of death,
Thy tempests are before thy face,
But thy dwelling is calm above the clouds
The fields of thy rest are pleasant.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that rollest above,
Round as the shield of my fathers!
Whence are thy beams, O sun!
Thy everlasting light?

Thou comest forth in thine awful beauty ;
 The stars hide themselves in the sky ;
 The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the
 western wave ;
 But thou thyself movest alone.
 Who can be companion of thy course ?
 The oaks of the mountains fall ;
 The mountains themselves decay with
 years ;
 The ocean shrinks and grows again ;
 The moon herself is lost in heaven,
 But thou art for ever the same,
 Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.
 When the world is dark with tempests,
 When thunder rolls and lightning flies,
 Thou lookest in thy beauty from the
 clouds
 And laughest at the storm.
 But to Ossian thou lookest in vain,
 For he beholds thy beams no more ;
 Whether thy yellow hair floats on the
 eastern clouds,
 Or tremblest at the gates of the west.
 But thou art perhaps like me for a
 season ;
 Thy years will have an end.
 Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds,
 Careless of the voice of the morning.
 Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy
 youth !

RYNO AND ALPIN.

RYNO.

THE wind and the rain are past ;
 Calm is the noon of day.
 The clouds are divided in heaven.
 Over the green hills flies the inconstant
 sun.
 Red through the stony vale,
 Comes down the stream of the hill.
 Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream !
 But more sweet is the voice I hear.
 It is the voice of Alpin the son of song.
 Why alone on the silent hill ?
 Why complainest thou as a blast in the
 wood,
 As a wave on the lonely shore ?

ALPIN.

My tears, O Ryno, are for the dead ;
 My voice for those that have passed away.

Tall thou art on the hill ;
 Fair among the sons of the vale.
 But thou shalt fall like Morar ;
 The mourner shall sit on the tomb.
 The hills shall know thee no more ;
 Thy bow shall lie in thy hall, unstrung !
 Thou wert swift, O Morar ! as a roe on
 the desert ;
 Terrible as a meteor of fire.
 Thy wrath was as the storm.
 Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the
 field.
 Thy voice was a stream after rain ;
 Like thunder on distant hills.
 Many fell by thine arm ;
 They were consumed in the flames of thy
 wrath.
 But when thou didst return from war ;
 How peaceful was thy brow !
 Thy face was like the sun after rain ;
 Like the moon in the silence of night ;
 Calm as the breast of the lake when the
 loud wind is laid.
 Narrow is thy dwelling now !
 Dark the place of thine abode !
 With three steps I compass thy grave,
 O thou who wast so great before.
 Four stones with their heads of moss,
 Are the only memorial of thee.
 A tree with scarce a leaf,
 Long grass which whistles in the wind,
 Mark to the hunter's eye
 The grave of the mighty Morar.
 Morar, thou art low indeed.
 Thou hast no mother to mourn thee ;
 No maid with her tears of love,
 Dead is she that brought thee forth.
 Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.
 Who on his staff is this ?
 Who is this whose head is white with
 age ?
 Whose eyes are red with tears ?
 Who quakes at every step ?
 It is thy father, O Morar !
 The father of no son but thee.

[NATHANIEL COTTON. 1707—1788.]

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,

In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our ourselves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle
pow'rs,
We who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below!

[WILLIAM COWPER, 1731—1800.]

RURAL SOUNDS.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural
sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty
winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spread-
ing wood [like
Of ancient growth, make music not un-
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the
mind;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the
blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at
once

Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that
slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as
they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at
length
In matted grass, that with a livelier
green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day,
and one
The live-long night: nor these alone,
whose notes
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim
sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boiling
owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms
for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and
harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever
reigns,
And only there, please highly for their
sake.*

MOVEMENT AND ACTION THE LIFE OF NATURE.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel,
That Nature rides upon, maintains her
health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while
she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the world.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious; oceans, rivers, lakes, and
streams,
All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are
cleansed

* Comp. Shaksp., *Merch. of Ven.*

By restless undulation ; even the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the
storm :

He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
The impression of the blast with proud
disdain,

Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder : but the monarch
owes

His firm stability to what he scorns,
More fix'd below, the more disturb'd
above.

The law, by which all creatures else are
bound,

Binds man, the lord of all. Himself
derives

No mean advantage from a kindred
cause,

From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest
ease.

The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When Custom bids, but no refreshment
find,

For none they need : the languid eye, the
cheek

Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of
rest,

To which he forfeits even the rest he
loves.

Not such the alert and active. Measure
life

By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the
name.

Good health, and, its associate in the
most,

Good temper ; spirits prompt to under-
take,

And not soon spent, though in an arduous
task ;

The powers of fancy and strong thought
are theirs ;

Even age itself seems privileged in them
With clear exemption from its own
defects.

A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The veteran shows, and, gracing a gray
beard

With youthful smiles, descends towards
the grave

Sprightly, and old almost without decay

TRUE GAIETY.

WHOM call we gay ? That honour has
been long

The boast of mere pretenders to the
name.

The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the
beams

Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest :
The peasant, too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.

But save me from the gaiety of those,
Whose headaches nail them to a noonday
bed ;

And save me too from theirs, whose

Flash . . . tion, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance ;
From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart
with woe.

THE NEWSPAPER.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters
fast,

Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa
round,

And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing
urn

Throws up a steaming column, and the
cups,

That cheer but not inebriate, wait on
each,

So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning, who with shining
face

Sweats in the crowded theatre, and,
squeez'd

And bor'd with elbow-points through
both his sides,

Outcolds the ranting actor on the stage :
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet
throb,

And his head thumps, to feed upon the
breath

Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.

This folio of four pages, happy work !

Which not even critics criticise; that holds
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
 What is it but a map of busy life,
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concern?
 Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
 That tempts Ambition. On the summit see
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
 He climbs, he pants, he grasps them!
 At his heels,
 Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
 And with a dextrous jerk soon twists him down,
 And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
 Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
 Meanders lubricate the course they take;
 The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved,
 T'ingross a moment's notice; and yet
 Beggars a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
 However trivial all that he conceives.
 Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise;
 The dearth of information and good sense,
 That it fortells us, always comes to pass.
 Cat'racts of declamation thunder here;
 There forests of no meaning spread the
 all comprehension wanders lost;
 While fields of pleasantries amuse us there
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange
 But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
 And lilies for the brows of faded age,
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
 Heav'n, earth and ocean, plunder'd of
 their sweets,
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
 Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
 Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
 And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
 At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.

THE WORLD, AS SEEN FROM
 THE STUDY OF A CONTEMPORATIVE MAN.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
 To peep at such a world; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjur'd ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced;
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That liberates and exempts me from them all.
 It turns submitted to my view, turns round
 With all its generations; I behold
 The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
 And avarice, that make man a wolf to man;
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
 By which he speaks the language of his heart,
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee
 From flower to flower, so he from land to land;
 The manners, customs, policy, of all
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
 He sucks intelligence in every clime,
 And spreads the honey of his deep research
 At his return—a rich repast for me.
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
 Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
 Discover countries, with a kindred heart
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

THE DOMESTIC WINTER EVENING.

O WINTER, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes
fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy
cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with
other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd
in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy
throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry
way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st
the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and
noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gath'ring at short notice, in one
group
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its
cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these
gates;
No powder'd pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm assaults these
doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of
the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and
quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted
flow'r,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and
sprigs,

And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow'rs
that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of
sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord
shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet
distinct, [still,
And in the charming strife triumphant
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds,
The volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman
meal;
Such as the mistress of the world once
found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble
doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd spare feast, a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God,
That made them, an intruder on their
joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his
praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with Mem'ry's pointing
wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken
snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace
restor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
O ev'nings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. O ev'nings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love
enjoy.

A WINTER REVERIE.

Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
 With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
 From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
 Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk
 Whole without stooping, towering crest
 and all,
 My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps
 The glowing hearth may satisfy a while
 With faint illumination, that uplifts
 The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits
 Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.
 Not undelightful is an hour to me
 So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom
 Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking
 mind,
 The mind contemplative, with some new
 theme
 Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.
 Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial
 powers,
 That never felt a stupor, know no pause,
 Nor need one; I am conscious and confess
 Fearless a soul, that does not always
 think.
 Me oft has fancy ludicrous and wild
 Soothed with a waking dream of houses,
 towers,
 Trees, churches, and strange visages, ex-
 pressed
 In the red cinders, while with poring eye
 I gazed, myself creating what I saw.
 Nor less amused have I quiescent watched
 The sooty films, that play upon the bars
 Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
 Of superstition, prophesying still,
 Though still deceived, some stranger's
 near approach.
 'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
 In indolent vacuity of thought,
 And sleeps and is refreshed. Meanwhile
 the face
 Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
 Of deep deliberation, as the man
 Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed
 and lost.
 Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour
 At evening, till at length the freezing
 blast,
 That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons
 home

The recollected powers; and snapping
 short
 The glassy threads, with which the fancy
 weaves
 Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.
 How calm is my recess; and how the
 frost,
 Raging abroad, and the rough wind
 endear
 The silence and the warmth enjoyed
 within!
 I saw the woods and fields at close of
 day,
 A variegated show; the meadows green,
 Though faded; and the lands, where
 lately waved
 The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
 Upturned so lately by the forceful share.
 I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
 With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
 By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
 His favourite herb; while all the leafless
 groves
 That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue,
 Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of
 eve.
 To-morrow brings a change, a total
 change!
 Which even now, though silently per-
 formed,
 And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
 Of universal nature undergoes.
 Fast falls a fleecy shower; the downy
 flakes
 Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
 Softly alighting upon all below,
 Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
 Gladly the thickening mantle; and the
 green
 And tender blade, that feared the chilling
 blast,
 Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK

'Tis morning; and the sun, with ruddy
 orb
 Ascending, fires the horizon; while the
 clouds,
 That crowd away before the driving wind,
 More ardent as the disk emerges more,
 Resemble most some city in a blaze

Seen through the leafless wood. His
 slanting ray
 Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
 And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
 From every herb and every spiry blade
 Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
 Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
 In spite of gravity, and sage remark
 That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
 Provokes me to a smile. With eye
 askance
 I view the muscular proportioned limb
 Transformed to a lean shank. The shape-
 less pair,
 As they designed to mock me, at my side
 Take step for step; and, as I near
 approach
 The cottage, walk along the plastered
 wall,
 Preposterous sight! the legs without the
 man.
 The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
 Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the
 bents,
 And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the
 rest,
 Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
 Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
 And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
 The cattle mourn in corners where the
 fence
 Screens them, and seem half petrified to
 sleep
 In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
 Their wonted fodder; not like hungering
 man,
 Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
 And patient of the slow-paced swain's
 delay.
 He from the stack carves out the accus-
 tomed load,
 Deep-plunging, and again deep-plunging
 off,
 His broad keen knife into the solid mass:
 Smooth as a wall the upright remnant
 stands,
 With such undeviating and even force
 He scvers it away; no needless care,
 Lest storms should overset the leaning
 pile
 Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
 Forth goes the woodman, leaving uncon-
 cerned
 The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the
 axe
 And drive the wedge in yonder forest
 drear,
 From morn to eve his solitary task.
 Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with
 pointed ears
 And tail cropped short, half lucher and
 half cur,
 His dog attends him. Close behind his
 heel
 How creeps he slow; and now, with many
 a frisk
 Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted
 snow
 With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his
 snout;
 Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks
 for joy.
 Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
 Moves right toward the mark: nor stops
 for aught,
 But now and then with pressure of his
 thumb
 To adjust the fragrant charge of a short
 tube,
 That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing
 cloud
 Streams far behind him, scenting all the
 air.
 Now from the roost, or from the neigh-
 bouring pale,
 Where, diligent to catch the first faint
 gleam
 Of smiling day, they gossiped side by
 side,
 Come trooping at the housewife's well-
 known call
 The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on

 And half on foot, they brush the fleecy
 flood,
 Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.
 The sparrows peep, and quit the shelter-
 ing eaves
 To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye
 The scattered grain, and thievishly resolved
 To escape the impending famine, often
 scared
 As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
 Clean riddance quickly made, one only
 care
 Remains to each, the search of sunnynook,

Or shed impervious to the blast Re-
signed
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut; and wading at their
head
With well-considered steps, seems to
resent
His altered gait and stateliness retrenched.
How find the myriads, that in summer
cheer
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless
songs,
Due sustenance, or where subsist they
now?
Earth yields them nought; the imprisoned
worm is safe
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of
herbs
Lie covered close; and berry-bearing
thorns
That feed the thrush, (whatever some sup-
pose)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

Now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the
northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault
is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a
speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene
below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view th' embattled
tower,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted
strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and
elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the
glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its
length
As the wind sways it, has yet well suf-
ficed,

And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for
me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders
thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half-
suppressed;
Pleased with his solitude, and fitting
light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he
shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of
ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so
soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation
here
May think down hours to moments.
Here the heart
May give an useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his
books.
Knowledge and Wisdom far from being
one,
Have oftimes no connexion. Knowledge
dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other
men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom
builds,
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to
its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' en-
rich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned
so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no
more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some
the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and
wilds
Of error leads them, by a tune entranced.
While sloth seduces more, too weak to
bear

The insupportable fatigue of thought,
 And swallowing therefore without pause
 or choice,
 The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
 But trees and rivulets, whose rapid course
 Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
 And sheep-walks populous with bleating
 lambs,
 And lanes in which the primrose ere her
 time
 Peeps through the moss, that clothes the
 hawthorn root,
 Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and
 truth,
 Not shy, as in the world, and to be won
 By slow solicitation, seize at once
 The roving thought, and fix it on them
 selves.

THE HAPPINESS OF ANIMALS.

HERE unmolested, through whatever sign
 The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither
 mist,
 Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
 Nor stranger, intermeddling with my joy.
 Even in the spring and playtime of the
 year,
 That calls th' unwonted villager abroad
 With all her little ones, a sportive train,
 To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
 And prink their hair with daisies, or to
 pick
 A cheap but wholesome salad from the
 brook,
 These shades are all my own. The
 timorous hare,
 Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
 Scarce shuns me ; and the stockdove un-
 alarmed
 Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
 His long love-ditty for my near approach.
 Drawn from his refuge in some lonely
 elm,
 That age or injury has hollowed deep,
 Where, on his bed of wool and matted
 leaves,
 He has outslept the winter, ventures forth
 To frisk a while, and bask in the warm
 sun,
 The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of
 play ;
 He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,

Ascends the neighbouring beech ; there
 whisks his brush,
 And perks his ears, and stamps, and
 cries aloud,
 With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
 And anger, insignificantly fierce.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
 For human fellowship, as being void
 Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
 To love and friendship both, that is not
 pleased
 With sight of animals enjoying life,
 Nor feels their happiness augment his
 own.
 The bounding fawn, that darts along the
 glade
 When none pursues, through mere delight
 of heart,
 And spirits boyant with excess of glee ;
 The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,
 That skims the spacious meadow at full
 speed,
 Then stops, and snorts, and, throwing
 high his heels,
 Starts to the voluntary race again ;
 The very kine, that gambol at high noon,
 The total herd receiving first from one,
 That leads the dance, a summons to be
 gay,
 Though wild their strange vagaries, and
 uncouth
 Their efforts, yet resolved with one con-
 sent [may
 To give such act and utterance, as they
 To ecstasy too big to be suppressed—
 These, and a thousand images of bliss,
 With which kind Nature graces every
 scene,
 Where cruel man defeats not her design,
 Impart to the benevolent, who wish
 All that are capable of pleasure pleased,
 A far superior happiness to theirs,
 The comfort of a reasonable joy.

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

SLAVES cannot breathe in England ; if
 their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are
 free.

They touch our country and their shackles fall.
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through every vein
 Of all your Empire, that where Britain's power
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too !

Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last,
 On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
 Such is the impulse and the spur he feels
 To give it praise proportioned to its worth,
 That not t' attempt it, arduous as he deems
 The labour, were a task more arduous still.

ANTICIPATION OF THE MILLENIUM.

THE groans of Nature in this nether world,
 Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
 Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
 Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's lamp,
 The time of rest, the promised sabbath, comes.
 Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
 Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
 Over a sinful world ; and what remains
 Of this tempestuous state of human things
 Is merely as the working of the sea
 Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest :
 For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
 The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
 When sin hath moved him, and his wrath is hot,
 Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend
 Propitious in his chariot paved with love ;
 And what his storms have blasted and defaced
 For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy ; too sweet
 Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch :
 Nor can the wonders it records be sung
 To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
 But when a poet, or when one like me,
 Happy to rove among poetic flowers,

O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
 Scenes of accomplished bliss ! which who can see,
 Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
 His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy ?
 Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
 And clothe all climes with beauty ; the reproach
 Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
 Laughs with abundance ; and the land, once lean,
 Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
 Exults to see its thistly curse repealed.
 The various seasons woven into one,
 And that one season an eternal spring,
 The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
 For there is none to covet, all are full.
 The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,
 Graze with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon
 Together, or all gambol in the shade
 Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
 Antipathies are none. No foe to man
 Lurks in the serpent now, the mother sees,
 And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
 Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,
 To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
 The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
 All creatures worship man, and all mankind
 One Lord, one Father. Error has no place :
 That creeping pestilence is driven away

The breath of Heaven has chased it. In I pleas'd remember, and, while mem'ry
 the heart yet
 No passion touches a discordant string, Holds fast her office here, can ne'er for-
 But all is harmony and love. Disease get ;
 Is not ; the pure and uncontaminate blood Ingenious dreamer, in whose well told
 Holds its due course, nor fears the frost tale
 of age. Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike pre-
 One song employs all nations ; and all cry, vail ;
 " Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and
 us ! " simple style,
 The dwellers in the vales and on the May teach the gayest, make the gravest
 rocks smile ;
 Shout to each other, and the mountain- Witty, and well-employ'd, and, like thy
 tops Lord,
 From distant mountains catch the flying speaking in parables his slighted word ;
 joy ; I name thee not, lest so despis'd a name
 Till, nation after nation taught the strain, Should move a sneer at thy deserved
 Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round. fame ;
 Behold the measure of the promise filled ; Yet even in transitory life's late day,
 See Salem built, the labour of a God ! That mingles all my brown with sober
 Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ; gray,
 All kingdoms and all princes of the earth Revere the man, whose pilgrim marks
 Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands the road,
 Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy, And guides the progress of the soul to
 And endless her increase. Thy rams are God.
 there, 'Twere well with most, if books, that
 Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there : could engage
 The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind, Their childhood, pleas'd them at a riper
 And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute age ;
 there. The man, approving what had charmed
 Praise is in all her gates ; upon her walls, the boy,
 And in her streets, and in her spacious Would die at last in comfort, peace, and
 courts joy ;
 Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there And not with curses on his heart, who
 Kneels with the native of the farthest stole
 west ; The gem of truth from his unguarded
 And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand, soul.
 And worships. Her report has travelled
 forth
 Into all lands. From every clime they
 come
 To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
 O Sion ! an assembly such as earth
 Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down
 to see.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

O THOU, whom, borne on fancy's eager
 wing
 Back to the season of life's happy spring,

ON THE RECEIPT OF A MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life
 has pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee
 last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet
 smiles I see,
 The same, that oft in childhood solac'd
 me ;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they
 say,
 " Grieve not, my child, chase all thy
 fears away ! "

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the
same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected
here!

Who bidd'st me honor with an artless
song,

Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial
grief,

Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou
wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I
shed?

Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just
begun?

Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a
kiss;

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window,
drew

A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou
art gone,

Adieus and farewells are a sound un-
known.

May I but meet thee on that peaceful
shore,

The parting word shall pass my lips no
more!

Thy maidens griev'd themselves at my
concern,

Of gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
By expectation ev'ry day beguill'd,
Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and
went,

Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er
forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is
heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry
floor;

And where the gard'ner Robin, day by
day,

Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and
wrapp'd

In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house
our own.

Shortliv'd possession! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness
there,

Still outlives many a storm, that has
effac'd

A thousand other themes less deeply
trac'd.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and
warmly laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my
home,

The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks be-
stow'd

By thy own hand, till fresh they shone
and glow'd;

All this, and more endearing still than
all,

Thy constant flow of love, that knew no
fall,

Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and

That humour interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,

And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay

Such honors to thee as my numbers
may;

Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little no-
tic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore
the hours,

When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd
 flow'rs,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 prick'd them into paper with a pin,
 And thou wast happier than myself the
 while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head,
 and smile)
 Could those few pleasant days again ap-
 pear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish
 them here?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear
 delight
 Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
 But no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's
 coast
 (The storms all weather'd and the ocean
 cross'd)
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd
 isle,
 Where spices breathe, and brighter sea-
 sons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that
 show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers
 gay;
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd
 the shore,
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows
 roar,"
 And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous
 tide
 Of life long since has anchor'd by thy
 side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest.
 Always from port withheld, always dis-
 tress'd—
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-
 toss'd,
 Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and
 compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting
 force
 Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous

Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and
 he!
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to
 me.
 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the
 earth,
 But higher far my proud pretensions
 rise—
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
 And now, farewell—Time unrevok'd has
 run
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is
 done,
 By contemplation's help, not sought in
 vain,
 I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er
 again;
 To have renew'd the joys that once were
 mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine;
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are
 free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his
 theft—
 Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me
 left.

FREE IN THE TRUTH.

HE is the freeman, whom the truth
 makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a
 chain,
 That hellish foes, confederate for his
 harm,
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off
 With as much ease as Samson his green
 withes.
 He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of nature, and, though poor, perhaps,
 compared
 With those whose mansions glitter in his
 . . .
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
 His are the mountains, and the valleys
 his,
 And the resplendent rivers. His to
 enjoy
 With a propriety that none can feel,
 But who, with filial confidence inspired,

Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous
eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made
them all."

THE PLAY-GROUND.

BE it a weakness, it deserves some
praise,
We love the play-place of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is
stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at
none.
The wall on which we tried our graving
skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep
employ'd,
Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not
yet destroy'd;
The little ones unbutton'd, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very
spot;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at
taw;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That, viewing it, we seem almost to ob-
tain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.

BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

all per
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach ;
 I must finish my journey alone ;
 Never hear the sweet music of speech—
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with men,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,
 O had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth ;
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard—
 Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But, alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest ;
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place ;
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

THE DOVES.

REAS'NING at every step he treads,
 Man yet mistakes his way,
 While meaner things, whom instinct
 leads,
 Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wander'd late,
 And heard the voice of love ;
 The turtle thus address'd her mate,
 And sooth'd the list'ning dove :

Our mutual bond of faith and truth,
 No time shall disengage,
 Those blessings of our early youth,
 Shall cheer our latest age.

While innocence without disguise,
 And constancy sincere,
 Shall fill the circles of those eyes,
 And mine can read them there ;

Those ills that wait on all below,
 Shall ne'er be felt by me,
 Or gently felt, and only so,
 As being shared with thee.

When lightnings flash among the trees,
 Or kites are hov'ring near,
 I fear lest thee alone they seize,
 And know no other fear.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,
 And press thy wedded side,
 Resolved an union form'd for life,
 Death never shall divide.

But oh ! if fickle and unchaste
 (Forgive a transient thought)
 Thou couldst become unkind at last,
 And scorn thy present lot,

No need of lightnings from on high,
 Or kites with cruel beak,
 Denied th' endearments of thine eye
 This widow'd heart would break.

Thus sang the sweet sequester'd bird,
 Soft as the passing wind,
 And I recorded what I heard,
 A lesson for mankind.

SELFISHNESS.

OH, if the selfish knew how much they
lost,
What would they not endeavour, not
endure,
To imitate as far as in them lay
Him who his wisdom and his power
employs
In making others happy?

[GEORGE CRABBE. 1754—1832.]

THE DYING SAILOR.

HIS call'd his friend, and prefaced with a
sigh
A lover's message—"Thomas, I must
die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could
rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful
breast,
And gazing, go!—if not, this trifle
take,
And say, till death I wore it for her
sake;
Yes! I must die—blow on sweet breeze,
blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not
despair,
One last fond look—and now repeat the
prayer."

He had his wish, had more; I will not
paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him
faint,—
With tender fears, she took a nearer
view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes with-
drew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding,
said,
"Yes! I must die;" and hope for ever
fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender
thoughts, meantime,

Were interchanged, and hopes and views
sublime.
To her he came to die, and every
day
She took some portion of the dread
away:
With him she pray'd, to him his Bible
read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the
aching head;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to
cheer;
Apart, she sigh'd; alone, she shed the
tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she
gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the
grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they for-
got
The care, the dread, the anguish of their
lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd
to think,
Yet said not so—"perhaps he will not
sink:"
A sudden brightness in his look ap-
pear'd,
A sudden vigour in his voice was
heard;—
She had been reading in the book of
prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his
chair;
Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he
knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite
few;
Nor one that day did he to mind
recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves
them all;
When in her way she meets them, they
appear
Peculiar people—death has made them
dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand
she prest,
And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to
rest;"
"I go," he said; but, as he spoke, she
found

His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound !
 Then gazed affrighten'd ; but she caught a last,
 A dying look of love, and all was past !

[JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771—1854]

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher will we climb
 Up the mount of glory,
 That our names may live through time
 In our country's story;
 Happy, when her welfare calls,
 He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
 In the mines of knowledge ;
 Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil
 Win from school and college ;
 Delve we there for richer gems
 Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
 Through the path of duty ;
 Virtue is true happiness,
 Excellence true beauty.
 Minds are of celestial birth,
 Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
 Hearts and hands together,
 Where our fireside-comforts sit
 In the wildest weather ;—
 O, they wander wide who roam
 For the joys of life from home !

HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the
 pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world
 beside ;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener
 light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night ;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth : !

The wandering mariner, whose eye ex-
 plores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting
 shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to
 that pole ;
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar

The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and
 pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly
 blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother,
 friend ;
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daugh-
 ter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way
 of life !
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth
 be found !
 Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look
 around ;
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps
 roam,
 That land thy country, and that spot thy
 Home.

ICE-BLINK AND AURORA BOREALIS.

'Tis sunset : to the firmament serene
 The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous
 scene :
 Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold
 birds the blue hemisphere ; above un-
 roll'd
 The keen clear air grows palpable to
 sight,
 Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
 Through which the evening star, with
 milder gleam,

Descends to meet her image in the stream.
Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
Allures the eye to gaze on it alone ?

—Amidst black rocks that lift on either
hand

Their countless peaks, and mark receding
land ;

Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
That shine around the arctic Cyclades ;
Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
In many a shapeless promontory rent ;

—O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories
spread,

The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head,
On which the sun, beyond th' horizon
shrined,

Hath left his richest garniture behind ;
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O'er fix'd and fluid strides the Alpine
bridge,

Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal
eye

Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky ;
With glacier-battlements, that crowd the
spheres,

The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
—Winter's eternal palace, built by Time :
All human structures by his touch are
borne

Down to the dust ;—mountains themselves
are worn

With his light footsteps ; here forever
grows,

Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument ; where every flake that
falls

Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
The sun beholds no mirror in his race,
That shews a brighter image of his face ;
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
Like signal fires on its illumined crest ;
The gliding moon around the ramparts
wheels,

And all its magic lights and shades reveals ;
Beneath, the tide with idle fury raves
To undermine it through a thousand
caves ;

Rent from its roof, though thundering
fragments oft

Plunge to the gulph, immoveable aloft,
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.

Midnight hath told his hour ; the moon,
yet young,

Hangs in the argent west her bow un-
strung ;

Larger and fairer, as her lustre fades,
Sparkle the stars amidst the deepening
shades ;

Jewels more rich than night's regalia gem
The distant Ice-Blink's spangled diadem ;
Like a new morn from orient darkness,
there

Phosphoric splendours kindle in mid air,
As though from heaven's self-opening
portals came

Legions of spirits in an orb of flame,
—Flame, that from every point an ar . .
sends,

Far as the concave firmament extends :
Spun with the tissue of a million lines,
Glistening like gossamer the welkin
shines :

The constellations in their pride look pale
Through the quick trembling brilliance
of that veil :

Then suddenly converged, the meteors
rush

O'er the wide south ; one deep vermilion
blush

O'erspreads Orion glaring on the flood,
And rabid Sirius foams through fire and
blood ;

Again the circuit of the pole they range,
Motion and figure every moment change,
Through all the colours of the rainbow
run,

Or blaze like wrecks of a dissolving sun ;
Wide ether burns with glory, conflict,
flight,

And the glad ocean dances in the light.

RELIGION.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,
The fainting traveller wends his way ;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus, mortals blind and weak below,
Pursue the phantom bliss in vain ;
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life's a pilgrimage of pain !

Till mild Religion from above
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise 'mid the storm.

Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod ;
She makes the humble, contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way and leads the soul.

At her approach, the grave appears
The gate of paradise restored ;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain ;
Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,
And reign with God, forever reign !

WINTER LIGHTNING.

THE flash at midnight !—'twas a light
That gave the blind a moment's sight,
Then sank in tenfold gloom ;
Loud, deep, and long, the thunder broke,
The deaf ear instantly awoke,
Then closed as in the tomb :
An angel might have passed my bed,
Sounded the trump of God, and fled.

So life appears ;—a sudden birth,
A glance revealing heaven and earth,
It *is*—and it is *not* !
So fame the poet's hope deceives,
Who sings for after time, and leaves
A name—to be forgot.
Life—is a lightning-flash of breath ;
Fame— but a thunder-clap at death.

LIFE.

LIFE is the transmigration of a soul
Through various bodies, various states of
being ;
New manners, passions, new pursuits in
each ;
In nothing, save in consciousness, the
same.
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are always moving onward, always losing
Themselves in one another, lost at
length
Like undulations on the strand of death.

The child !—we know no more of happy
childhood,
Than happy childhood knows of wretched
eld ;
And all our dreams of its felicity
Are incoherent as its own crude visions :
We but begin to live from that fine
point
Which memory dwells on, with the morn-
ing star :
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo
sing,
Or the first daisy that we ever plucked ;
When thoughts themselves were stars, and
birds, and flowers,
Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild per-
fume.

Then, the grey Elder !—leaning on his
And bowed beneath a weight of years,
that steal
Upon him with the secrecy of sleep
(No snow falls lighter than the snow of
age.
None with such subtlety benumbs the
frame),
Till he forgets sensation, and lies down
Dead in the lap of his primeval mother.
She throws a shroud of turf and flowers
around him,
Then calls the worms, and bids them do
their office ;
—Man giveth up the ghost—and where
is he ?

[ROBERT BURNS. 1733-1796.]

ONE FOND KISS AND THEN
WE SEVER.

ONE fond kiss, and then we sever !
 One farewell, and then for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
 While the star of Hope she leaves him ?
 Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me ;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Nothing could resist my Nancy :
 But to see her was to love her ;
 Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved so kindly,
 Had we never loved so blindly,
 Never met or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee well, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be every joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !

One fond kiss, and then we sever !
 One farewell, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND
CAN BLOW.

OF a' the airts the wind can blow,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between ;
 But, day and night, my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair :
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :

There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS THE
BEST.

To make a happy fire-side clime,
 To weans and wife—
 That's the true pathos, and sublime
 Of human life.

VIRTUOUS LOVE IN HUMBLE
LIFE.

O HAPPY love ! where love like this is
 found !
 O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond
 compare !
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this
 declare—
 "If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly plea-
 sure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest
 pair, [tale,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
 the ev'ning gale !"

THE PEASANT'S EVENING
PRAYER.

THE cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious
 face, [wide ;
 They, round the ingle, form a circle
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's
 pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets* wearing thin an'
 bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
 glide,
 He wales† a portion with judicious care ;
 And "Let us worship God !" he says,
 with solemn air.

Grey locks.

† Chooses
1 x 2

They chant their artless notes in simple
 guise :
 They tune their hearts, by far the
 noblest aim :
 Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling mea-
 sures rise,
 Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the
 name ;
 Or noble "Elgin" beets * the heav'nward
 flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are
 tame ;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures
 raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's
 praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred
 page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on
 high ;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's aveng-
 ing ire ;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred
 lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the
 theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was
 shed ;
 How He, who bore in Heav'n the second
 name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His
 head :
 How His first followers and servants
 sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many
 a land :
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pro-
 nounced by Heav'n's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heav'n's Eternal
 King,

The saint, the father, and the husband
 prays :
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant
 wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future
 days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter
 tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an
 eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's
 pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
 The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will
 desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal
 stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of
 the soul ;
 And in His book of life the inmates poor
 enrol.

A PRAYER FOR SCOTLAND.

O SCOTIA ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n
 is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and
 sweet content !
 And, oh, may Heav'n their simple lives
 prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and
 vile !
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be
 rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their
 much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted
 heart ;
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,

* Bees:—to add fuel.

His friend, inspirer, guardian, and
reward !)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert ;
But still the patriot, and the patriot
bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornamen
and guard !

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE
PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem :
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ning woods and wa's maun
shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield *
O' clod, or stane,
Adorns the histie † stubble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

* Shelter.

† Dry.

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And wheim him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has
striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stav but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom

TO RUIN.

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall !
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all !
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart ;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The storm no more I dread ;
Tho' thick'ning and black'ning
Round my devoted head.

And thou grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,
While life a pleasure can afford,
Oh ! hear a wretch's pray'r !
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid ;
No court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care !

When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign life's joyless day :
 My weary heart its throbbing cease,
 Cold mould'ring in the clay ?
 No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face,
 Enclasp'd, and grasped
 Within thy cold embrace !

THE TRUE VALUE OF WEALTH.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justify'd by honour ;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
 As busy Trade his labours plies ;
 There Architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendour rise ;
 Here Justice, from her native skies,
 High wields her balance and her rod ;
 There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
 Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
 With open arms the stranger hail ;
 Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
 Above the narrow, rural vale ;
 Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
 Or modest merit's silent claim :
 And never may their sources fail !
 And never envy blot their name !

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
 Fair Burnet * strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
 I see the Sire of Love on high,
 And own His work indeed divine !

There watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar :
 Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy
 scar :
 The-pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing war,
 And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying
 tears,
 I view that noble, stately dome,
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes, had their royal home :
 Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
 Their royal name low in the dust !
 Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam !
 'Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just !

Wild beats my heart, to trace your
 steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :
 Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply my sires have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your fathers led !

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

* Daughter of Lord Monboddo. Burns said there had not been anything like her in beauty, grace, and goodness, since Eve on the first day of her existence.

EVANESCENT PLEASURES.

Tam O'Shanter.

BUT pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snowfall in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD, BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

SWEET floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
 And ward o' mony a prayer,
 What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirkles * o'er the lea,
 Chill on thy lovely form;
 And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree
 Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He, who gives the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blaw,
 Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
 The bitter frost and snaw.

May He, the friend of woe and want,
 Who heals life's various stounds,†
 Protect and guard the mother plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
 Fair on the summer morn:
 Now, feebly bends she in the blast,
 Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem
 Unscathed by ruffian hand!
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land!

Creeps,

† Heart-pangs.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH
THE PLOUGH IN NOVEMBER.

WEE, sleek'd cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle! *
 I wad be laith † to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murdering pattle! ‡

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen-icker § in a thrave ¶
 'S a sma' request:
 I'll get a blessing wi' the lave, ¶
 And never miss't.

Thy wee bit housie too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the winds are strewn!
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' faggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell ** and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel coulter pass'd
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch †† cauld!

But, mouse, thou art no thy lane, ‡‡
 In proving foresight may be vain:

* Hurry. † Loth. ‡ Plough staff. § Ear of corn. ¶ Twenty-four sheaves. ¶ The lave. ** Biting. †† Hoar frost. ‡‡ Thyself alone.

e best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,*
 An' leave us nought but grief and pain,
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee;
 But, och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now nature hangs her mantle green
 On every blooming tree,
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
 Out o'er the grassy lea:
 Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
 And glads the azure skies;
 But nought can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
 Aloft on dewy wing;
 The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
 Makes woodland echoes ring;
 The mavis mild wi' many a note,
 Sings drowsy day to rest:
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The primrose down the brae;
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the slae;
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang;
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
 Where happy I hae been;
 Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
 As blythe lay down at e'en:

And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
 And monie a traitor there;
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
 And never ending care.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine;
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
 That ne'er wad blink on mine!
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee:
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's
 friend
 Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns
 Nae mair light up the morn!
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn!
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave;
 And the next flowers that deck the spring
 Bloom on my peaceful grave!

THE BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
 Let him draw near;
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
 Who, noteless, steals the crowds among
 That weekly this area throng,
 O, pass not by!
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career
 Wild as the wave;
 Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame;
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name!

* Wrong.

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit;
 Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control*
 Is wisdom's root.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
 breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning
 green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptured
 scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,—
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but th' impression deeper makes
 As streams their channels deeper
 wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
 breast?

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

SCOTS. wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lower:
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
 Chairs and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha would fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
 Let him on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do, or die!

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 And dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea stamp;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man, for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that.
 The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
 Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man, of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that;
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

THE SOLDIER.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the soldier's prize;
 The soldier's wealth is honour:
 The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger,
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour o' danger.

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
 And I a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
 By autumn wild, and winter rude!
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

Oh! there beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
 On trembling string, or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

LOVE'S DESPAIR.

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied;
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside—*Jessy*!

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O!

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and wearie, O!
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weane, O,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' grey,
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

THE MUSE OF SCOTLAND TO
ROBERT BURNS.

"ALL hail! my own inspired Bard!
In me thy native Muse regard!
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

"Know, the great Genius of this land
Has many a light, aerial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As Arts or Arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

"They Scotia's Race among them share;
Some fire the Soldier on to dare:
Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart:
Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

"Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
And grace the hand.

"And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild, Poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

"Hence, Fullarton, the brave and young
Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;
Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His 'Minstrel lays';
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The Sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic Bard, the laboring Hind,
The Artisan:
All chuse, as various they're inclined,
The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some, strongly
rein;
Some teach to mellorate the plain
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

"Some hint the Lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the Maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the Laborer's weary toil,
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large Man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic Bard;
And careful note each op'ning grace,
A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coila my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, c
fame,

Held ruling pow'r.
I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove thro' the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,
Struck thy young eye.

"Or when the deep green-mantled Earth
Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

"When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

"When youthful Love, warm-blushing
strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
By Passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray,
Was light from Heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Colla's plains,
Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow,
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

"Yet, all beneath th' univall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor King's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic Bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,—
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of Man,
With Soul erect;
And trust, the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

"And wear thou this"—she solemn said,
And bound the Holly round my head:
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

[SAMUEL ROGERS. 1773—1855.]

THE OLD ANCESTRAL MANSION.

The Pleasures of Memory.

MARK you old mansion frowning
through the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling
breeze.
That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest
shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven
conveyed.

The mouldering gateway strews the grass-
grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple
sport ;
When nature pleased, for life itself was
new,
And the heart promised what the fancy
drew.

See, through the fractured pediment
reveal'd
Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptured
shield,
The martin's old, hereditary nest.
Long may the ruin spare its hallowed
guest !

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes
call !
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall !
That hall, where once, in antiquated
state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stained with dews, with cobwebs
darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture
rung ;
When round yon ample board, in due
degree,
We sweetened every meal with social glee.
The heart's light laugh pursued the
circling jest ;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas here we chased the slipper by the
sound ;
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and
round.
'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy
ring ;
And Fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.
Giants and genii chained each wondering
ear ;
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wandered in the
wood,
Or viewed the forest-feats of Robin Hood :
Oft fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step we scaled the lonely
tower ;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murdered by ruffian hands, when smiling
in its sleep.

Ye household deities ! whose guardian
eye
Mark'd each pure thought, ere registered
on high ;
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
'And breathe the soul of Inspiration
round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a
friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the 'widered
sight ;
And still, with heraldry's rich hues
imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictured
crest.
The screen unfolds its many-coloured
chart.
The clock still points its moral to the
heart.
That faithful monitor 't was heaven to
hear !
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure
near :
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feathered feet of
time ?
That massive beam, with curious carvings
wrought,
Whence the caged linnet soothed my
pensive thought ;
Those muskets cased with venerable rust ;
Those once-loved forms, still breathing
through their dust,
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic
cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the past !

As through the garden's desert paths I
rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every
grove !
How oft, when purple evening tinged the
west,
We watched the emmet to her grainy
nest ;
Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary
wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the
spring !

How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme,
 The bark now silvered by the touch of time ;
 Soared in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,
 Through sister elms that waved their summer shade ;
 Or strewn with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
 To lure the red-breast from his lone retreat !

And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call,
 Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-wall.
 As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
 And traced the line of life with searching view,
 How throb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
 To learn the colour of my future years !

THE BEGGARS.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

THE school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
 Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
 Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
 Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn ;
 Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
 When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
 Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
 Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here !
 And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teens
 With golden visions and romantic dreams !

AH, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast !
 This truth once known—To bless is to be blest !
 We led the bending beggar on his way
 (Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray),
 Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
 And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
 As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
 And wept to think that little was no more,
 He breathed his prayer, "Long may such goodness live !"
 'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
 Angels, when Mercy's mandate wing'd their flight,
 Had stopt to catch new rapture from the sight.

THE GIPSY ENCAMPMENT.

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
 The Gipsy's faggot—there we stood and gazed ;
 Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
 Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw ;
 Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;
 The drowsy brood that on her back she bore ;
 Imps, in the barn with mousing owl bred,
 From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;
 Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks of blackest shade,
 When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd :

~~~~~

PARTING FROM HOME.

THE adventurous boy, that asks his little share,  
 And hies from home, with many a gossip's prayer,  
 Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see  
 The dear abode of peace and privacy ;  
 And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,  
 The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,  
 The village common spotted white with sheep,  
 The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep ;

All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,  
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks  
again.

So, when the mild Tupia dared explore  
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown  
before,  
And, with the sons of Science, wooed the  
gale,  
That, rising, swelled their strange expanse  
of sail;  
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond  
adieu,  
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,  
And all his soul best loved—such tears he  
shed,  
While each soft scene of summer-beauty  
fled.  
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,  
Long watched the streaming signal from  
the mast;  
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,  
And fairy forests fringed the evening sky.

So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned  
the day,  
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul  
away.  
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glim-  
mering height,  
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with  
light;  
But now the morn with orient hues por-  
trayed  
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic  
shade:  
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,  
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on  
the wing!

#### AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

STILL must my partial pencil love to  
dwell  
On the home-prospects of my hermit cell;  
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-  
green,  
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses  
seen;  
And the brown pathway, that, with care-  
less flow,  
Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.

Still must it trace (the flattering tints for-  
give)  
Each fleeting charm that bids the land-  
scape live.  
Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance,  
pass—  
Browsing the hedge by fits, the panniered  
ass;  
The idling shepherd-boy, with rude de-  
light,  
Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's  
flight;  
And in her kerchief blue the cottage-  
maid,  
With brimming pitcher from the shadowy  
glade.  
Far to the south a mountain vale retires,  
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village-  
spires;  
Its upland lawns, and cliffs with foliage  
hung,  
Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor un-  
sung:  
And through the various year, the various  
day,  
What scenes of glory burst, and melt  
away!

When Christmas revels in a world of  
snow,  
And bids her berries blush, her carols  
flow;  
His spangling shower when frost the  
wizard flings;  
Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless  
wings,  
O'er the white pane his silvery foliage  
weaves,  
And gems with icicles the sheltering  
eaves;  
—Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall  
pursues,  
What time the sun the yellow crocus  
wooes,  
Screened from the arrowy North; and  
duly hies  
To meet the morning-rumour as it flies,  
To range the murmuring market-place,  
and view  
The motley groups that faithful Teniers  
drew.

When Spring bursts forth in blossoms  
 through the vale,  
 And her wild music triumphs on the gale,  
 Oft with my book I muse from stile to  
 stile ;  
 Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,  
 Framing loose numbers, till declining day  
 Through the green trellis shoots a crimson  
 ray ;  
 Till the west-wind leads on the twilight  
 hours,  
 And shakes the fragrant bells of closing  
 flowers.

## GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to Modena,  
 (Where among other relics you may see  
 Tassoni's bucket—but 'tis not the true  
 one)  
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,  
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.  
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,  
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,  
 Will long detain you—but, before you go,  
 Enter the house—forget it not, I pray  
 you—  
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,  
 The last of that illustrious family ;  
 He, who observes it—ere he passes on,  
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes  
 again,  
 That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,  
 Her lips half-open, and her finger up,  
 As though she said "Beware!" her vest  
 of gold  
 Broided with flowers, and clasped from  
 head to foot,  
 An emerald-stone in every golden clasp ;  
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
 A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,  
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—  
 It haunts me still, though many a year  
 has fled,  
 Like some wild melody !

Alone it hangs  
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its compa-  
 nion,  
 An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the  
 worm,  
 But richly carved by Antony of Trent  
 With scripture-stories from the Life of  
 Christ.

She was an only child—her name  
 Ginevra,  
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent father ;  
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,  
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,  
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first  
 love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal  
 dress,  
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety,  
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every  
 tongue.  
 But now the day was come, the day, the  
 hour ;  
 Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth  
 time,  
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached  
 decorum .  
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she  
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to  
 cesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the nuptial  
 feast,  
 When all sat down, the bride herself was  
 wanting.  
 Nor was she to be found ! Her Father  
 cried,  
 "'Tis but to make a trial of our love !"  
 And filled his glass to all ; but his hand  
 shook,  
 And soon from guest to guest the panic  
 spread.  
 'Twas but that instant she had left Fran-  
 cesco,  
 Laughing and looking back and flying  
 still,  
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.  
 But now, alas, she was not to be found  
 Nor from that hour could anything be  
 guessed,  
 But that she was not !

Weary of his life,  
 Francesca flew to Venice, and, embarking,  
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.

Orsini lived—and long might you have  
 seen

An old man wandering as in quest of  
 something,

Something he could not find—he knew  
 not what.

When he was gone, the house remained  
 awhile

Silent and tenantless—then went to  
 strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all for-  
 gotten,

When on an idle day, a day of search

'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,

That mouldering chest was noticed ; and  
 'twas said

By one as young, as thoughtless as  
 Ginevra,

“Why not remove it from its lurking  
 place?”

'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the  
 way

It burst, it fell ; and lo, a skeleton,

With here and there a pearl, an emerald-  
 stone,

A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.  
 All else had perished—save a wedding-

ring,

And a small seal, her mother's legacy,

Engraven with a name, the name of both  
 “Ginevra.”

There then had she found a grave !  
 Within that chest had she concealed her-  
 self,

Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the  
 happy ;

When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush  
 there,

Fastened her down for ever !

### VENICE.

THERE is a glorious City in the Sea.

The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,

Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed

Clings to the marble of her palaces.

No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,

Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er  
 the sea,

Invisible ; and from the land we went,

As to a floating city—steering in,

And gliding up her streets as in a dream,

So smoothly, silently—by many a dome

Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,

The statues ranged alone an azure sky ;

By many a pile in more than eastern  
 splendour,

Of old the residence of merchant-kings ;

The fronts of some, though time had  
 shattered them,

Still glowing with the richest hues of  
 art,

As though the wealth within them had  
 run o'er.

### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

HER, by her smile, how soon the stranger  
 knows ;

How soon by his the glad discovery  
 shows,

As to her lips she lifts the lovely  
 boy,

What answering looks of sympathy and  
 joy !

He walks, he speaks. In many a broken  
 word,

His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are  
 heard.

And ever, ever to her lap he flies,  
 When rosy sleep comes on with sweet

surprise.

Locked in her arms, his arms across her  
 flung

(That name most dear for ever on his  
 tongue),

As with soft accents round her neck he  
 clings,

And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she  
 sings :

How blest to feel the beatings of his  
 heart,

Breathe his sweet breath, and bliss for  
 bliss impart :

Watch o'er his slumbers like the brood-  
 ing dove,

And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love

# THE ANGEL TO COLUMBUS IN HIS DREAM.

THE wind recalls thee ; its still voice  
obey :

Millions await thy coming ; hence, away !  
To thee blest tidings of great joy con-  
signed,

Another nature and a new mankind !  
The vain to dream, the wise to doubt  
shall cease ;

Young men be glad, and old depart in  
peace.

Hence ! though assembling in the field of  
air,

Now, in a night of clouds, thy foes  
prepare

To rock the globe with elemental wars,  
And dash the floods of ocean to the stars ;  
And bid the meek repine, the valiant  
weep,

And thee restore thy secret to the deep.  
Not then to leave thee ! to their ven-  
geance cast

Thy heart their aliment, their dire repast !

To other eyes shall Mexico unfold  
Her feathered tapestries and her roofs of  
gold :

To other eyes, from distant cliffs descried,  
Shall the Pacific roll his ample tide ;  
There destined soon rich argosies to ride :  
Chains thy reward ! beyond the Atlantic  
wave,

Hung in thy chamber, buried in thy  
grave !

Thy reverend form to time and grief a  
prey ;

A phantom wandering in the light of  
day !

What though thy grey hairs to the dust  
descend,

Their scent shall track thee, track thee to  
the end :

Thy sons reproached with their great  
father's fame ;

And on his world inscribed another's  
name !

That world a prison-house, full of sights  
of woe,

Where groans burst forth, and tears in  
torrents flow ;

Those gardens of the sun, sacred to  
song,

By dogs of carnage, howling loud and  
long,

Swept, till the voyager in the desert  
air

Starts back to hear his altered accents  
there !

Not thine the olive but the sword to  
bring ;

Not peace but war ! yet from these shores  
shall spring

Peace without end ; from these, with  
blood defiled,

Spread the pure spirit of thy Master  
mild !

Here in his train shall arts and arms  
attend ;

Arts to adorn, and arms, but to defend.

Assembling here all nations shall be  
blest ;

The sad be comforted ; the weary rest ;  
Untouched shall drop the fetters from the  
slave :

And He shall rule the world He died to  
save.

Hence, and rejoice. Thy glorious  
work is done ;

A spark is thrown that shall eclipse the  
sun !

And, though bad men shall long thy  
course pursue,

As erst the ravening brood o'er chaos  
flew,

He whom I serve shall vindicate His  
reign :

The spoiler spoiled of all ; the slayer  
slain ;

The tyrant's self, oppressing and op-  
prest,

'Mid gems and gold, unenvied and un-

While to the starry sphere thy name shall  
rise

(Nor there unsung thy generous enter-  
prise) ;

Thine in all hearts to dwell—by fame  
enshrined

With those, the few, who live but for  
mankind :

Thine, evermore, transcendent happiness  
World beyond world to visit and to  
bless.

### DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

DEAR is my little native vale,  
The ring-dove builds and murmurs  
there ;  
Close by my cot she tells her tale  
To every passing villager ;  
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,  
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,  
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,  
I charm the fairy-footed hours  
With my loved lute's romantic sound ;  
Or crowns of living laurel weave  
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,  
The ballet danced in twilight glade,  
The canzonet and roundelay  
Sung in the silent greenwood shade :  
These simple joys, that never fail,  
Shall bind me to my native vale.

### MELANCHOLY.

Go ! you may call it madness, folly—  
You shall not chase my gloom away ;  
There's such a charm in melancholy,  
I would not if I could be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure  
That fills my bosom when I sigh,  
You would not rob me of a treasure  
Monarchs are too poor to buy !

### A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;  
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;  
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter near her clay-built nest ;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the  
dew ;  
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church beneath the trees,  
Where first our marriage-vows were  
given,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taper spire to heaven.

[JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.  
1770—1835.]

### THE SKY-LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,  
Blythesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and  
lea !

Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
O to abide in the desert with thee !  
Wild is thy lay and loud  
Far in the downy cloud,  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying ?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the  
day,

Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !  
Then, when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms,  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love  
be !

Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
O to abide in the desert with thee !

### KILMENY'S VISIONS IN FAIRY LAND.

SHE saw a sun on a summer sky,  
And clouds of amber sailing by,

A lovely land beneath her lay,  
 And that land had glens and mountains  
     grey ;  
 And that land had valleys and hoary  
     piles,  
 And merled seas, and a thousand isles ;  
 Its fields were speckled, its forests green,  
 And its lakes were all of the dazzling  
     sheen,  
 Like magic mirrors, where slumbering  
     lay  
 The sun, and the sky, and the cloundlet  
     grey

She saw the corn wave on the vale ;  
 She saw the deer run down the dale ;  
 She saw the plaid and the broad clay-  
     more,                     [bore :  
 And the brows that the badge of freedom  
 And she thought she had seen the land  
     before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,  
 The fairest that ever the sun shone on !  
 A Lion licked her hand of milk,  
 And she held him in a leash of silk ;  
 And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,  
 With a silver wand and a melting e'e,  
 Her sovereign shield, till love stole in,  
 And poison'd all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedeman came,  
 And hundert the lion on his dame ;  
 And the guardian maid, wi' the dauntless  
     ee',

She dropped a tear, and left her knee ;  
 And she saw till the queen frae the lion  
     fled,  
 Till the bonniest flower of the world lay  
     dead.

A coffin was set on a distant plain,  
 And she saw the red blood fall like rain ;  
 Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,  
 And she turned away, and could look nae  
     mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,  
 And they trampled him down, but he  
     rose again ;  
 And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,  
 Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom  
     dear ;

And, weening his head was danger-preef,  
 When crowned with the rose and the  
     clover-leaf,

He gowled at the carle, and ased him  
     away,  
 To feed with the deer on the mountain  
     grey.

He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at  
     heaven,  
 But his mark was set, and his arles given.  
 Kilmeny awhile her een withdrew ;  
 She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled  
 One half of all the glowing world,  
 Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,  
 To bound the aims of sinful man.  
 She saw a people, fierce and fell,  
 Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell ;  
 There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,  
 And she herked on her ravening crew,  
 Till the cites and towers were wrapt in a  
     blaze,  
 And the thunder it roared o'er the land  
     and the seas.

The widows they wailed, and the red  
     blood ran,  
 And she threatened an end to the race of  
     man :

She never lened nor stood in awe,  
 Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.  
 Oh ! then the eagle swinked for life,  
 And brainyelled up a mortal strife ;  
 But flew she north, or flew she south,  
 She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.

#### KILMENY'S RETURN FROM FAIRY LAND.

WHEN seven lang years had come and  
     fled :

When grief was calm, and hope was  
     dead ;

When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's  
     name,

Late, late in a gloamin', Kilmeny cam  
     hame !

And O, her beauty was fair to see  
 But still and steadfast was her e'e .  
 Such beauty bard may never declare,  
 For there was no pride nor passion there ;  
 And the soft desire of maidens' een  
 In that mild face could never be seen.

Her seymar was the lily flower,  
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the  
     shower ;

And her voice like the distant melody  
That floats along the twilight sea.  
But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,  
And keepit afar frae the haunts of men,  
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,  
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.  
But, wherever her peaceful form appeared,  
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered :  
The wolf played blythely round the field,  
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled ;  
The dun-deer wooed with manner bland,  
And cowered aneath her lily hand.  
And when at even the woodlands rung,  
When hymns of other worlds she sung,  
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,  
O, then the glen was all in motion :  
The wild beasts of the forest came ;  
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,  
And goved around, charmed and amazed ;  
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,  
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain  
For something the mystery to explain.  
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,  
The corby left her houw in the rock ;  
The blackbird along wi' the eagle flew ;  
The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;  
The wolf and the kid their raikie began,  
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran ;  
The hawk and the hern atour them hung,  
And the merl and the mavis forbooyed  
their young ;  
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled :  
It was like an eve in a sinless world !

[MRS. BARBAULD. 1743-1825.]

### LIFE.

LIFE ! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy  
weather ;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are  
dear ;  
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time,  
Say not " Good Night," but in some  
brighter clime  
Bid me " Good morning."

### DIRGE.

PURE spirit ! O where art thou now ?  
O whisper to my soul !  
O let some soothing thought of thee,  
This bitter grief control !  
'Tis not for thee the tears I shed,  
Thy sufferings now are o'er ;  
The sea is calm, the tempest past,  
On that eternal shore.  
No more the storms that wreck thy peace,  
Shall tear that gentle breast ;  
Nor Summer's rage, nor Winter's cold,  
Thy poor, poor frame molest.  
Thy peace is sealed, thy rest is sure,  
My sorrows are to come ;  
Awhile I weep and linger here,  
Then follow to the tomb.  
And is the awful veil withdrawn,  
That shrouds from mortal eyes,  
In deep impenetrable gloom,  
The secrets of the skies ?  
O, in some dream of visioned bliss,  
Some trance of rapture, show  
Where, on the bosom of thy God,  
Thou rest'st from human woe !  
Thence may thy pure devotion's flame  
On me, on me descend ;  
To me thy strong aspiring hopes,  
Thy faith, thy fervours lend.

Let these my lonely path illumine,  
And teach my weakened mind  
To welcome all that's left of good,  
To all that's lost resigned.

Farewell ! With honour, peace, and love.  
Be thy dear memory blest !  
Thou hast no tears for me to shed,  
When I too am at rest.

### ODE TO SPRING.

SWEET daughter of a rough and stormy  
sire,  
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful  
Spring !



Whose unshorn locks with leaves  
And swelling buds are crown'd ;  
From the green islands of eternal youth,  
(Crowned with fresh blooms, and ever-  
springing shade)  
Turn, hither turn thy step,  
O thou, whose powerful voice,  
More sweet than softest touch of Dorian  
reed,  
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding  
winds,  
And through the stormy deep  
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved ! the virgin train  
await, [rove  
With songs, and festal rites, and joy to  
Thy blooming wilds among,  
And vales and downy lawns,  
With untired feet ; and cull thy earliest  
sweets [brow  
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing  
Of him, the favoured youth,  
That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores ; those tender  
showers  
That drop their sweetness on the infant  
buds,  
And silent dews that swell  
The milky ear's green stem,  
And feed the flowering osier's early  
shoots ;  
And call those winds, which through the  
whispering boughs  
With warm and pleasant breath  
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening  
thorn,  
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er  
the dale,  
And watch with patient eye  
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O Nymph ! approach, while yet the tem-  
perate Sun,  
With bashful forehead, through the cool  
moist air

Throws his young maiden beams,  
And with chaste kisses woos  
The Earth's fair bosom ; while the  
streaming veil  
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent  
shade  
Protects thy modest blooms  
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short : the red  
dogstar  
Shall scorch thy tresses ; and the mower's  
scythe  
Thy greens, thy flowerets all,  
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell ;  
For O ! not all that Autumn's lap con-  
tains,  
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,  
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring ! whose simplest promise  
more delights,  
Than all their largest wealth, and through  
the heart  
Each joy and new-born hope  
With softest influence breathes.

[MRS. AMELIA OPPE. 1769—1833 ]  
GO, YOUTH BELOVED.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades  
New friends, new hopes, new joys  
find,  
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,  
To think on her thou leav'st behind.  
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,  
Must never be my happy lot,  
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,  
Forget me not, forget me not !

Yet should the thought of my distress  
Too painful to thy feelings be,  
Heed not the wish I now express,  
Nor ever deign to think on me ;  
But, oh, if grief thy steps attend,  
If want, if sickness be thy lot,  
And thou require a soothing friend ;  
Forget me not, forget me not !

[JOHN HAYK. 1724—1800.]

## THE FOREST BY MIDNIGHT.

THIS is the place, the centre of the  
grove ;  
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the  
wood.  
How sweet and solemn is this midnight  
scene !

The silver moon, unclouded, holds her  
way,  
Through skies where I could count each  
little star.

The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the  
leaves.

The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,  
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.  
In such a place as this, at such an hour,  
If ancestry in aught can be believed,  
Descending spirits have conversed with  
man,  
And told the secrets of the world un-  
known.

[JOHN LOGAN. 1748—1788.]

## ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !  
Thou messenger of Spring !  
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear ;  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the  
wood  
To pull the primrose gay,  
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom  
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,  
An annual guest in other lands.  
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear ;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No Winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !  
We'd make, with joyful wing,  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Companions of the Spring.

## YARROW STREAM.

THY banks were bonnie, Yarrow stream,  
When first on thee I met my lover ;  
Thy banks how dreary, Yarrow stream,  
When now thy waves his body cover !

For ever now, O Yarrow stream,  
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;  
For never on thy banks shall I  
Behold my love—the flower of Yarrow !

He promised me a milk-white horse,  
To bear me to his father's bowers ;  
He promised me a little page,  
To squire me to his father's towers.

He promised me a wedding-ring,  
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow ;  
Now he is wedded to his grave,  
Alas ! a watery grave in Yarrow !

Sweet were his words when last we met,  
My passion as I freely told him ;  
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
That I should never more behold him.

Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost—  
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow ;  
Thrice did the Water Wraith ascend,  
And give a doleful groan through Yarrow !

His mother from the window looked,  
With all the longing of a mother ;  
His little sister, weeping, walked  
The greenwood path to meet her brother.

They sought him east, they sought him  
west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough ;  
They only saw the clouds of night—  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

No longer from thy window look—  
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !  
No longer walk, thou lovely maid—  
Alas ! thou hast no more a brother !

No longer seek him east or west,  
No longer search the forest thorough,  
For, murdered in the night so dark,  
He lies a lifeless corpse in Yarrow !

The tears shall never leave my cheek,  
No other youth shall be my marrow ;  
I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
And there with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow !

The tear did never leave her cheek,  
No other youth became her marrow ;  
She found his body in the stream,  
And with him now she sleeps in Yarrow.

[ROBERT BLOMFIELD. 1766—1823.]

### THE BLIND CHILD.

WHERE'S the blind child, so admirably  
fair,  
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen  
hair

That waves in every breeze ? He's often  
seen

Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,  
With others matched in spirit and in size,  
Health on their cheeks and rapture in  
their eyes.

That full expanse of voice to childhood  
dear,

[here :  
Soul of their sports, is duly cherished  
And hark, that laugh is his, that jovial cry ;  
He hears the ball and trundling hoop  
brush by,

And runs the giddy course with all his  
might,

A very child in everything but sight ;  
With circumscribed, but not abated  
powers,

Play, the great object of his infant hours.  
In many a game he takes a noisy part,  
And shows the native gladness of his  
heart ;

But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,  
new suggestion and the quick assent ;

The grove invites, delight fills every  
breast—

To leap the ditch, and seek the downy  
nest,

Away they start ; leave balls and hoops  
behind,

And one companion leave—the boy is  
blind !

His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,  
That childish fortitude awhile gives way :  
He feels his dreadful loss ; yet short the  
pain,

Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again,  
Pondering how best his moments to em-  
ploy

He sings his little songs of nameless joy ;  
Creeps on the warm green turf for many  
an hour,

And plucks by chance the white and  
yellow flower ;

Smoothing their stems while, resting on  
his knees,

He binds a nosegay which he never sees ;  
Along the homeward path then feels his  
way,

Lifting his brow against the shining day,  
And with a playful rapture round his eyes.  
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

### A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

NEGLECTED now the early daisy lies ;  
Nor thou, pale primrose, bloom'st the  
only prize ;

Advancing Spring profusely spreads  
abroad

Flowers of all hues, with sweetest fragrance  
stored ;

Where'er she treads, love gladdens every  
plain,

Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train ;  
Sweet hope with conscious brow before  
her flies,

Anticipating wealth from Summer skies ;  
All nature feels her renovating sway ;  
The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow  
gay ;

And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding  
seen,

[green ;  
Display the new-grown branch of lighter  
On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,  
And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies

Here, then, my soul, thy darling theme pursue,  
 For every day was Giles a shepherd too.

Small was his charge: no wilds had they to roam:  
 But bright inclosures circling round their home. [thorn,  
 No yellow-blossomed furze, nor stubborn  
 The heath's rough produce, had their fleeces torn:  
 Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,  
 Enchanting spirit, dear variety!  
 O happy tenants, prisoners of a day!  
 Released to ease, to pleasure, and to play;  
 Indulged through every field by turns to range,  
 And taste them all in one continual change.

For though luxuriant their grassy food,  
 Sheep long confined but loathe the present good;  
 Bleating around the homeward gate they meet,  
 And starve, and pine, with plenty at their feet.

Loosed from the winding lane, a joyful throng,  
 See, o'er yon pasture, how they pour along!  
 Giles round their boundaries takes his usual stroll;  
 Sees every pass secured, and fences whole;  
 High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,  
 Where many a nestling first essays to fly;  
 Where blows the woodbine, faintly streaked with red,  
 And rests on every bough its tender head;  
 Round the young ash its twining branches meet,  
 Or crown the hawthorn with its odours sweet.

There is a temple, one not made with hands—  
 The vaulted firmament: Far in the woods,  
 Almost beyond the sound of city chime,  
 At intervals heard through the breezeless air;  
 When not the limberest leaf is seen to move, [spray;  
 Save where the linnet lights upon the  
 When not a floweret bends its little stalk,  
 Save where the bee alights upon the bloom;—  
 There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,  
 The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon;  
 Silence his praise; his disembodied thoughts,  
 Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend  
 Beyond the empyrean—  
 Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,  
 The Sabbath-service of the shepherd-boy!  
 In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled  
 To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,  
 Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry, [son;  
 Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's  
 Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,  
 And wonders why he weeps; the volume closed,  
 With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings  
 The sacred lays, his weekly lesson, conned  
 With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,  
 Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth  
 Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.  
 Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,  
 The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,  
 Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands  
 Returning homeward from the house of prayer.

[JAMES GRAHAM. 1765—1811.]

### THE WORSHIP OF GOD, IN THE SOLITUDE OF THE WOODS.

It is not only in the sacred fane  
 That homage should be paid to the Most High;

[RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. 1751—1816.]

### HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,  
 I ne'er could injure you;

For though your tongue no promise claimed, [SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS. 1774]

Your charms would make me true :  
To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
No stranger offer wrong;  
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
And lovers in the young.

For when they learn that you have blest  
Another with your heart,  
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
And act a brother's part;  
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,  
Nor fear to suffer wrong;  
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
And lovers in the young.

#### LOVE FOR LOVE.

I NE'ER could any lustre see  
In eyes that would not look on me;  
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,  
But where my own did hope to sip.  
Has the maid who seeks my heart  
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art?  
I will own the colour true,  
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?  
I must press it, to be sure;  
Nor can I be certain then,  
Till it, grateful, press again.  
Must I, with attentive eye,  
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?  
I will do so, when I see  
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

[ANONYMOUS. 1782.]

#### FAIR ROSALIND.

FAIR Rosalind in woful wise  
Six hearts has bound in thiall;  
As yet she undetermined lies  
Which she her spouse shall call.  
Wretched, and only wretched he  
To whom that lot shall fall;  
For if her heart aright I see,  
She means to please them all.

#### DEAR BETTY.

DEAR Betty, come give me sweet kisses,  
For sweeter no girl ever gave;  
But why, in the midst of our blisses,  
Do you ask me how many I'd have?  
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure;  
Then prithee, dear Betty, be kind;  
For as I love thee beyond measure,  
To numbers I'll not be confined.

Count the bees that on Hybla are  
straying,  
Count the flowers that enamel the  
fields, [playing,  
Count the flocks that on Tempe are  
Or the grain that each Sicily yields;  
Count how many stars are in heaven,  
Go reckon the sands on the shore;  
And when so many kisses you've given,  
I still will be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,  
A heart that, dear Betty, is thine;  
In my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,  
And curl round thy neck like a vine.  
What joy can be greater than this is?  
My life on thy lips shall be spent;  
But those who can number their kisses,  
Will always with few be content.

[HENRY KIRKE WHITE. 1785—1806.]

#### CHILDHOOD.

PICTURED in memory's mellowing glass  
how sweet  
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet;  
To roam in fancy in each cherished scene,  
The village churchyard, and the village  
green. [glade,  
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood  
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's  
shade,  
The whitewashed cottage, where the wood  
bine grew,  
And all the favourite haunts our childhood  
knew!  
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the  
gaze,  
To view the unclouded skies of former  
days!

Beloved age of innocence and smiles,  
When each winged hour some new delight  
beguiles,

When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-  
spring true,

Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.  
Blest Childhood, hail!—Thee simply will  
I sing,

And from myself the artless picture bring;  
These long-lost scenes to me the past  
restore,

Each humble friend, each *pleasure*, now  
no more,

And every stump familiar to my sight,  
Recalls some fond idea of delight.

This shrubby knoll was once my favourite  
seat;

Here did I love at evening to retreat,  
And muse alone, till in the vault of night,  
Hesper, aspiring, show'd his golden light.  
Here once again, remote from human  
noise,

I sit me down to think of former joys;  
Pause on each scene, each treasured scene,  
once more,

And once again each infant walk explore,  
While as each grove and lawn I recognise,  
My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

#### THE EVENING WALK OF YOUTHFUL FRIENDS.

At evening too, how pleasing was our  
walk,

Endeared by Friendship's unrestrained  
talk,

When to the upland heights we bent our  
To view the last beam of departing day;  
How calm was all around! no playful  
breeze

Sighed 'mid the wavy foliage of the trees,  
But all was still, save when, with drowsy  
song,

The grey-fly wound his sullen horn along;  
And save when heard in soft, yet merry  
glee,

The distant church-bells' mellow har-  
mony;

The silver mirror of the lucid brook,  
That 'mid the tufted broom its still course  
took;

The rugged arch, that clasped its silent  
sides,

With moss and rank weeds hanging down  
its sides:

The craggy rock, that battened on the sight;  
The shrieking bat, that took its heavy  
flight;

All, all was pregnant with divine delight.  
We loved to watch the swallow swimming  
high,

In the bright azure of the vaulted sky;  
Or gaze upon the clouds, whose coloured  
pride

Was scattered thinly o'er the welkin wide,  
And tinged with such variety of shade,  
To the charmed soul sublimest thoughts  
conveyed.

In these what forms romantic did we  
trace,

While fancy led us o'er the realms of  
space!

Now we espied the thunderer in his car,  
Leading the embattled seraphim to war.  
Then stately towers descended, sublimely  
high,

In Gothic grandeur frowning on the sky—  
Or saw, wide stretching o'er the azure  
height,

A ridge of glaciers in mural white,  
Hugely terrific.—But those times are o'er,  
And the fond scene can charm mine eyes  
no more;

For thou art gone, and I am left below,  
Alone to struggle through this world of  
woe.

#### THE DAME-SCHOOL.

HERE first I entered, though with toil and  
pain,

The low vestibule of learning's fare:  
Entered with pain, yet soon I found the  
way,

Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet  
display.

Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,  
When I was first to school reluctant  
borne;

Severe I thought the dame, though oft  
she tried

To soothe my swelling spirits when I  
sighed;

And oft, when harshly she reproved, I Mouldering in holes and corners un-  
 wept, observed,  
 To my lone corner brokenhearted crept, Till the last trump shall break their sullen  
 And thought of tender home, where anger sleep.  
 never kept.

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,  
 Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;  
 First at the form, my task for ever true,  
 A little favourite rapidly I grew:  
 And oft she stroked my head with fond  
 delight,  
 Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;  
 And as she gave my diligence its praise,  
 Talked of the honours of my future days.

## NIGHT.

BEHOLD the world  
 Rests, and her tired inhabitants have  
 paused  
 From trouble and turmoil. The widow  
 now  
 Has ceased to weep, and her twin orphans  
 lie  
 Locked in each arm, partakers of her rest.  
 The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;  
 The outcast that his head is shelterless,  
 His griefs unshared.—The mother tends  
 no more  
 Her daughter's dying slumbers, but, sur-  
 prised  
 With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,  
 Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic,  
 lulled  
 On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions  
 wrapt,  
 Crowning with hope's bland wreath his  
 shuddering nurse,  
 Poor victim! smiles.—Silence and deep  
 repose  
 Reign o'er the nations; and the warning  
 voice  
 Of nature utters audibly within  
 The general moral:—tells us that repose,  
 Deathlike as this, but of far longer span,  
 Is coming on us—that the weary crowds  
 Who now enjoy a temporary calm,  
 Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapt  
 around  
 With grave-clothes; and their aching,  
 restless heads

## THE FUTILITY OF FAME.

WHERE are the heroes of the ages past?  
 Where the brave chieftains, where the  
 mighty ones  
 Who flourished in the infancy of days?  
 All to the grave gone down. On their  
 fallen fame  
 Exulting, mocking at the pride of man,  
 Sits grim *Forgetfulness*.—The warrior's  
 arm  
 Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;  
 Hushed is his stormy voice, and quenched  
 the blaze  
 Of his red eye-ball.—Yesterday his name  
 Was mighty on the earth.—To-day—'tis  
 what?  
 The meteor of the night of distant years,  
 That flashed unnoticed, save by wrinkled  
 old,  
 Musing at midnight upon prophecies,  
 Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam  
 Point to the mist-poised shroud, then  
 quietly  
 Closed her pale lips, and locked the  
 secret up  
 Safe in the charnel's treasures.

O how weak  
 Is mortal man! how trifling—how con-  
 fined  
 His scope of vision. Puffed with con-  
 fidence,  
 His phrase grows big with immortality,  
 And he, poor insect of a summer's day,  
 Dreams of eternal honours to his name;  
 Of endless glory and perennial bays.  
 He idly reasons of eternity,  
 As of the train of ages,—when, alas!  
 Ten thousand thousand of his centuries  
 Are, in comparison a little point,  
 Too trivial for accompt.—O it is  
 strange,  
 'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies;  
 Behold him proudly view some pompous  
 pile,  
 Whose high dome swells to emulate the

And smile and say, my name shall live  
 with this  
 'Till Time shall be no more; while at  
 his feet,  
 Yea, at his very feet the crumbling  
 dust  
 Of the fallen fabric of the other day,  
 Preaches the solemn lesson—he *should*  
 know,  
 That time must conquer; that the loudest  
 blast  
 That ever filled Renown's obstreperous  
 trumpet,  
 Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.  
 Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom  
 Of the gigantic pyramid? or who  
 Reared its huge walls? Oblivion laughs  
 and says,  
 The prey is mine.—They sleep, and never  
 more  
 Their names shall strike upon the ear of  
 man,  
 Their memory burst its fetters.

### THE CITIES OF THE PAST.

WHERE is *Rome*?

She lives but in the tale of other  
 times;  
 Her proud pavilions are the hermit's  
 home;  
 And her long colonnades, her public  
 walks,  
 Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet  
 Who comes to muse to solitude, and  
 trace,  
 Through the rank moss revealed, her  
 honoured dust.  
 But not to Rome alone has fate con-  
 fined  
 The doom of ruin; cities number-  
 less,  
 Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and  
 Troy,  
 d rich Phœnicia—they are blotted  
 out,  
 Half-razed from memory, and their very  
 name  
 And being in dispute.

### A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE.

WHERE now is Britain?—Where her  
 laurell'd names,  
 Her palaces and halls? Dashed in the  
 dust.  
 Some second Vandal hath reduced her  
 pride,  
 And with one big recoil hath thrown her  
 back  
 To primitive barbarity.—Again,  
 Through her depopulated vales, the  
 scream  
 Of bloody superstition hollow rings,  
 And the scared native to the tempest  
 howls  
 The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,  
 Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and  
 the cry  
 Of the low curlew, and the pensive Goshawk  
 Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.  
 Even as the savage sits upon the stone  
 That marks where stood her capitols, and  
 hears  
 The bittern booming in the weeds, he  
 shrinks  
 From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards  
 Sing in a language that hath perished;  
 And their wild harps, suspended o'er  
 their graves,  
 Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.  
 Meanwhile the arts, in second infancy,  
 Rise in some distant clime, and then per-  
 chance  
 Some bold adventurer, filled with golden  
 dreams,  
 Steering his bark through trackless  
 solitudes,  
 Where, to his wandering thoughts, no  
 daring prow  
 Hath ever ploughed before,—espies the  
 cliffs  
 Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown  
 He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries  
 Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;  
 Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his  
 mind  
 Of the unheard of race, which had arrived  
 At science in that solitary nook,  
 Far from the civil world: and sagely  
 sighs  
 And moralizes on the state of man.



## THE PAST ETERNITY.

OH it is fearful, on the midnight couch,  
 When the rude rushing winds forget to  
   rave,  
 And the pale moon, that through the  
   casement high  
 Surveys the sleepless muser, stamps the  
   hour  
 Of utter silence, it is fearful then  
 To steer the mind, in deadly solitude,  
 Up the vague stream of probability :  
 To wind the mighty secrets of the *past*,  
 And turn the key of time !—Oh who can  
   strive  
 To comprehend the vast, the awful truth,  
 Of the *eternity that hath gone by*,  
 And not recoil from the dismaying sense  
 Of human impotence ? The life of man  
 Is summed in birth-days and in sepulchres ;  
 But the Eternal God had no beginning ;  
 He hath no end. Time had been with  
   him  
 For *everlasting*, ere the dædal world  
 Rose from the gulf in loveliness.—Like  
   him  
 It knew no source, like him 'twas un-  
   create.  
 What is it then ? The past Eternity !  
 We comprehend a *future* without end ;  
 We feel it possible that even yon sun  
 May roll for ever ; but we shrink amazed—  
 We stand aghast, when we reflect that  
   Time  
 Knew no commencement.—That heap  
   age on age,  
 And million upon million, without end,  
 And we shall never span the void of days  
 That were, and are not but in retrospect.  
 The Past is an unfathomable depth,  
 Beyond the span of thought ; 'tis an  
   elapse  
 Which hath no mensuration, but hath  
   been  
 For ever and for ever.

## THE FUTURE ETERNITY.

Now look on man  
 Myriads of ages hence. — Hath time  
   elapsed ?  
 Is he not standing in the self-same place

Where once we stood ?—The same Eter-  
   nity  
 Hath gone before him, and is yet to  
   come :  
 His *past* is not of longer span than ours,  
 Though myriads of ages intervened ;  
 For who can add to what has neither  
   sum,  
 Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor  
   end ?  
 Oh, who can compass the Almighty  
   mind ?  
 Who can unlock the secrets of the High !  
 In speculations of an altitude  
 Sublime as this, our reason stands confest  
 Foolish, and insignificant, and mean.  
 Who can apply the futile argument  
 Of finite beings to infinity ?  
 He might as well compress the universe  
 Into the hollow compass of a gourd,  
 Scooped out by human art ; or bid the  
   whale  
 Drink up the sea it swims in.—Can the  
   less  
 Contain the greater ? or the dark obscure  
 Infold the glories of meridian day ?  
 What does philosophy impart to man  
 But undiscovered wonders ?—Let her  
   soar  
 Even to her proudest heights,—to where  
   she caught  
 The soul of Newton and of Socrates,  
 She but extends the scope of wild amaze  
 And admiration. All her lessons end  
 In wider views of God's unfathomed  
   depths.

MAN'S LITTLENES IN PRE-  
SENCE OF THE STARS.

THOU, proud man, look upon yon starry  
   vault,  
 Survey the countless gems which richly  
   stud  
 The night's imperial chariot ;—Telescopes  
 Will show the myriads more, innumerable  
 As the sea-sand ;—each of those little  
   lamps  
 Is the great source of light, the central  
   sun  
 Round which some other mighty sister-  
   hood

Of planets travel,—every planet stocked  
 With living beings impotent as thee.  
 Now, proud man—now, where is thy  
 greatness fled?  
 What art thou in the scale of universe?  
 Less, less than nothing!

### IRRESISTIBLE TIME.

REAR thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit,  
 rear  
 Thy flag on high!—Invincible, and  
 throned  
 In unparticipated might. Behold  
 Earth's proudest boast, beneath thy silent  
 sway,  
 Sweep headlong to destruction, thou the  
 while,  
 Unmoved and heedless, thou dost hear  
 the rush  
 Of mighty generations, as they pass  
 To the broad gulf of ruin, and dost stamp  
 Thy signet on them, and they rise no  
 more.  
 Who shall contend with Time—un-  
 vanquished Time,  
 The conqueror of conquerors, and lord  
 Of desolation?—Lo! the shadows fly,  
 The hours and days, and years and cen-  
 turies,  
 They fly, they fly, and nations rise and  
 fail.  
 The young are old, the old are in their  
 graves.  
 Heardst thou that shout? It rent the  
 vaulted skies;  
 It was the voice of people,—mighty  
 crowds,—  
 Again! 'tis hushed—Time speaks, and  
 all is hushed;  
 In the vast multitude now reigns alone  
 Unruffled solitude. They all are still;  
 All—yea, the whole—the incalculable  
 mass,  
 Still as the ground that clasps their cold

Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit, rear  
 Thy flag on high; and glory in thy  
 strength.  
 But do thou know, the season yet shall  
 come,

When from its base thine adamantine  
 throne  
 Shall tumble; when thine arm shall cease  
 to strike,  
 Thy voice forget its petrifying power;  
 When sons shall shout, and *Time shall*  
*be no more.*  
 Yea, He doth come—the mighty champion  
 comes,  
 Whose potent spear shall give thee thy  
 death-wound,  
 Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors,  
 And desolate stern desolation's lord.  
 Lo! where He cometh! the Messiah  
 comes!  
 The King! the Comforter! the Christ!  
 --He comes  
 To burst the bonds of death, and over-  
 turn  
 The power of Time.

### SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

AND canst thou, Mother, for a moment  
 think  
 That we, thy children, when old age  
 shall shed  
 Its blanching honours on thy weary  
 head,  
 Could from our best of duties ever  
 shrink?  
 Sooner the sun from his high sphere  
 should sink  
 Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that  
 day,  
 To pine in solitude thy life away,  
 Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's  
 cold brink.  
 Banish the thought!—where'er our steps  
 may roam,  
 O'er smiling plains, or wastes without  
 a tree,  
 Still will fond memory point our hearts  
 to thee,  
 And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful  
 home;  
 While duty bids us all thy griefs as-  
 suage,  
 And smooth the pillow of thy sinking  
 age.

## SECLUSION.

SWEET to the gay of heart is Summer's  
 smile,  
 Sweet the wild music of the laughing  
 Spring;  
 But ah! my soul far other scenes beguile,  
 Where gloomy storms their sullen  
 shadows fling.  
 Is it for me to strike the Idalian string—  
 Raise the soft music of the warbling  
 wire,  
 While in my ears the howls of furies ring,  
 And melancholy wastes the vital fire?  
 Away with thoughts like these. To some  
 lone cave  
 Where howls the shrill blast, and where  
 sweeps the wave,  
 Direct my steps; there, in the lonely  
 drear,  
 I'll sit remote from worldly noise, and  
 muse  
 Till through my soul shall Peace her  
 balm infuse,  
 And whisper sounds of comfort in mine  
 ear.

## THE POET.

QUICK o'er the wintry waste dart fiery  
 shafts—  
 Bleak blows the blast—now howls—  
 then faintly dies—  
 And oft upon its awful wings it wafts  
 The dying wanderer's distant, feeble  
 cries.  
 Now, when athwart the gloom gaunt  
 horror stalks,  
 And midnight hags their damned vigils  
 hold,  
 The pensive poet 'mid the wild waste  
 walks,  
 And ponders on the ill's life's paths un-  
 fold.  
 Mindless of dangers hovering round, he  
 goes,  
 Insensible to every outward ill;  
 Yet oft his bosom heaves with rending  
 throes,  
 And oft big tears adown his worn  
 cheek's trill.  
 Ah! 'tis the anguish of a mental sore,  
 Which gnaws his heart and bids him  
 hope no more.

## TO CONTEMPLATION.

COME, pensive sage, who lovest to dwell  
 In some retired Laponian cell,  
 Where far from noise, and riot rude,  
 Resides sequestered solitude.  
 Come, and o'er my longing soul  
 Throw thy dark and russet stole,  
 And open to my duteous eyes  
 The volume of thy mysteries.

I will meet thee on the hill,  
 Where, with printless footstep still,  
 The morning in her buskin grey  
 Springs upon her eastern way;  
 While the frolic zephyrs stir,  
 Playing with the gossamer,  
 And, on ruder pinions borne,  
 Shake the dew-drops from the thorn.  
 There, as o'er the fields we pass,  
 Brushing with hasty feet the grass,  
 We will startle from her nest,  
 The lively lark with speckled breast,  
 And hear the floating clouds among  
 Her gale-transported matin song,  
 Or on the upland stile embowered,  
 With fragrant hawthorn snowy flowered,  
 Will sauntering sit, and listen still,  
 To the herdsman's oaten quill,  
 Wafted from the plain below;  
 Or the heifer's frequent low;  
 Or the milkmaid in the grove,  
 Singing of one that died for love.  
 Or when the noontide heats oppress,  
 We will seek the dark recess,  
 Where, in the embowered translucent  
 stream,  
 The cattle shun the sultry beam,  
 And o'er us, on the marge reclined,  
 The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,  
 While echo, from her ancient oak,  
 Shall answer to the woodman's stroke,  
 Or the little peasant's song,  
 Wandering lone the glens among,  
 His artless lip with berries dyed,  
 And feet through ragged shoes descried

But, oh, when evening's virgin queen  
 Sits on her fringed throne serene,  
 And mingling whispers rising near,  
 Steal on the still reposing ear;  
 While distant brooks decaying round,  
 Augment the mixed dissolving sound,

And the zephyr flitting by,  
 Whispers mystic harmony,  
 We will seek the woody lane,  
 By the hamlet, on the plain,  
 Where the weary rustic nigh,  
 Shall whistle his wild melody,  
 And the croaking wicket oft  
 Shall echo from the neighbouring croft ;  
 And as we trace the green path lone,  
 With moss and rank weeds overgrown,  
 We will muse on pensive lore,  
 Till the full soul brimming o'er,  
 Shall in our upturned eyes appear,  
 Embodied in a quivering tear ;  
 Or else, serenely silent, sit  
 By the brawling rivulet,  
 Which on its calm unruffled breast,  
 Rears the old mossy arch impressed,  
 That clasps its secret stream of glass ;  
 Half hid in shrubs and waving grass,  
 The wood-nymph's lone secure retreat,  
 Unpressed by fawn or sylvan's feet,  
 We'll watch in Eve's ethereal braid,  
 The rich vermilion slowly fade ;  
 Or catch, faint twinkling from afar,  
 The first glimpse of the eastern star,  
 Fair vesper, mildest lamp of light,  
 That heralds in imperial night :  
 Meanwhile, upon our wondering ear,  
 Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear,  
 The distant sounds of pastoral lute,  
 Invoking soft the sober suit  
 Of dimmest darkness—fitting well  
 With love, or sorrow's pensive spell,  
 (So erst did music's silver tone,  
 Wake slumbering chaos on his throne ;)  
 And haply, then, with sudden swell,  
 Shall roar the distant curfew bell,  
 While in the castle's mouldering tower,  
 The hooting owl is heard to pour  
 Her melancholy song, and scare  
 Dull silence brooding in the air.  
 Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering  
 car,  
 Black-suited night drives on from far,  
 And Cynthia's merging from her rear,  
 Arrests the waxing darkness drear,  
 And summons to her silent call  
 Sweeping in their airy pall,  
 The unshrived ghosts, in fairy trance,  
 To join her moonshine morrice-dance ;  
 While around the mystic ring,  
 The shadowy shapes elastic spring.

Then with a passing shriek they fly,  
 Wrapt in mists along the sky,  
 And oft are by the shepherd seen,  
 In his lone night-watch on the green.

Then, hermit, let us turn our feet,  
 To the low Abbey's still retreat,  
 Embowered in the distant glen,  
 Far from the haunts of busy men,  
 Where, as we sit upon the tomb,  
 The glow-worm's light may gild the  
 gloom,

And show to fancy's saddest eye,  
 Where some lost hero's ashes lie.  
 And oh, as through the mouldering arch,  
 With ivy filled and weeping larch,  
 The night gale whispers sadly clear,  
 Speaking dear things to fancy's ear,  
 We'll hold communion with the shade,  
 Of some deep-wailing ruined maid—  
 Or call the ghost of Spenser down,  
 To tell of woe and fortune's frown ;  
 And bid us cast the eye of hope,  
 Beyond this bad world's narrow scope.

Or if these joys to us denied,  
 To linger by the forest's side,  
 Or in the meadow or the wood,  
 Or by the lone romantic flood,  
 Let us in the busy town,  
 When sleep's dull streams the people  
 drown,

Far from drowsy pillows flee,  
 And turn the church's massy key ;  
 Then, as through the painted glass,  
 The moon's pale beams obscurely pass,  
 And darkly on the trophied wall,  
 Her faint ambiguous shadows fall ;  
 Let us, while the faint winds wail,  
 Through the long reluctant aisle,  
 As we pace with reverence meet,  
 Count the echoings of our feet ;  
 While from the tombs, with confessed  
 breath,

Distinct responds the voice of death.  
 If thou, mild sage, wilt condescend,  
 Thus on my footsteps to attend,  
 To thee my lonely lamp shall burn,  
 By fallen Genius' sainted urn !  
 As o'er the scroll of Time I pour,  
 And sagely spell of ancient lore.  
 Till I can rightly guess of all  
 That Plato could to memory ca

And scan the formless views of things,  
Or with old Egypt's fettered kings,  
Arrange the mystic trains that shine  
In night's high philosophic mine ;  
And to thy name shall e'er belong  
The honours of undying song.

Is it without a thorn ?  
With all thy smiles,  
And witching wiles,  
Yet not unfrequent bitterness thy mourn-  
ful sway defiles.

## v.

## ODE TO THOUGHT.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

## I.

HENCE away, vindictive Thought !  
Thy pictures are of pain ;  
The visions through thy dark eye  
caught,  
They with no gentle charms are  
fraught,  
So prithee back again.  
I would not weep,  
I wish to sleep,  
Then why, thou busy foe, with me thy  
vigils keep ?

## II.

Whydost o'er bed and couch recline ?  
Is this thy new delight ?  
Pale visitant, it is not thine  
To keep thy sentry through the mine,  
The dark vault of the night :  
'Tis thine to die,  
While o'er the eye,  
The dews of slumber press, and waking  
sorrows fly.

## III.

Go thou and bide with him who  
guides  
His bark through lonely seas ;  
And as, reclining on his helm,  
Sadly he marks the starry realm,  
To him thou mayst bring ease ;  
But thou to me  
Art misery,  
So prithee, prithee plume thy wings and  
from my pillow flee.

## IV.

And Memory, pray what art thou ?  
Art thou of pleasure born ?  
Does bliss untainted from thee flow ?  
The rose that gems thy pensive brow,

The drowsy night-watch has forgot  
To call the solemn hour ;  
Lulled by the winds he slumbers  
deep,  
While I in vain, capricious sleep,  
Invoke thy tardy power ;  
And restless lie,  
With unclosed eye,  
And count the tedious hours as slow they  
minute by.

## TO A TAPER.

'Tis midnight.—On the globe dead  
slumber sits,  
And all is silence—in the hour of sleep ;  
Save when the hollow gust, that swells  
by fits,  
In the dark wood roars fearfully and  
deep.  
I wake alone to listen and to weep,  
To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon  
burn ;  
And, as still memory does her vigils keep,  
To think of days that never can return.  
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,  
My eye surveys the solitary gloom ;  
And the sad meaning tear, unmixed with  
dread,  
Tells thou dost light me to the silent  
tomb.  
Like thee I wane ;—like thine my life's  
last ray  
Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

## DESPONDENCY.

YES, 'twill be over soon.—This sickly  
dream  
Of life will vanish from my feverish  
brain ;  
And death my wearied spirit will redeem  
From this wild region of unvaried pain.

Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—  
 Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow,—  
 Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar,  
 When Henry's name is heard no more below.  
 I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,  
 They laugh in health, and future evils brave;  
 Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,  
 While I am mouldering in my silent grave.  
 God of the just,—Thou gavest the bitter cup;  
 I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

## TO CONSUMPTION.

GENTLY, most gently, on thy victim's head,  
 Consumption, lay thine hand!—let me decay,  
 Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,  
 And softly go to slumber with the dead.  
 And if 'tis true what holy men have said,  
 That strains angelic oft foretell the day  
 Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,  
 O let the aerial music round my bed,  
 Dissolving sad in dying symphony,  
 Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear;  
 That I may bid my weeping friends good-bye,  
 Ere I depart upon my journey drear:  
 And smiling faintly on the painful past,  
 Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

## THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

GOD help thee, Traveller, on thy journey far;  
 The wind is bitter keen,—the snow o'erlays  
 The hidden pits, and dangerous hollow  
 And darkness will involve thee.—No kind star  
 To-night will guide thee, Traveller,—and the war

Of winds and elements on thy head will break,  
 And in thy agonizing ear the shriek,  
 Of spirits howling on their stormy car,  
 Will often ring appalling—I portend  
 A dismal night—and on my wakeful bed  
 Thoughts, Traveller, of thee, will fill my head,  
 And him, who rides where wind and waves contend,  
 And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide  
 His lonely bark through the tempestuous tide.

"I AM PLEASED, AND YET I'M SAD."

WHEN twilight steals along the ground:  
 And all the bells are ringing round,  
 One, two, three, four, and five;  
 I at my study window sit,  
 And wrapt in many a musing fit,  
 To bliss am all alive.

But though impressions calm and sweet,  
 Thrill round my heart a holy heat,  
 And I am inly glad;  
 The tear-drop stands in either eye,  
 And yet I cannot tell thee why,  
 I am pleased, and yet I'm sad.

The silvery rack that flies away,  
 Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,  
 Does that disturb my breast?  
 Nay what have I, a studious man,  
 To do with life's unstable plan,  
 Or pleasure's fading vest?

## IV.

Is it that here I must not stop,  
 But o'er yon blue hills' woody top,  
 Must bend my lonely way?  
 Now, surely no, for give but me  
 My own fire-side, and I shall be  
 At home where'er I stray.

Then is it that yon steeple there,  
With music sweet shall fill the air,  
When thou no more canst hear?  
Oh no! oh no! for then forgiven,  
I shall be with my God in Heaven,  
Released from every fear.

## VI.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,  
But there is some mysterious spell  
That holds me when I'm glad;  
And so the tear-drop fills my eye,  
When yet in truth I know not why,  
Or wherefore I am sad.

## SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,  
That bids this silent tear to flow;  
It is not grief that bids me moan,  
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,  
When the tired hedger hies him home;  
Or by the woodland pool to rest,  
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,  
With hallowed airs and symphonies,  
My spirit takes another tone,  
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead,  
It floats upon the water's bed;  
I would not be a leaf, to die  
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden  
wail,  
Tell all the same unvaried tale;  
I've none to smile when I am free,  
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,  
That thinks on me and loves me too;  
I start, and when the vision's flown,  
I weep that I am all alone.

## ODE TO THE HARVEST MOON.

MOON of harvest, herald mild  
Of plenty, rustic labour's child,  
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,  
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,  
And gilds the straw-thatched hamlet  
wide,  
Where innocence and peace reside;  
'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic  
throng,  
Promptest the tripping dance, th' exhi-  
lating song.

Moon of harvest, I do love  
O'er the uplands now to rove,  
While thy modest ray serene  
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;  
And to watch thee riding high  
In the blue vault of the sky,  
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy  
ray,  
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on  
thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, O modest moon!  
Now the night is at her noon,  
Neath thy sway to musing lie,  
While around the zephyrs sigh,  
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,  
Ripened by the summer's heat;  
Picturing all the rustic's joy  
When boundless plenty greets his  
eye,

And thinking soon,  
Oh, modest moon!  
How many a female eye will roam  
Along the road,  
To see the load,  
The last dear load of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and  
rains,  
Stern despoilers of the plains,  
Hence away, the season flee,  
Foes to light-heart jollity;  
May no winds careering high,  
Drive the clouds along the sky;  
But may all nature smile with aspect  
boon,  
When in the heavens thou show'st thy  
face, oh, Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,  
 The husbandman, with sleep-seal'd  
   eyes;  
 He dreams of crowded barns, and  
   round  
 The yard he hears the flail re-  
   sound;  
 Oh! may no hurricane destroy  
 His visionary views of joy:  
 God of the winds! oh, hear his humble  
   prayer,  
 And while the moon of harvest shines,  
   thy blustering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you  
 Leave I sleep's dull power to woo:  
 Press ye still the downy bed,  
 While feverish dreams surround your  
   head;  
 I will seek the woodland glade,  
 Penetrate the thickest shade,  
 Wrapt in contemplation's dreams,  
 Musing high on holy themes,  
   While on the gale  
   Shall softly sail  
 The nightingale's enchanting tune,  
   And o'er my eyes  
   Shall grateful rise  
 To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

I've passed here many a lonely year,  
 And never human voice have heard:  
 I've passed here many a lonely year  
   A solitary man.

And I have lingered in the shade,  
 From sultry noon's hot beam. And I  
 Have knelt before my wicker door,  
   To sing my evening song.

And I have hailed the grey morn high,  
 On the blue mountain's misty brow,  
 And tried to tune my little reed  
   To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,  
 At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet  
 As when upon the ocean shore  
   I hailed thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,  
 The moon it whispers not of peace,  
 But oh! when darkness robes the heavens,  
   My woes are mixed with joy.

And then I talk, and often think  
 Aerial voices answer me;  
 And oh! I am not then alone—  
   A solitary man.

### THE SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S SONG.

TO THE NIGHT.

THOU, spirit of the spangled night!  
 I woo thee from the watch-tower high,  
 Where thou dost sit to guide the bark  
   Of lonely manner.

The winds are whistling o'er the  
   wolds,  
 The distant main is moaning low;  
 Come, let us sit and weave a song—  
   A melancholy song!

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,  
 And sweet the noontide's fervid beam,  
 But sweeter far the solemn calm  
   That marks thy mournful reign,

And when the blustering winter winds  
 Howl in the woods that clothe my  
   cave,  
 I lay me on my lonely mat,  
   And pleasant are my dreams.

And Fancy gives me back my wife;  
 And Fancy gives me back my child;  
 She gives me back my little home,  
   And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour,  
 That calls me from the dream of bliss,  
 To find myself still lone, and hear  
   The same dull sounds again.

The deep-toned winds, the moaning  
   sea,  
 The whispering of the boding trees,  
 The brook's eternal flow, and oft  
   The Conjuror's hollow scream.



## CLIFTON GROVE.

Lo! in the west, fast fades the lingering  
 light,  
 And day's last vestige takes its silent  
 flight.  
 No more is heard the woodman's measured  
 stroke  
 Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle  
 broke ;  
 No more, hoarse clamouring o'er the up-  
 lifted head,  
 The crows, assembling, seek their wind-  
 rock'd bed.  
 Stilled is the village hum—the woodland  
 sounds  
 Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy  
 grounds,  
 And general silence reigns, save when  
 below,  
 The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard  
 to flow ;  
 And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic  
 late,  
 Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring  
 gate :  
 Or, when the sheep bell, in the distant  
 vale,  
 Breathes its wild music on the downy  
 gale.  
 Now, when the rustic wears the social  
 smile,  
 Released from day and its attendant toil,  
 And draws his household round their  
 evening fire,  
 And tells the oft-told tales that never  
 tire :  
 Or, where the town's blue turrets dimly  
 rise,  
 And manufacture taints the ambient  
 skies,  
 The pale mechanic leaves the labouring  
 loom,  
 The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,  
 And rushes out, impatient to begin  
 The stated course of customary sin :  
 Now, now, my solitary way I bend  
 Where solemn groves in awful state im-  
 pend,  
 And cliffs, that boldly rise above the  
 plain,  
 Bespeak, blest Clifton! thy sublime do-

Here, lonely wandering o'er the sylvan  
 bower,  
 I come to pass the meditative hour ;  
 To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,  
 And woo the calms of solitude and peace.  
 And oh! thou sacred power, who rear'st  
 on high  
 Thy leafy throne where waving poplars  
 sigh !  
 Genius of woodland shades! whose mild  
 control  
 Steals with resistless witchery to the  
 soul,  
 Come with thy wonted ardour and in-  
 spire  
 My glowing bosom with thy hallowed  
 fire.  
 And thou, too, Fancy! from thy starry  
 sphere,  
 Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st  
 thine ear,  
 Do thou descend, and bless my ravished  
 sight,  
 Veiled in soft visions of serene delight.  
 At thy command the gale that passes by  
 Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.  
 Thou wav'st thy wand, and lo! what  
 forms appear !  
 On the dark cloud what giant shapes  
 career !  
 The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,  
 And hosts of Sylphids on the moon-beam  
 sail.

IN THE MORNING BEFORE  
DAYBREAK.

YE many-twinkling stars, who yet do  
 hold  
 Your brilliant places in the sable vault  
 Of night's dominions!—Planets, and cen-  
 tral orbs  
 Of other systems!—big as the burning  
 sun,  
 Which lights this nether globe,—yet to  
 our eye,  
 Small as the glow-worm's lamp!—To you  
 I raise  
 My lowly orisons, while all bewildered,  
 My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts ;  
 Too vast, too boundless, for our narrow  
 mind,

Warped with low prejudices, to unfold,  
 And sagely comprehend. Thence higher  
 soaring,  
 Through ye, I raise my solemn thoughts  
 to him!  
 The mighty founder of this wondrous  
 maze,  
 The great Creator! Him! who now  
 sublime  
 Wrapt in the solitary amplitude  
 Of boundless space, above the rolling  
 spheres  
 Sits on his silent throne, and meditates.  
  
 The angelic hosts in their inferior Heaven,  
 Hymn to their golden harps his praise  
 sublime,  
 Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is  
 great,"  
 In varied harmonies.—The glorious sounds  
 Roll o'er the air serene—The Æolian  
 spheres,  
 Harping along their viewless boundaries,  
 Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord  
 is great,"  
 Responding to the Seraphim.—O'er all,  
 From orb to orb, to the remotest verge  
 Of the created world, the sound is borne  
 Till the whole universe is full of HIM.  
  
 Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which  
 now  
 In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,  
 And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me  
 smile  
 On the vain world, and all its bustling  
 cares,  
 And gives a shadowy glimpse of future  
 bliss.  
  
 Oh! what is man, when at ambition's  
 height,  
 What even are kings, when balanced in  
 the scale  
 Of these stupendous worlds! Almighty  
 God!  
 Thou, the dread author of these wondrous  
 works!  
 Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing  
 worm,  
 One look of kind benevolence?—Thou  
 canst:  
 For thou art full of universal love,  
  
 And in thy boundless goodness wilt im-  
 part  
 Thy beams as well to me, as to the proud,  
 The pageant insects, of a glittering hour.  
  
 Oh! when reflecting on these truths  
 sublime,  
 How insignificant do all the joys,  
 The glories, and honours of the world  
 appear!  
 How vain ambition! Why has my wake-  
 ful lamp  
 Outwatched the slow-paced night?—Why  
 on the page,  
 The schoolman's laboured page, have I  
 employed  
 The hours devoted by the world to rest,  
 And needful to recruit exhausted nature?  
 Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay  
 The loss of health? or can the hope of  
 glory,  
 Send a new throb into my languid heart,  
 Cool, even now, my feverish, aching  
 brow,  
 Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,  
 Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek?  
  
 Say, foolish one—can that unbodied Fame,  
 For which thou barterest health and hap-  
 piness,  
 Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the  
 grave?  
 Give a new zest to bliss? or chase the  
 pangs  
 Of everlasting punishment condign?  
 Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires!  
 How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God!  
 Guide thou my footsteps in the way of  
 truth,  
 And oh! assist me so to live on earth,  
 That I may die in peace, and claim a  
 place  
 In thy high dwelling.—All but this is  
 folly,  
 The vain illusions of deceitful life.

## TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

SWEET scented flower! who 'rt wont to  
 bloom  
 On January's front severe,  
 And o'er the wintry desert drear

To waft thy waste perfume !  
 Come, thou shalt form my nosegay  
 now,  
 And I will bind thee round my brow ;  
 And as I twine the mournful wreath,  
 I'll weave a melancholy song :  
 And sweet the strain shall be and long,  
 The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower ! who lov'st to  
 dwell  
 With the pale corpse in lonely tomb,  
 And throw across the desert gloom  
 A sweet decaying smell.  
 Come, press my lips, and lie with me  
 Beneath the lowly alder tree,  
 And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,  
 And not a care shall dare intrude,  
 To break the marble solitude  
 So peaceful and so deep.

And hark ! the wind-god, as he flies,  
 Moans hollow in the forest trees,  
 And sailing on the gusty breeze,  
 Mysterious music dies.  
 Sweet flower ! that requiem wild is  
 mine,  
 It warns me to the lonely shrine,  
 The cold turf altar of the dead ;  
 My grave shall be in yon lone spot,  
 Where as I lie, by all forgot,  
 A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my  
 ashes shed.

#### ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Come, Disappointment, come !  
 Not in thy terrors clad ;  
 Come in thy meekest, saddest guise ;  
 Thy chastening rod but terrifies  
 The restless and the bad.  
 But I recline  
 Beneath thy shrine,  
 And round my brow resigned, thy peace-  
 ful cypress twine.

Though Fancy flies away  
 Before thy hollow tread,  
 Yet Meditation, in her cell,  
 Hears, with faint eye, the lingering  
 knell,

That tells her hopes are dead ;  
 And though the tear  
 By chance appear,  
 Yet she can smile, and say, " My all was  
 not laid here."

Come, Disappointment, come !  
 Though from Hope's summit hurled,  
 Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,  
 For thou severe wert send from heaven  
 To wean me from the world :  
 To turn my eye  
 From vanity,  
 And point to scenes of bliss that never,  
 never die.

What is this passing scene ?  
 A peevish April day !  
 A little sun—a little rain,  
 And then night sweeps along the plain,  
 And all things fade away.  
 Man (soon discussed)  
 Yields up his trust,  
 And all his hopes and fears lie with him  
 in the dust.

O, what is beauty's power ?  
 It flourishes and dies ;  
 Will the cold earth its silence break,  
 To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek  
 Beneath its surface lies ?  
 Mute, mute is all  
 O'er Beauty's fall ;  
 Her praise resounds no more when  
 mantled in her pall.

The most beloved on earth,  
 Not long survives to-day ;  
 So music past is obsolete,  
 And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing  
 sweet,  
 But now 'tis gone away.  
 Thus does the shade  
 In memory fade,  
 When in forsaken tomb the form beloved  
 is laid.

Then since this world is vain,  
 And volatile, and fleet,  
 Why should I lay up earthly joys,  
 Where dust corrupts, and moth destroys  
 And cares and sorrows eat ?

Why fly from ill  
With anxious skill,  
When soon this hand will freeze, this  
throbbing heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!  
Thou art not stern to me;  
Sad mistress! I own thy sway,  
A votary sad in early day,  
To thee I bend my knee:  
From sun to sun  
My race will run,  
I only bow, and say, "My God, thy will  
be done!"

## TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!  
Whose modest form, so delicately fire,  
Was nursed in warring storms,  
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned  
Winter's sway,  
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the  
fight,  
Thee on this bank he threw  
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,  
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,  
Unnoticed and alone,  
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the  
storms

Of chill adversity; in some lone walk  
Of life she rears her head,  
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her  
blows

Chastens her spotless purity of breast,  
And hardens her to bear  
Serene the ills of life.

CONCLUDING STANZAS OF THE  
CHRISTIAD.

THUS far have I pursued my solemn  
theme,  
With self-rewarding toil; thus far  
have sung

Of golden deeds, far nobler than re-  
surrection

The lyre which I in early days have  
strung;

And now my spirit's faint, and I have  
hung

The shawl that soothed me in saddest  
hour,

On the dark cypress! and the strings  
which ring

With Jesus' praise, their harp-strings now  
are dead.

Or, when the breeze comes by, wailing, and  
are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep  
again?

Shall I no more reanimate the lay?

Oh! Thou who volest these us of mine,  
Thou who dost listen when the  
humble pray,

One little space prolong my mournful  
day!

One little lapse suspend thy last decree!

I am a youthful traveller in the way,  
And this slight boon would consecrate  
to thee,

Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile  
that I am free!

## SONNET TO THE RIVER TRENT.

WRITTEN ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

ONCE more, O Trent! along thy pebbly  
marge

A pensive invalid, reduced and pale,  
From the close sick-room newly let at  
large,

Woos to his wan-worn cheek the  
pleasant gale.

O! to his ear how musical the tale  
Which fills with joy the throbbing  
little throat:

And all the sounds which on the  
fresh breeze sail,

How wildly novel on his senses  
float!

It was on this that many a sleepless  
night,

As lone, he watched the taper's sickly  
gleam

And at his casement heard, with wild  
affright,  
The owl's dull wing and melancholy  
scream,  
On this he thought, this, this his sole  
desire,  
Thus once again to hear the warbling  
woodland choir.

## SONNET.

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,  
Where, far from cities, I may spend my  
days,  
And, by the beauties of the scene be-  
guiled,  
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his  
ways.  
While on the rock I mark the browsing  
goat,  
List to the mountain-torrent's distant  
noise,  
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,  
I shall not want the world's delusive  
joys:  
But with my little scrip, my book, my  
lyre,  
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet  
more;  
And when, with time, shall wane the  
vital fire,  
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,  
And lay me down to rest, where the wild  
wave  
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely  
grave.

[CHARLES DIBDIN. 1745—1814.

IF 'TIS LOVE TO WISH YOU  
NEAR.

IF 'tis love to wish you near,  
To tremble when the wind I hear,  
Because at sea you floating rove;  
If of you to dream at night,  
To languish when you're out of sight,—  
If this be loving, then I love.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,  
To ask of every tender power

That you may kind and faithful prove  
If void of falsehood and deceit,  
I feel a pleasure when we meet,—  
If this be loving, then I love.

To wish your fortune to partake,  
Determined never to forsake,  
Though low in poverty we strove;  
If, so that me your wife you'd call,  
I offer you my little all,—  
If this be loving, then I love.

## POOR JACK.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you  
see,  
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;  
A tight-water boat and good sea-room  
give me,  
And it a'n't to a little I'll strike.  
Though the tempest top-gallant mast  
smack smooth should smite,  
And shiver each splinter of wood,  
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse  
every thing tight,  
And under reefed foresail we'll scud:  
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so  
soft,  
To be taken for trifles aback;  
For they say there's a providence sits up  
aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day  
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;  
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil  
and belay;  
Why, 'twas just all as one as High  
Dutch;  
For he said how a sparrow can't founder,  
d'ye see,  
Without orders that come down below;  
And a many fine things that proved clearly  
to me  
That providence takes us in tow:  
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms  
e'er so oft  
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,  
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up  
aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I said to our Poll—for, d'ye see, she  
 would cry—  
 When last we weighed anchor for sea,  
 What argufies sniveling and piping your  
 eye?  
 Why, what a damned fool you must be!  
 Can't you see, the world's wide, and  
 there's room for us all,  
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?  
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend  
 Poil,  
 You never will hear of me more.  
 What then? All's a hazard: come, don't  
 be so soft:  
 Perhaps I may laughing come back;  
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling  
 aloft,  
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

Alas! while mountains high we go,  
 The whistling winds that scud along,  
 And surges rearing from below,  
 Shall my signal be,  
 To think on thee;  
 And this shall be my song:  
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew  
 The memory of their former lives  
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,  
 And drink their sweethearts and their  
 wives,  
 I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;  
 And as the ship rolls on the sea,  
 The burden of my song shall be—  
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every  
 inch

All as one as a piece of the ship,  
 And with her brave the world, not offering  
 to flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a-trip.  
 As for me, in all weathers, all times,  
 sides and ends,

Nought's a trouble from a duty that  
 springs,  
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's  
 my friend's,

And as for my life, 'tis the king's.  
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe  
 me so soft,

As for grief to be taken aback,  
 For the same little cherub that sits up  
 aloft

Will look out a good berth for poor  
 Jack!

### BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear,  
 The main-mast by the board;  
 My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
 And love well stored,  
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,  
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,  
 In hopes on shore  
 To be once more  
 Safe moored with thee!

### LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ship that under sail  
 Spreads her white bosom to the gale;  
 Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can;  
 Sweet to poise the labouring oar,  
 That tugs us to our native shore,  
 When the boatswain pipes the barge to  
 man;  
 Sweet sailing with a favouring breeze;  
 But, oh! much sweeter than all these,  
 Is Jack's delight—his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,  
 To shew of constancy the worth,  
 A curious lesson teaches man;  
 The needle, time may rust—a squall  
 Capsize the binnacle and all,  
 Let seamanship do all it can;  
 My love in worth shall higher rise:  
 Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize  
 My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penned  
 For serving of a worthless friend,  
 And every creature from me ran;  
 No ship performing quarantine  
 Was ever so deserted seen;  
 None hailed me—woman, child, or  
 man:  
 But though false friendship's sails were  
 furled,  
 Though cut adrift by all the world,  
 I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,  
 Love truth and merit to defend,  
 To moan their loss who hazard ran;  
 I love to take an honest part,  
 Love beauty with a spotless heart,  
 By manners love to shew the man;  
 To sail through life by honour's breeze:—  
 'Twas all along of loving these  
 First made me doat on lovely Nan.

### TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom  
 Bowling,  
 The darling of our crew;  
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
 For Death has broach'd him to.  
 His form was of the manliest beauty,  
 His heart was kind and soft;  
 Faithful below he did his duty,  
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
 His virtues were so rare;  
 His friends were many and true-hearted,  
 His Poll was kind and fair:  
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;  
 Ah, many's the time and oft!  
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
 When He, who all commands,  
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
 The word to pipe all hands.  
 Thus Death, who kings and tars dis-  
 patches,  
 In vain Tom's life has doffed;  
 For though his body's under hatches,  
 His soul is gone aloft.

### TRUE COURAGE.

WHY, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm  
 a wiping?  
 A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its  
 way;  
 'Tis nonsense for trifles, I own, to be  
 piping;  
 But they that ha'n't pity, why I pities  
 they.

Says the captain, says he (I shall never  
 forget it),  
 "If of courage you'd know, lads, the  
 true from the sham;  
 'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it;  
 But, duty appeased, 'tis in mercy a  
 lamb."

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the  
 old one not caring,—  
 Helter-skelter, to work, pelt away, cut  
 and drive;  
 Swearing he, for his part, had no notion  
 of sparing,  
 And as for a foe, why he'd eat him  
 alive.

But when that he found an old prisoner  
 he'd wounded,  
 That once saved his life as near drown-  
 ing he swam,  
 The lion was tamed, and, with pity con-  
 founded,  
 He cried over him just all as one as a  
 lamb.

That my friend Jack or Tom I should  
 rescue from danger,  
 Or lay my life down for each lad in the  
 mess,  
 Is nothing at all,—'tis the poor wounded  
 stranger,  
 And the poorer the more I shali  
 succour distress:

For however their duty bold tars may  
 delight in,  
 And peril defy, as a bugbear, a flam,  
 Though the lion may feel surly pleasure  
 in fighting,  
 He'll feel more by compassion when  
 turned to a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the  
 same motion,  
 And if both shed their drops 'tis all to  
 the same end;  
 And thus 'tis that every tight lad of the  
 ocean  
 Sheds his blood for his country, his  
 tears for his friend.

## A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall  
die on,—

You may snigger and titter, I don't  
care a damn!

In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion.

But the battle once ended, the heart of  
a lamb.

Scarce the foul hurricane was cleared.

Scarce winds and waves had ceased to  
rattle.

When a bold enemy appeared,

And, dauntless, we prepared for battle.

And now, while some loved friend or  
wife

Like lightning rushed on every fancy,  
To Providence I trusted life,

Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy!

### THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'Twas post meridian, half-past four,

By signal I from Nancy parted;

At six she lingered on the shore,

With uplift hands and broken-hearted.

At seven, while taunting the forestay,

I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;

At eight we all got under way,

And bade a long adieu to Nancy!

Night came, and now eight bells had  
rung,

While careless sailors, ever cheery,

On the mid watch so jovial sung,

With tempers labour cannot weary.

I, little to their mirth inclined,

While tender thoughts rushed on my  
fancy,

And my warm sighs increased the  
wind,

Looked on the moon, and thought of  
Nancy!

And now arrived that jovial night

When every true-bred tar carouses;

When o'er the grog, all hands delight

To toast their sweethearts and their  
spouses.

Round went the can, the jest, the glee,

While tender wishes filled each fancy;

And when, in turn, it came to me,

I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy!

Next morn a storm came on at four,

At six the elements in motion

Plunged me and three poor sailors more

Headlong within the foaming ocean.

Poor wretches! they soon found their  
graves;

For me—it may be only fancy,—

But Love seemed to forbid the waves

To snatch me from the arms of Nancy!

At last,—'twas in the month of May,—

The crew, it being lovely weather,

At three A.M. discovered day,

And England's chalky cliffs together.

At seven up Channel how we bore.

While hopes and fears rushed on my  
fancy;

At twelve I gaily jumped ashore,

And to my throbbing heart pressed  
Nancy!

[THOMAS DIBDIN 1771—1841]

### LOVE AND GLORY.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth

As ever graced a martial story;

And Jane was fair as lovely truth:

She sighed for Love, and he for Glory

With her his faith he meant to plight,

And told her many a gallant story;

Till war, their coming joys to blight,

Called him away from Love to Glory.

Young Henry met the foe with pride;

Jane followed, fought!—ah, hapless  
story!—

In man's attire, by Henry's side,

She died for Love, and he for Glory.

### ALL'S WELL.

DESERTED by the waning moon,

When skies proclaim night's cheerless  
noon,

On tower, or fort, or tented ground,

The sentry walks his lonely round;

And should a footstep haply stray

Where caution marks the guarded way:



"Who <sup>g</sup> there? Stranger, quickly tell."  
 "A friend" — "The word." "Good night;" "All's well."  
 "By the mark—seven!"

Or sailing on the midnight deep,  
 When weary messmates soundly sleep,  
 The careful watch patrols the deck,  
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck:  
 And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,  
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear—  
 "What cheer? Brother, quickly tell."  
 "Above"—"Below." "Good night;"  
 "All's well."

### THE MAD LOVER'S SONG.

OH, take me to your arms, my love,  
 For keen the wind doth blow!  
 Oh, take me to your arms, my love,  
 For bitter is my woe!  
 She hears me not, she cares not,  
 Nor will she list to me;  
 And here I lie in misery  
 Beneath the willow-tree.

I once had gold and silver;  
 I thought them without end;  
 I once had gold and silver;  
 I thought I had a friend.  
 My wealth is lost, my friend is false,  
 My love is stolen from me;  
 And here I lie in misery  
 Beneath the willow-tree.

[ANONYMOUS. 1780.]

### HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

FOR England when with favouring gale  
 Our gallant ship up Channel steered,  
 And, scudding under easy sail,  
 The high blue western land appeared;  
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 "By the deep—nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,  
 Some well-known object kept in view;  
 An abbey-tower, the harbour-fort,  
 Or beacon to the vessel true;

While oft the lead the seaman flung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,

And as the much-loved shore we near,  
 With transport we behold the roof  
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,  
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.  
 The lead once more the seaman flung,  
 And to the watchful pilot sung,  
 "Quarter less—five!"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh:  
 We shorten sail—she feels the tide—  
 "Stand clear the cable," is the cry—  
 The anchor's gone; we safely ride.  
 The watch is set, and through the night  
 We hear the seaman with delight  
 Proclaim—"All's well!"

[THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY. 1797—1839.]

### OH, NO! WE NEVER MENTION HIM.

OH, no! we never mention him, his  
 name is never heard;  
 My lips are now forbid to speak that  
 once familiar word:  
 From sport to sport they hurry me, to  
 banish my regret;  
 And when they win a smile from me,  
 they think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene the  
 charms that others see;  
 But were I in a foreign land, they'd find  
 no change in me.  
 'Tis true that I behold no more the valley  
 where we met,  
 I do not see the hawthorn-tree; but how  
 can I forget?

For oh! there are so many things recall  
 the past to me,—  
 The breeze upon the sunny hills, the  
 billows of the sea;  
 The rosy tint that decks the sky before  
 the sun is set;—  
 Ay, every leaf I look upon forbids me to  
 forget.

They tell me he is happy now, the gayest  
 of the gay ;  
 They hint that he forgets me too,—but I  
 heed not what they say :  
 Perhaps like me he struggles with each  
 feeling of regret ;  
 But if he loves as I have loved, he never  
 can forget.

### HARK! THE CONVENT-BELLS ARE RINGING.

HARK! the convent-bells are ring-  
 ing,  
 And the nuns are sweetly singing ;  
 Holy Virgin, hear our prayer!  
 See the novice comes to sever  
 Every worldly tie for ever ;  
 Take, oh, take her to your care!  
 Still radiant gems are shining,  
 Her jet-black locks entwining ;  
 And her robes around her flowing  
 With many tints are glowing,  
 But all earthly rays are dim,  
 Splendours brighter  
 Now invite her,  
 While thus we chant our vesper-hymn.

Now the lovely maid is kneeling,  
 With uplifted eyes appealing ;  
 Holy Virgin, hear our prayer!  
 See the abbess, bending o'er her,  
 Breathes the sacred vow before her ;  
 Take, oh, take her to your care!  
 Her form no more possesses  
 Those dark luxuriant tresses.  
 The solemn words are spoken,  
 Each earthly tie is broken,  
 And all earthly joys are dim,  
 Splendours brighter  
 Now invite her,  
 While thus we chant our vesper-hymn.

### ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

SHADES of ev'ning close not o'er us,  
 Leave our lonely bark awhile ;  
 Morn, alas! will not restore us  
 Yonder dim and distant isle.

Still my fancy can discover  
 Sunny spots where friends may dwell ;  
 Darker shadows round us hover,—  
 Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

'Tis the hour when happy faces  
 Smile around the taper's light ;  
 Who will fill our vacant places ?  
 Who will sing our songs to-night ?  
 Through the mist that floats above us  
 Faintly sounds the vesper-bell,  
 Like a voice from those who love us,  
 Breathing fondly, Fare thee well!

When the waves are round me breaking,  
 As I pace the deck alone,  
 And my eye is vainly seeking  
 Some green leaf to rest upon ;  
 When on that dear land I ponder,  
 Where my old companions dwell,  
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder—  
 Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

### THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

THE matron at her mirror, with her  
 hand upon her brow,  
 Sits gazing on her lovely face—ay, lovely  
 even now :  
 Why doth she lean upon her hand with  
 such a look of care ?  
 Why steals that tear across her cheek ?—  
 She sees her first grey hair.

Time from her form hath ta'en away but  
 little of its grace ;  
 His touch of thought hath dignified the  
 beauty of her face ;  
 Yet she might mingle in the dance where  
 maidens gaily trip,  
 So bright is still her hazel eye, so beauti-  
 ful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd by sorrow  
 more than years ;  
 The wrinkle on the cheek may be the  
 course of secret tears ;  
 The mournful lip may murmur of a love  
 it ne'er confest,  
 And the dimness of the eye betray a  
 heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife ;—the  
lover of her youth  
May proudly claim the smile that pays  
the trial of his truth ;  
A sense of slight—of loneliness—hath  
never banish'd sleep ;  
Her life hath been a cloudless one ;—  
then, wherefore doth she weep ?

She look'd upon her raven locks ;—what  
thoughts did they recall ?  
Oh ! not of nights when they were  
deck'd for banquet or for ball ;  
They brought back thoughts of early  
youth, e'er she had learnt to check,  
With artificial wreaths, the curls that  
sport'd o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand  
pass lightly through her hair,  
And draw it from her brow, to leave a  
kiss of kindness there ;  
She seem'd to view her father's smile,  
and feel the playful touch  
That sometimes feign'd to steal away the  
curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first grey hair ! oh,  
deem it not a crime  
For her to weep—when she beholds the  
first footmark of Time !  
She knows that, one by one, those mute  
mementos will increase,  
And steal youth, beauty, strength away,  
till life itself shall cease.

'Tis not the tear of vanity for beauty on  
the wane—  
Yet though the blossom may not sigh to  
bud, and bloom again,  
It cannot but remember with a feeling of  
regret,  
The Spring for ever gone—the Summer  
sun so nearly set.

Ah, Lady ! heed the monitor ! Thy  
mirror tells the truth,  
Assume the matron's folded veil, resign  
the wreath of youth ;  
Go !—bind it on thy daughter's brow, in  
her thou'lt still look fair ;  
'Twere well would all learn wisdom who  
behold the first grey hair !

[WILLIAM ROSCOP. 1753—1831.]

#### ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS.

As one, who, destined from his friends to  
part,  
Regrets his loss, but hopes again, ere-  
while,  
To share their converse and enjoy their  
smile,  
And tempers, as he may, afflictions dart ;  
Thus, lov'd associates ! chiefs of elder  
art !  
Teachers of wisdom ! who could once  
beguile  
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,  
I now resign you—nor with fainting heart.  
For, pass a few short years, or days, or  
hours,  
And happier seasons may their dawn un-  
fold,  
And all your sacred fellowship restore ;  
When, freed from earth, unlimited its  
powers.  
Mind shall with mind direct communion  
hold,  
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

[HERBERT KNOWLES. 1798—1827.]

#### LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND CHURCHYARD, YORKSHIRE.

"It is good for us to be here ; if thou wilt, let  
us make here three tabernacles ; one for thee,  
and one for Moses, and one for Elias."—Matt.  
xvii. 4.

METHINKS it is good to be here ;  
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom ?  
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,  
But the shadows of eve that encompass  
the gloom,  
The abode of the dead and the place of  
the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition ? oh, no !  
Affrighted, he shrinketh away ;  
For, see ! they would pin him below,  
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with  
cold clay,  
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a  
prey.

to Beauty? ah, no!—she forgets  
The charms which she wielded before—  
Nor knows the foul worm that he  
frets  
The skin which but yesterday fools could  
adore,  
For the smoothness it held, or the tint  
which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride—  
The trappings which dizen the proud?  
Alas! they are all laid aside;  
And here's neither dress nor adornment  
allow'd,  
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe  
of the shroud.

To Riches? alas! 'tis in vain;  
Who hid, in their turn have been hid;  
The treasures are squandered again;  
And here in the grave are all metals  
forbid,  
But the tinsel that shines on the dark  
coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can  
afford—  
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?  
Ah! here is a plentiful board!  
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful  
cheer,  
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?  
Ah, no! they have wither'd and died,  
Or fled with the spirit above;  
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid  
side by side,  
Yet none have saluted, and none have  
replied.

Unto Sorrow?—The dead cannot  
grieve;  
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,  
Which compassion itself could re-  
lieve!  
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope,  
love, nor fear—  
Peace, peace is the watchward, the only  
one here!

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must  
bow?  
Ah, no! for his empire is known,  
And here there are trophies enow!  
Beneath—the cold dead, and around—  
the dark stone,  
Are the signs of a Sceptre that none may  
disown!

The first tabernacle to Hope we will  
build,  
And look for the sleepers around us to  
rise;  
The second to Faith, which ensures  
it fulfilled;  
And the third to the Lamb of the great  
sacrifice,  
Who bequeath'd us them both when he  
rose to the skies.

[REV. CHARLES WOLFE. 1791—1823.]

### THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral  
note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we  
buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,

And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound  
him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that  
was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow  
bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow

That the foe and the stranger would tread  
o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's  
gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep  
on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid  
him.

But half our heavy task was done,  
When the clock struck the hour for  
retiring ;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and  
go.  
We carved not a line, and we raised not  
a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory.

[THOMAS PRINGLE 1834.]

### PLEASANT TEVIOTDALE.

O GENTLE wind, ('tis thus she sings,)   
That blowest to the west,  
Oh, couldst thou waft me on thy wings  
To the land that I love best,  
How swiftly o'er the ocean foam  
Like a sea-bird I would sail,  
And lead my loved one blithely home,  
To pleasant Teviotdale !

From spicy groves of Malabar  
Thou greet'st me, fragrant breeze,  
What time the bright-eyed evening star  
Gleams o'er the orange trees ;  
Thou com'st to whisper of the rose,  
And love-sick nightingale—  
But my heart is where the hawthorn  
grows,  
In pleasant Teviotdale !

Oh that I were by Teviot side,  
As, when in Springwood bowers,  
I bounded, in my virgin pride,  
Like fawn among the flowers ;

When the beauty of the budding trees,  
And the cuckoo's vernal tale,  
Awoke the young heart's ecstasies,  
In pleasant Teviotdale !

Oh that I were where blue-bells grow  
On Roxburgh's ferny lea !  
Where gowans glent and corn-flowers  
blow  
Beneath the trysting tree ;  
Where blooms the birk upon the hill,  
And the wild rose down the vale,  
And the primrose peeps by every rill,  
In pleasant Teviotdale.

Oh that I were where Cheviot-fells  
Rise o'er the uplands grey,  
Where moors are bright with heather  
bells,  
And broom waves o'er each brae ;  
Where larks are singing in the sky,  
And milkmaids o'er the pail,  
And shepherd swains pipe merrily,  
In pleasant Teviotdale !

Oh ! listen to my lay, kind love—  
Say, when shall we return  
Again to rove by Maxwell grove,  
And the links of Wooden-burn ?  
Nay, plight thy vow unto me now,  
Or my sinking heart will fail—  
When I gaze upon thy pallid brow,  
Far, far from Teviotdale !

Oh haste aboard ! the favouring wind  
Blows briskly from the shore ;  
Leave India's dear-bought dross behind  
To such as prize it more :  
Ah ! what can India's lacs of gold  
To withered hearts avail ?  
Then haste thee, love, ere hope wax cold,  
And hie to Teviotdale.

[FELICIA HEMANS. 1793—1835.]

### THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come ! ye have called me long,  
I come o'er the mountains with light and  
song ; [earth,  
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening  
By the winds which tell of the violet's  
birth

By the primrose stars in the shadowy  
 grass,  
 By the green leaves opening as I pass. Come forth, O ye children of gladness,  
 come !  
 Where the violets lie may now be your  
 home.  
 I have breathed on the South, and the  
 chestnut-flowers Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,  
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me  
 fly,  
 By thousands have burst from the forest-  
 bowers : With the lyre, and the wreath, and the  
 joyous lay,  
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen  
 fanes, Come forth to the sunshine,—I may not  
 stay.  
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains. Away from the dwellings of care-worn  
 men,  
 —But it is not for me, in my hour of  
 bloom, The waters are sparkling in wood and  
 glen ;  
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb ! Away from the chamber and dusky  
 hearth,  
 I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy  
 North, The young leaves are dancing in breezy  
 mirth,  
 And the larch has hung all his tassels  
 forth, Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood  
 strains,  
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea, And Youth is abroad in my green do-  
 mains,  
 And the rein-deer bounds through the  
 pasture free,  
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
 And the moss looks bright where my step  
 has been.

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

I have sent through the wood-paths a  
 gentle sigh,  
 And called out each voice of the deep-  
 blue sky,  
 From the night-bird's lay through the  
 starry time,  
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian  
 clime,  
 To the swan's wild note by the Iceland  
 When the dark fir-bough into verdure  
 breaks.  
 From the streams and founts I have  
 loosed the chain ;  
 They are sweeping on to the silvery  
 main,  
 They are flashing down from the moun-  
 tain-brows,  
 They are flinging spray on the forest-  
 boughs,  
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry  
 caves,  
 And the earth resounds with the joy of  
 waves.  
 THE breaking waves dash'd high  
 On a stern and rock-bound coast ;  
 And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
 Their giant branches toss'd ;  
 And the heavy night hung dark,  
 The hills and waters o'er,  
 When a band of exiles moor'd their bark  
 On the wild New England shore.  
 Not as the conqueror comes,  
 They, the true-hearted, came ;—  
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
 And the trumpet that sings of fame ;—  
 Not as the flying come,  
 In silence, and in fear ;—  
 They shook the depths of the desert's  
 gloom  
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.  
 Amidst the storm they sang :  
 Till the stars heard, and the sea ;  
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods  
 rang  
 To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soar'd  
 From his nest, by the white wave's  
 foam,  
 And the rocking pines of the forest  
 roar'd :—  
 Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair  
 Amidst that pilgrim band :  
 Why had they come to wither there,  
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;  
 There was manhood's brow serenely  
 high,  
 And the fiery heart of youth

What sought they thus afar ?  
 Bright jewels of the mine ?  
 The wealth of seas ? the spoils of  
 war ?—  
 No—'twas a faith's pure shrine.

Yes, call that holy ground,—  
 Which first their brave feet trod !  
 They have left unstain'd what there they  
 found—  
 Freedom to worship God !

The blessed homes of England,  
 How softly on their bowers,  
 Is laid the holy quietness  
 That breathes from Sabbath hours !  
 Solemn, yet sweet, the church bells  
 chime  
 Floats through their woods at morn,  
 All other sounds in that still time  
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England  
 By thousands on her plains,  
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
 And round the hamlet fanes.  
 Through glowing orchards forth they  
 peep,  
 Each from its nook of leaves,  
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
 As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England,  
 Long, long, in hut and hall,  
 May hearts of native proof be reared  
 To guard each hallowed wail.  
 And green for ever be the groves,  
 And bright the flowery sod,  
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
 Its country and its God.

### THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England,  
 How beautiful they stand,  
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
 O'er all the pleasant land !  
 The deer across their greensward bound  
 Through shade and sunny gleam,  
 And the swan glides past them with the  
 sound  
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England—  
 Around their hearths by night,  
 What glad some looks of household love  
 Meet in the ruddy light !  
 There woman's voice flows forth in  
 song,  
 Or childhood's tale is told ;  
 Or lips move tunelessly along  
 Some glorious page of old.

### THE VOICES OF HOME.

#### *The Forest Sanctuary.*

THE voices of my home !—I hear them  
 still !  
 They have been with me through the  
 dreamy night—  
 The blessed household voices, wont to  
 fill  
 My heart's clear depths with unalloy'd  
 delight !  
 I hear them still, unchanged :—though  
 some from earth  
 Are music parted, and the tones of  
 mirth—  
 Wild, silvery tones, that rang through  
 days more bright !  
 Have died in others,—yet to me they  
 come,  
 Singing of boyhood back—the voices of  
 my home !

They call me through this hush of woods reposing,  
 In the gray stillness of the summer morn;  
 They wander by when heavy flowers are closing,  
 And thoughts grow deep, and winds and stars are born;  
 Even as a fount's remember'd gushings burst  
 On the parch'd traveller in his hour of thirst,  
 E'en thus they haunt me with sweet sounds, till worn [say—  
 By quenchless longings, to my soul I  
 O for the dove's swift wings, that I might flee away,—

And find mine ark!—yet whither?—I must bear  
 A yearning heart within me to the grave. [air—  
 I am of those o'er whom a breath of just darkening in its course the lake's bright wave,  
 And sighing through the feathery canes—hath power  
 To call up shadows, in the silent hour,  
 From the dim past, as from a wizard's cave!—  
 So must it be!—These skies above me spread,  
 Are they my own soft skies?—ye rest not here, my dead!

#### A FATHER READING THE BIBLE.

'Twas early day, and sunlight stream'd  
 Soft through a quiet room,  
 That hush'd, but not forsaken, seem'd  
 Still, but with nought of gloom.  
 For there, serene in happy age,  
 Whose hope is from above,  
 A father communed with the page  
 Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,  
 On his gray holy hair,  
 And touched the page with tenderest light,  
 As if its shrine were there!

But oh! that patriarch's aspect shone  
 With something lovelier far—  
 A radiance all the spirit's own,  
 Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met  
 His calm benignant eye;  
 Some ancient promise, breathing yet  
 Of immortality!  
 Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow  
 Of quenchless faith survives:  
 While every feature said—"I know  
 That my Redeemer lives!"

And silent stood his children by,  
 Hushing their very breath,  
 Before the solemn sanctity  
 Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.  
 Silent—yet did not each young breast  
 With love and reverence melt?  
 Oh! blest be those fair girls, and blest  
 That home where God is felt!

#### THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

OH! call my brother back to me!  
 I cannot play alone;  
 The summer comes with flower and bee—  
 Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright  
 Across the sunbeam's track;  
 I care not now to chase its flight—  
 Oh! call my brother back!

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd  
 Around our garden tree;  
 Our vine is drooping with its load—  
 Oh! call him back to me!"

He could not hear thy voice, fair child,  
 He may not come to thee;  
 The face that once like spring-time smiled,  
 On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief bright life of joy,  
 Such unto him was given;  
 Go—thou must play alone, my boy!  
 Thy brother is in heaven!"



"And has he left his birds and flowers,  
And must I call in vain?  
And, through the long, long summer  
hours,  
Will he not come again?"

"And by the brook, and in the glade,  
Are all our wanderings o'er?  
Oh, while my brother with me play'd,  
Would I had loved him more!"

### EVENING RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EXILE.

#### *The Forest Sanctuary.*

I SEE a star—eve's firstborn!—in whose  
train  
Past scenes, woods, looks, come back.  
The arrowy spire  
Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt  
fane,  
Rests dark and still amidst a heaven of  
fire;  
The pine gives forth its odours, and the  
lake  
Gleams like one ruby, and the soft  
winds wake,  
Till every string of nature's solemn  
lyre  
Is touch'd to answer; its most secret  
tone  
Drawn from each tree, for each hath  
whispers all its own.

And hark! another murmur on the  
air,  
Not of the hidden rills, nor quivering  
shades!  
—That is the cataract's, which the  
breezes bear,  
Filling the leafy twilight of the glades  
With hollow surge-like sounds, as from  
the bed  
Of the blue mournful seas, that keep  
the dead:  
But they are far!—the low sun here  
pervades  
Dim forest-arches, bathing with red gold  
Their stems, till each is made a marvel to  
behold.

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom!—In such  
an hour,  
The vesper-melody of dying bells  
Wanders through Spain, from each gray  
convent's tower  
O'er shining rivers pour'd, and olive-  
dells,  
By every peasant heard, and muleteer,  
And hamlet, round my home:—and I  
am here,  
Living again through all my life's fare-  
wells,  
In these vast woods, where farewell  
ne'er was spoken,  
And sole I lift to Heaven a sad heart—  
yet unbroken!

In such an hour are told the hermit's  
beads;  
With the white sail the seaman's hymn  
floats by:  
Peace be with all! whate'er their vary-  
ing creeds,  
With all that send up holy thoughts on  
high!  
Come to me, boy!—by Guadalquivir's  
vines,  
By every stream of Spain, as day de-  
clines, [sky.  
Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy  
—We, too, will pray; nor yet unheard,  
my child!  
Of Him whose voice we hear at eve amidst  
the wild.

At eve?—oh!—through all hours!—  
from dark dreams oft  
Awakening, I look forth, and learn the  
might  
Of solitude, while thou art breathing  
soft,  
And low, my loved one! on the breast  
of night:  
I look forth on the stars—the shadowy  
sleep  
Of forests—and the lake, whose gloomy  
deep  
Sends up red sparkles to the fire-flies'  
light.  
A lonely world!—ev'n fearful to man's  
thought,  
But for His presence felt, whom here my  
soul hath sought.

## THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS. The heathery heights in vision rise

SING them upon the sunny hills,  
 When days are long and bright,  
 And the blue gleam of shining rills  
 Is loveliest to the sight.  
 Sing them along the misty moor,  
 Where ancient hunters roved,  
 And swell them through the torrent's  
 roar—  
 The songs our fathers loved!

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear  
 When harps were in the hall,  
 And each proud note made lance and  
 spear  
 Thrill on the banner'd wall:  
 The songs that through our valleys green,  
 Sent on from age to age,  
 Like his own river's voice, have been  
 The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale  
 Is fill'd with plummy sheaves;  
 The woodman, by the starlight pale  
 Cheer'd homeward through the leaves  
 And unto them the glancing oars  
 A joyous measure keep,  
 Where the dark rocks that crest our shores  
 Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be!—a light they shed  
 O'er each old fount and grove;  
 A memory of the gentle dead,  
 A spell of lingering love:  
 Murmuring the names of mighty men,  
 They bid our streams roll on,  
 And link high thoughts to every glen  
 Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the  
 hearth,  
 When evening-fires burn clear,  
 And in the fields of harvest mirth,  
 And on the hills of deer!  
 So shall each forgotten word,  
 When far those loved ones roam,  
 Call back the hearts that once it stirr'd,  
 To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land  
 Shall whisper in the strain,  
 The voices of their household band  
 Shall sweetly speak again:

Where like the stag they roved—  
 Sing to your sons those melodies,  
 The songs your fathers loved.

## ELYSIUM.

FAIR wert thou, in the dreams  
 Of elder time, thou land of glorious  
 flowers,  
 And summer-winds, and low-toned silvery  
 streams,  
 Dim with the shadows of thy laurel-  
 bowers!  
 Where, as they pass'd, bright hours  
 Left no faint sense of parting, such as  
 clings  
 To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things!

Fair wert thou, with the light  
 On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,  
 From purple skies ne'er deepening into  
 night,  
 Yet soft, as if each moment were their  
 last  
 Of glory, fading fast  
 Along the mountains!—but thy golden  
 day  
 Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,  
 A swell of deep Eolian sound went by,  
 From fountain-voices in their secret glades,  
 And low reed-whispers, making sweet  
 reply  
 To summer's breezy sigh!  
 And young leaves trembling to the wind's  
 light breath,  
 Which ne'er had touch'd them with a  
 hue of death!

And the transparent sky  
 Rung as a dome, all thrilling to the strain  
 Of harps that, 'midst the woods, made  
 harmony  
 Solemn and sweet; yet troubling not the  
 brain  
 With dreams and yearnings vain,  
 And dim remembrances, that still draw  
 birth  
 'om the bewildering music of the earth.

And who, with silent tread,  
Moved o'er the plains of waving Asphodel?  
Who, call'd and sever'd from the count-  
less dead,

Amidst the shadowy Amaranth-bowers  
might dwell,

And listen to the swell  
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale  
The spirit wandering in th' immortal gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,  
With the bright wine at nation's feasts,  
went round!

They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays  
On the morn's wing had sent their mighty  
sound,

And in all regions found  
Their echoes 'midst the mountains!—and  
become  
In man's deep heart, as voices of his  
home!

They of the daring thought!  
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied;  
Whose flight through stars, and seas, and  
depths had sought

The soul's far birth-place—but without a  
guide!

Sages and seers, who died,  
And left the world their high mysterious  
dreams,  
Born, 'midst the olive-woods by Grecian  
streams.

But they, of whose abode  
'Midst her green valleys earth retain'd no  
trace,  
Save a flower springing from their burial-  
sod,

A shade of sadness on some kindred face,  
A void and silent place  
In some sweet home; thou hadst no  
wreaths for these,  
Thou sunny land! with all thy deathless  
trees!

The peasant, at his door  
Might sink to die, when vintage-feasts  
were spread,  
And songs on every wind! From thy  
bright shore  
No lovelier vision floated round his head,  
Thou wert for nobler dead!

He heard the bounding steps which  
round him fell,  
And sigh'd to bid the festal sun farewell!

The slave, whose very tears  
Were a forbidden luxury, and whose  
breast

Shut up the woes and burning thoughts  
of years,

As in the ashes of an urn compress'd;

—He might not be thy guest!  
No gentle breathings from thy distant  
sky

Came o'er his path, and whisper'd  
“Liberty!”

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,  
Unlike a gift of nature to decay,  
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,  
The child at rest before its mother lay;

E'en so to pass away,  
With its bright smile!—Elysium! what  
wert thou,

To her, who wept o'er that young slum-  
berer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!  
For the fair creature from her bosom  
gone,

With life's first flowers just opening in  
her hand,

And all the lovely thoughts and dreams  
unknown,

Which in its clear eye shone  
Like the spring's wakening!—but that  
light was past—

—Where went the dew-drop, swept  
before the blast?

Not where thy soft winds play'd,  
Not where thy waters lay in glassy  
sleep!—

Fade, with thy bowers, thou land of  
visions, fade!

From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy  
deep,

And bade man cease to weep!  
Fade, with the amaranth-plain, the  
myrtle-grove,

Which could not yield one hope to  
sorrowing love!

For the most loved are they,  
Of whom Fame speaks not with her  
clarion-voice  
In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang  
their way,  
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their  
choice,  
And gentle hearts rejoice  
Around their steps!—till silently they  
die,  
As a stream shrinks from summer's  
burning eye.

And the world knows not then,  
Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts  
are fled!  
Yet these are they, that on the souls of  
men  
Come back, when night her folding veil  
hath spread,  
The long-remember'd dead!  
But not with thee might aught save glory  
dwell—  
—Fade, fade away, thou shore of Aspho-  
del!

#### THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

IN sunset's light o'er Afric thrown,  
A wanderer proudly stood  
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,  
Of Egypt's awful flood;  
The cradle of that mighty birth,  
So long a hidden thing to earth.

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,  
A low mysterious tone;  
A music sought, but never found  
By kings and warriors gone;  
He listen'd—and his heart beat high—  
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mood  
Rush'd burning through his frame,  
The depths of that green solitude  
Its torrents could not tame,  
Though stillness lay, with eve's last  
smile,  
Round those calm fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars:—across his  
soul  
There swept a sudden change,  
Even at the pilgrim's glorious goal,  
A shadow dark and strange,  
Breath'd from the thought, so swift  
to fall  
O'er triumph's hour—And is this all?

No more than this!—what seem'd it  
now  
First by that spring to stand?  
A thousand streams of lovelier flow  
Bathed his own mountain land!  
Whence, far o'er waste and ocean  
track,  
Their wild sweet voices call'd him  
back.

They call'd him back to many a glade,  
His childhood's haunt of play,  
Where brightly through the beechen  
shade  
Their waters glanced away;  
They call'd him, with their sounding  
waves,  
Back to his fathers' hills and graves.

But darkly mingling with the thought  
Of each familiar scene,  
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught  
With all that lay between;  
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,  
The whirling sands, the red simoom!

Where was the glow of power and  
pride?  
The spirit born to roam?  
His weary heart within him died  
With yearnings for his home;  
All vainly struggling to repress  
That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven  
Beheld his bursting tears,  
Even on that spot where fate has  
given  
The meed of toiling years.  
—Oh happiness! how far we flee  
Thine own sweet paths in search of  
thee!

## CASABIANCA.\*

THE boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but him had fled ;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
As born to rule the storm ;  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go,  
Without his father's word ;  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud—"Say, father, say  
If yet my task is done?"  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,  
"If I may yet be gone!"  
—And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair ;  
And look'd from that lone post of death,  
In still, yet brave despair :

And shouted but once more aloud,  
"My father! must I stay?"  
While o'er him fast, through sail and  
shroud  
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And stream'd above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The boy—oh! where was he?  
—Ask of the winds that far around  
With fragments strew'd the sea!

\* Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part—  
But the noblest thing that perish'd there,  
Was that young faithful heart.

## THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves  
and cells,  
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious  
Main :  
—Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-  
coloured shells,  
Bright things which gleam unrecked of,  
and in vain.  
—Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea!  
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more! What  
wealth untold  
Far down, and shining through their still-  
ness lies!  
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning  
gold,  
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.  
—Sweep o'er thy spoils thou wild and  
wrathful Main!  
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the Depths have more! Thy  
waves have rolled  
Above the cities of a world gone by!  
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,  
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!  
—Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful  
play—  
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the Billows and the Depths  
have more!  
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy  
breast!  
They hear not now the booming waters  
roar,  
The battle-thunders will not break their  
rest:  
—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou  
stormy grave—  
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom  
The place was kept at board and hearth  
so long,  
The prayer went up through midnight's  
breathless gloom,  
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal  
song!  
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers  
o'erthrown,—  
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone  
down,  
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble  
head,  
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's  
flowery crown;  
—Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore  
the Dead!  
Earth shall reclaim her precious things  
from thee—  
Restore the Dead, thou Sea!

### ✓ THE VAUDOIS WIFE. ✓

THY voice is in mine ear, beloved!  
Thy look is in my heart,  
Thy bosom is my resting-place,  
And yet I must depart.  
Earth on my soul is strong—too strong  
Too precious is its chain,  
All woven of thy love, dear friend,  
Yet vain—though mighty—vain:

Thou see'st mine eye grow dim, beloved!  
Thou see'st my life-blood flow,—  
Bow to the chastener silently,  
And calmly let me go!  
A little while between our hearts  
The shadowy gulf must lie,  
Yet have we for their communing  
Still, still Eternity!

Alas! thy tears are on my cheek,  
My spirit they detain;  
I know that from thine agony  
Is wrung that burning rain.  
Best, kindest, weep not;—make the pang,  
The bitter conflict, less—  
Oh! sad it is, and yet a joy,  
To feel thy love's excess!

But calm thee! Let the thought of death  
A solemn peace restore!  
The voice that must be silent soon  
Would speak to thee once more,  
That thou mayst bear its blessing on  
Through years of after life—  
A token of consoling love,  
Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,  
The tender, and the true,  
Where mine hath found the happiest rest  
That e'er fond woman's knew;  
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,  
For my own, my treasured share,  
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,  
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for kind looks and words  
Showered on my path like dew,  
For all the love in those deep eyes,  
A gladness ever new!  
For the voice which ne'er to mine replied  
But in kindly tones of cheer;  
For every spring of happiness  
My soul hath tasted here!

I bless thee for the last rich boon  
Won from affection tried.  
The right to gaze on death with thee,  
To perish by thy side!  
And yet more for the glorious hope  
Even to these moments given—  
Did not thy spirit ever lift  
The trust of mine to Heaven!

Now, be thou strong! Oh, knew we not  
Our path must lead to this?  
A shadow and a trembling still  
Were mingled with our bliss!  
We plighted our young hearts when storms  
Were dark upon the sky,  
In full deep knowledge of their task,  
To suffer and to die!

Be strong! I leave the living voice  
Of this, my martyr'd blood,  
With the thousand echoes of the hills,  
With the torrent's foaming flood,—  
A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,  
A token on the air,  
To rouse the valiant from repose,  
The fainting from despair.

Hear it, and bear thou on, my love!

Ay, joyously endure!  
Our mountains must be altars yet,  
Inviolat and pure;  
There must our God be worshipp'd still,  
With the worship of the free:  
Farewell!—there's but *one* pang in death,  
One only,—leaving thee!

### COME HOME.

Come home.

Would I could send my spirit o'er the  
deep,  
Would I could wing it like a bird to  
thee,  
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy  
sleep  
With these unwearying words of melody,  
Brother, come home.

Come home.

Come to the hearts that love thee, to the  
eyes  
That beam in brightness but to gladden  
thine;  
Come where fond thoughts like holiest  
incense rise,  
Where cherish'd Memory rears her  
altar's shrine.  
Brother, come home.

Come home.

Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier  
days,  
Come to the ark, like the o'erwearied  
dove,  
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's  
warm rays,  
Come to the fire-side circle of thy love.  
Brother, come home.

Come home.

It is not home without thee; the lone seat  
Is still unclaim'd where thou wert wont  
to be;  
In every echo of returning feet  
In vain we list for what should herald  
thee.  
Brother, come home.

Come home.

We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of  
spring,  
Watch'd every germ a full-blown  
flow'ret rear,  
Saw o'er their bloom the chilly winter  
bring  
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here.  
Brother, come home.

Come home.

Would I could send my spirit o'er the  
deep,  
Would I could wing it like a bird to  
thee,  
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy  
sleep  
With these unwearying words of melody,  
Brother, come home.

### THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,  
They filled one home with glee,  
Their graves are severed far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.  
The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow,  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,  
By a dark stream, is laid;  
The Indian knows his place of rest  
Far in the cedar shade.  
The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,  
He lies where pearls lie deep,  
He was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are diest  
Above the noble slain;  
He wrapt his colours round his breast  
On a blood-red field of Spain.  
And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;  
She faded midst Italian flowers,  
The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest—who played  
Beneath the same green tree,  
Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song the hearth,—  
Alas for love, if thou wert all,  
And nought beyond, oh earth !

(ROBERT SOUTHEY. 1774—1843.)

### LOVE.

THEY sin who tell love can die :  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of Hell :  
Earthly these passions, as of Earth,  
They perish where they have their birth.  
But Love is indestructible :  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From Heaven it came, to Heaven re-  
turneth.  
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times oppress ;  
It here is tried and purified,  
And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of Love is there.  
Oh ! when a mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then for pains and fears,  
The day of woe, the anxious night,  
For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
An over-payment of delight ?

### THE LIBRARY.

My days among the dead are pass'd ;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old ;  
My never-failing friends are they  
With whom I converse night and day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe ;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been dedew'd  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead : with them  
I live in long past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their griefs and fears ;  
And from their sober lessons find  
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead : anon  
With them my place will be ;  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity ;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
Which will not perish in the dust.

### THE HOLLY TREE.

Oh Reader ! hast thou ever stood to see  
The Holly Tree ?  
The eye that contemplates it well per-  
ceives  
Its glossy leaves,  
Order'd by an Intelligence so wise,  
As might confound the Atheist's sophis-  
tries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are  
seen  
Wrinkled and keen ;  
No grazing cattle through their prickly  
round  
Can reach to wound ;  
But, as they grow where nothing is to  
fear,  
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves  
appear.

I love to view these things with curious  
eyes,  
And moralize ;  
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree  
Can emblems see, [rhyme,  
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant  
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might  
appear  
Harsh and austere ; [trude,  
To those, who on my leisure would in-  
Reserved and rude ;—  
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly  
Tree.



And should my youth, as youth is apt I  
     know,  
 Some harshness show,  
 All vain asperities I day by day  
     Would wear away,  
 Till the smooth temper of my age should  
     be  
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly  
     Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are  
     seen  
 So bright and green,  
 The Holly leaves a sober hue display  
     Less bright than they ;  
 But when the bare and wintry woods we  
     see,  
 What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among  
     The thoughtless throng ;  
 So would I seem amid the young and gay  
     More grave than they ;  
 That in my age as cheerful I might be  
 As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

### THE SCENERY OF AMERICA.

*Madoc in Wales.*

    THY summer woods  
 Are lovely, O my mother Isle! the  
     birch  
 Light bending on thy banks, thy elmy  
     vales,  
 Thy venerable oaks! But there, wha'  
     forms  
 Of beauty clothed the inlands and the  
     shore!  
 All these in stateliest growth, and mixed  
     with these  
 Dark spreading cedar, and the cypress  
     tall,  
 Its pointed summit waving to the wind  
 Like a long beacon flame; and loveliest  
 Amid a thousand strange and lovely  
     shapes,  
 The lofty palm, that with its nuts sup  
     plied

Beverage and food; they edged the shore,  
     and crown'd  
 The far-off highland summits, their straight  
     stems  
 Bare without leaf or bough, erect and  
     smooth,  
 Their tresses nodding like a crested helm,  
 The plumage of the grove.

    Will ye believe  
 The wonders of the ocean? how its shoals  
 Sprung from the wave, like flashing light,  
     took wing,  
 And, twinkling with a silver glitterance,  
 Flew through the air and sunshine? Yet  
     were these  
 To sight less wondrous than the tribe who  
     swam,  
 Following, like fowlers with uplifted eye,  
 Their falling quarry: language cannot  
     paint  
 Their splendid tints; though in blue  
     ocean seen,  
 Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,  
 In all its rich variety of shades,  
 Suffused with glowing gold.

    Heaven, too, had there  
 Its wonders: from a deep black heavy  
     cloud,  
 What shall I say? A shoot, a trunk, an  
     arm,  
 Came down:—yea! like a demon's arm,  
     it seized  
 The waters, Ocean smoked beneath its  
     touch,  
 And rose like dust before the whirlwind's  
     force.  
 But we sail'd onward over tranquil seas,  
 Wafted by airs so exquisitely mild,  
 That even to breathe became an act of  
     will,  
 And sense, and pleasure. Not a cloud by  
     day  
 With purple islanded the dark-blue deep;  
 By night the quiet billows heaved and  
     glanced  
 Under the moon, that heavenly moon! so  
     bright,  
 That many a midnight have I paced the  
     deck,  
 Forgetful of the hours of due repose;  
 Yea, till the sun in his full majesty  
 Went forth, like God beholding his own  
     works.

## NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

*Thalaba.*

How beautiful is night !  
 A dewy freshness fills the silent  
 air ;  
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck,  
 nor stain,  
 Breaks the serene of heaven :  
 In full orb'd glory yonder moon  
 divine  
 Rolls through the dark blue depths :  
 Beneath her steady ray  
 The desert-circle spreads,  
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the  
 sky.  
 How beautiful is night !

## THE SOURCE OF THE GANGES.

*The Curse of Kehama.*

NONE hath seen its secret fountain ;  
 But on the top of Merû mountain,  
 Which rises o'er the hills of earth,  
 In light and clouds, it hath its mortal  
 birth.  
 Earth seems that pinnacle to rear  
 Sublime above this worldly sphere,  
 Its cradle, and its altar, and its throne ;  
 And there the new-born river lies  
 Outspread beneath its native skies,  
 As if it there would love to dwell  
 Alone and unapproachable.  
 Soon flowing forward, and resigned  
 To the will of the Creating Mind,  
 It springs at once, with sudden leap,  
 Down from the immeasurable steep ;  
 From rock to rock, with shivering force  
 rebounding,  
 The mighty cataract rushes : heaven  
 around,  
 Like thunder, with the incessant roar  
 resounding,  
 And Merû's summit shaking with the  
 sound.  
 Wide spreads the snowy foam, the spark-  
 ling spray  
 Dances aloft ; and ever there at  
 morning

The earliest sunbeams haste to wing  
 their way,  
 With rainbow wreaths the holy stream  
 adorning :  
 And duly the adoring moon at  
 night  
 Sheds her white glory there,  
 And in the watery air  
 Suspends her halo-crowns of silver light.

## AN EASTERN EVENING.

EVENING comes on : arising from the  
 stream,  
 Homeward the tall flamingo wings his  
 flight ;  
 And where he sails athwart the setting  
 beam,  
 His scarlet plumage glows with deeper  
 light.  
 The watchman, at the wished approach of  
 night,  
 Gladly forsakes the field, where he all  
 day,  
 To scare the winged plunderers from  
 their prey,  
 With shout and sling, on yonder clay-  
 built height,  
 Hath borne the sultry ray.  
 Hark ! at the Golden Palaces,  
 The Bramin strikes the hour.  
 For leagues and leagues around, the  
 brazen sound  
 Rolls through the stillness of departing  
 day,  
 Like thunder far away.

## THE SUBMARINE CITY.

SUCH was the talk they held upon their  
 way,  
 Of him to whose old city they were  
 bound ;  
 And now, upon their journey, many a  
 day  
 Had risen and closed, and many a week  
 gone round,

And many a realm and region had they  
 past,  
 When now the ancient towers appeared  
 at last.  
 Their golden summits, in the noon-day  
 light,  
 Shone o'er the dark green deep that  
 rolled between;  
 For domes, and pinnacles, and spires  
 were seen  
 Peering above the sea,—a mournful  
 sight!  
 Well might the sad beholder ween from  
 thence  
 What works of wonder the devouring  
 wave  
 Had swallowed there, when monuments  
 so brave  
 Bore record of their old magnificence.  
 And on the sandy shore, beside the  
 verge  
 Of ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn  
 fane  
 Resisted in its strength the surf and  
 surge  
 That on their deep foundations beat in  
 vain.  
 In solitude the ancient temples stood,  
 Once resonant with instrument and  
 song,  
 And solemn dance of festive multi-  
 tude;  
 Now as the weary ages pass along,  
 Hearing no voice save of the ocean  
 flood,  
 Which roars for ever on the restless  
 shores;  
 Or, visiting their solitary caves,  
 The lonely sound of winds, that moan  
 around  
 Accordant to the melancholy waves.  
 Wondering, he stood awhile to  
 gaze  
 Upon the works of elder days.  
 The brazen portals open stood,  
 Even as the fearful multitude  
 Had left them, when they fled  
 Before the rising flood.  
 High over-head, sublime,  
 The mighty gateway's storied roof was  
 spread,  
 Dwarfing the puny piles of younger  
 time.

With the deeds of days of yore  
 That ample roof was sculptured o'er,  
 And many a godlike form there met his  
 eye,  
 And many an emblem dark of mystery.  
 Through these wide portals oft had Baly  
 rode  
 Triumphant from his proud abode,  
 When, in his greatness, he bestrode  
 The Aulay, hugest of four-footed  
 kind,  
 The Aulay-horse, that in his force,  
 With elephantine trunk, could bind  
 And lift the elephant, and on the wind  
 Whirl him away, with sway and swing,  
 Even like a pebble from the practised  
 sling.

Those streets which never, since the days  
 of yore,  
 By human footstep had been visited;  
 Those streets which never more  
 A human foot shall tread,  
 Ladurlad trod. In sun-light, and sea-  
 green,  
 The thousand palaces were seen  
 Of that proud city whose superb  
 abodes  
 Seemed reared by giants for the im-  
 mortal gods.  
 How silent and how beautiful they  
 stand,  
 Like things of Nature! the eternal  
 rocks  
 Themselves not firmer. Neither hath  
 the sand  
 Drifted within their gates, and choaked  
 their doors,  
 Nor slime defiled their pavements and  
 their floors.  
 Did then the ocean wage  
 His war for love and envy, not in  
 rage,  
 O thou fair city, that he spares thee  
 thus?  
 Art thou Varounin's capital and  
 court,  
 Where all the sea-gods for delight  
 resort,  
 A place too godlike to be held  
 by us,  
 The poor degenerate children of the  
 earth?

So thought Ladurlad, as he looked around,  
 Weening to hear the sound  
 Of Mermaid's shell, and song  
 Of choral throng from some imperial hall,  
 Wherein the immortal powers, at festival,  
 Their high carousals keep.  
 But all is silence dread,  
 Silence profound and dead,  
 The everlasting stillness of the deep.

Through many a solitary street,  
 And silent market-place, and lonely square,  
 Aimed with the mighty curse, behold him fare.  
 And now his feet attain that royal fane  
 Where Baly held of old his awful reign.  
 What once had been the garden spread around,  
 Fair garden, once which wore perpetual green,  
 Where all sweet flowers through all the year were found,  
 And all fair fruits were through all seasons seen ;  
 A place of Paradise, where each device  
 Of emulous art with nature strove to vie ;  
 And nature, on her part,  
 Called forth new powers wherewith to vanquish art.  
 The Swerga-God himself, with envious eye,  
 Surveyed those peerless gardens in their prime ;  
 Nor ever did the Lord of Light,  
 Who circles Earth and Heaven upon his way, [sight  
 Behold from eldest time a goodlier than  
 Were the groves which Baly, in his might,  
 Made for his chosen place of solace and delight.

It was a Garden still beyond all price,  
 Even yet it was a place of Paradise :—

For where the mighty Ocean could not spare,  
 There had he, with his own creation,  
 Sought to repair his work of devastation.  
 And here were coral bowers,  
 And grots of madrepores, [eye  
 And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to  
 As e'er was mossy bed  
 Whereon the Wood-nymphs lay  
 Their languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.  
 Here, too, were living flowers  
 Which, like a bud compacted,  
 Their purple cups contracted,  
 And now in open blossoms spread,  
 Stretched like green anthers many a seeking head.  
 And aboretts of jointed stone were there,  
 And plants of fibres fine, as silkworm's thread ; [hair  
 Yea, beautiful as Mermaid's golden  
 Upon the waves dispread :  
 Others that, like the broad bannana growing,  
 Raised their long wrinkled leaves of purple hue,  
 Like streamers wide out-flowing.  
 And whatsoe'er the depths of Ocean hide [espied.  
 From human eyes, Ladurlad there  
 Trees of the deep, and shrubs and fruits  
 and flowers,  
 As fair as ours.

Wherewith the Sea-nymphs love their locks to braid,  
 When to their father's hall, at festival  
 Repairing, they, in emulous array,  
 Their charms display,  
 To grace the banquet, and the solemn day.

#### THALABA'S HOME IN THE DESERT.

*Thalaba.*

It was the wisdom and the will  
 Heaven,  
 That, in a lonely tent, had cast  
 The lot of Thalaba.

There might his soul develop best  
 Its strengthening energies ;  
 There might he from the world  
 Keep his heart pure and uncontaminate,  
 Till at the written hour he should be  
     found  
 Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot.

Years of his youth, how rapidly ye fled  
 In that beloved solitude !  
 Is the morn fair, and doth the freshening  
     breeze

Flow with cool current o'er his cheek ?  
 Lo ! underneath the broad-leaved sycamore

With lids half-closed he lies,  
 Dreaming of days to come.  
 His dog beside him, in mute blandishment,

Now licks his listless hand ;  
 Now lifts an anxious and expectant eye,  
 Courting the wonted caress.

Or comes the father of the rains  
 From his caves in the uttermost west,  
 Comes he in darkness and storms ?  
 When the blast is loud,  
 When the waters fill  
 The traveller's tread in the sands,  
 When the pouring shower  
 Streams adown the roof,  
 When the door-curtain hangs in heavier  
     folds,

When the outstrained tent flags loosely,  
 Within there is the embers' cheerful glow,  
 The sound of the familiar voice,  
 The song that lightens toil,—  
 Domestic peace and comfort are within.  
 Under the common shelter, on dry sand,  
 The quiet camels ruminate their food ;  
 From Moath falls the lengthening cord,  
 As patiently the old man  
 Entwines the strong palm-fibres ; by the  
     hearth

The damsel shakes the coffee-grains,  
 That with warm fragrance fill the tent ;  
 And while, with dexterous fingers,  
     Thalaba

Shapes the green basket, haply at his  
     feet

Her favourite kidling gnaws the twig,  
 Forgi en plunderer, for Oneiza's sake !

Or when the winter torrent rolls  
 Down the deep-channelled rain-course  
     foamingly,

Dark with its mountain spoils,  
 With bare feet pressing the wet sand,  
 There wanders Thalaba,  
 The rushing flow, the flowing roar,  
 Filling his yielded faculties ;

A vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy.  
 Or lingers it a vernal brook  
 Gleaming o'er yellow sands ?

Beneath the lofty bank reclined,  
 With idle eye he views its little waves,  
 Quietly listening to the quiet flow ;  
 While, in the breathings of the stirring  
     gale,

The tall canes bend above.  
 Floating like streamers on the wind  
 Their lank uplifted leaves.

Nor rich, nor poor, was Moath ; God had  
     given                      [tent.

Enough, and blest him with a mind con-  
 No hoarded gold disquieted his dreams ;  
 But ever round his station he beheld

Camels that knew his voice,  
 And home-birds, grouping at Oneiza's  
     call,

And goats that, morn and eve,  
 Came with full udders to the damsel's  
     hand.

Dear child ! the tent beneath whose shade  
 they dwelt

It was her work ; and she had twined  
 His girdle's many hues ;  
 And he had seen his robe  
 Grow in Oneiza's loom.

How often, with a memory-mingled joy  
 Which made her mother live before his  
     sight,

He watched her nimble fingers thread the  
     wool !                      [toiled,

Or at the hand-mill, when she knelt and  
 Toast the thin cake on spreading palm,  
 Or fixed it on the glowing oven's side  
 With bare wet arm, and safe dexterity,

'Tis the cool evening hour :  
 The tamarind from the dew  
 Sheathes its young fruit, yet green.  
 Before their tent the mat is spread,  
 The old man's awful voice  
 Intoner the holy book,

What if beneath no lamp-illuminated dome,  
Its marble walls bedecked with flourished  
truth,

Azure and gold adornment? sinks the word [voice]

With deeper influence from the Imam's  
Where in the day of congregation, crowds  
Perform the duty-task?

Their father is their priest,  
The stars of heaven their point of  
prayer,

And the blue firmament  
The glorious temple, where they feel  
The present deity!

Yet through the purple glow of eve  
Shines dimly the white moon.

The slackened bow, the quiver, the long  
lance,

Rest on the pillar of the tent.

Knit up light palm-leaves for her brother's  
brow,

The dark-eyed damsel sits;

The old man tranquilly

Up his curled pipe inhales

The tranquillizing herb.

So listen they the reed of Thalaba,

While his skilled fingers modulate

The low, sweet, soothing, melancholy  
tones.

## HOW THE WATER COMES DOWN AT LODORE.

HERE it comes sparkling,

And there it lies darkling,

Here smoking and frothing,

Its tumult and wrath in,

It hastens along conflicting strong;

Now striking and raging,

As if a war waging,

Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,

Sinking and creeping,

Swelling and flinging,

Showering and springing

Eddying and whisking,

Spouting and frisking,

Turning and twisting

Around and around;

Collecting, disjecting,

With endless rebound;

Smiting and fighting,

A sight to delight in,

Confounding, astounding,

Dizzying and deafening the ear with its  
sound.

Receding and speeding,

And shocking and rocking,

And darting and parting,

And threading and spreading,

And whizzing and hissing,

And dripping and skipping,

And brightening and whitening,

And quivering and shivering,

And hitting and splitting,

And shining and twining,

And rattling and battling,

And shaking and quaking,

And pouring and roaring,

And waving and raving,

And tossing and crossing,

And flowing and growing

And running and stunning,

And hurrying and skurrying,

And glittering and flitting,

And gathering and feathering,

And dinning and spinning,

And foaming and roaring,

And dropping and hopping,

And working and jerking,

And guggling and struggling,

And heaving and cleaving,

And thundering and floundering

And falling and crawling and sprawling...

And driving and riving and striving,

And sprinkling and twinkling and  
wrinkling,

And sounding and bounding and  
rounding,

And bubbling and troubling and  
doubling,

Dividing and gliding and sliding,

And grumbling and rumbling and  
tumbling,

And clattering and battering and shat-  
tering,

And gleaming and streaming and steam-  
ing and beaming,

And rushing and flushing and brushing  
and gushing,

And flapping and rapping and clapping  
and slapping,

And curling and whirling and purling  
and twirling,

Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,  
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
 Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,  
 And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,  
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,  
 And so never ending but always descending,  
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending;  
 All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
 And in this way the water comes down at Lodore.

### THE MIRACLE OF THE ROSES.

THERE dwelt in Bethlehem a Jewish maid,  
 And Zillah was her name, so passing fair  
 That all Judea spake the virgin's praise.  
 He who had seen her eyes' dark radiance,  
 How it revealed her soul, and what a soul  
 Beamed in the mild effulgence, woe to him!  
 For not in solitude, for not in crowds,  
 Might he escape remembrance, nor avoid  
 Her imaged form which followed everywhere,  
 And filled the heart, and fixed the absent eye.  
 Alas for him! her bosom owned no love  
 Save the strong ardour of religious zeal;  
 For Zillah upon heaven had centred all  
 Her spirit's deep affections. So for her  
 Her tribe's men sighed in vain, yet revered  
 The obdurate virtue that destroy'd their hopes.

One man there was, a vain and wretched man,  
 Who saw, desired, despaired, and hated her;

His sensual eye had gloated on her cheek  
 E'en till the flush of angry modesty  
 Gave it new charms, and made him gloat the more.  
 She loathed the man, for Hamuel's eye was bold,  
 And the strong workings of brute selfishness  
 Had moulded his broad features; and she feared  
 The bitterness of wounded vanity  
 That with a fiendish hue would overcast  
 His faint and lying smile. Nor vain her fear,  
 For Hamuel vowed revenge, and laid a plot  
 Against her virgin fame. He spread abroad  
 Whispers that travel fast, and ill reports  
 That soon obtain belief; how Zillah's eye,  
 When in the temple heavenward it was raised,  
 Did swim with rapturous zeal, but there were those  
 Who had beheld the enthusiast's melting glance  
 With other feelings filled:—that 'twas a task  
 Of easy sort to play the saint by day  
 Before the public eye, but that all eyes  
 Were closed at night;—that Zillah's life was foul,  
 Yea, forfeit to the law.

Shame—shame to man,  
 That he should trust so easily the tongue  
 Which stands another's fame! The ill report  
 Was heard, repeated, and believed,—and soon,  
 For Hamuel by his well-schemed villany  
 Produced such semblances of guilt,—the maid  
 Was to the fire condemned!

Without the walls  
 There was a barren field; a place abhorred,  
 For it was there where wretched criminals  
 Received their death! and there they fixed the stake,

And piled the fuel round, which should <sup>consume</sup> branches and buds, and spreading its  
The <sup>emerald</sup> maid, abandoned, as it <sup>green leaves,</sup> Embowers and canopies the innocent  
<sup>seemed,</sup> By God and man. The assembled <sup>maid</sup> Who there stands glorified; and roses,  
<sup>Bethlehemites</sup> Beheld the scene, and when they saw the <sup>then</sup> First seen on earth since Paradise was  
<sup>maid</sup> Bound to the stake, with what calm <sup>lost,</sup> Profusely blossom round her, white and  
<sup>holiness</sup> She lifted up her patient looks to heaven, In all their rich variety of hues;  
They doubted of her guilt.—With other And fragrance such as our first parents  
<sup>thoughts</sup> Stood Hamuel near the pile; him savage In Eden, she inhales, vouchsafed to her  
<sup>joy</sup> Led thitherward, but now within his A presage sure of Paradise regained.  
<sup>heart</sup> Unwonted feelings stirred, and the first

(HISTORY.)

THOU chronicle of crimes! I read no  
more—  
For I am one who willing'y would love  
His fellow-kind. O gentle poetry,  
Receive me from the court's polluted  
scenes,  
From dungeon horrors, from the fields of  
war,  
Receive me to your haunts,—that I may  
nurse  
My nature's better feelings, for my soul  
Sickens at man's misdeeds!  
I spake—when lo!  
She stood before me in her majesty,  
Oho, the strong-eyed muse. Upon her  
brow  
Sate a calm anger. Go—young man, she  
cried,  
Sigh among myrtle bowers, and let thy  
soul  
Effuse itself in strains so sorrowful sweet,  
That love-sick maids may weep upon thy  
page  
In most delicious sorrow. Oh shame!  
shame!  
Was it for this I wakened thy young  
mind?  
Was it for this I made thy swelling heart  
Throb at the deeds of Greece, and tny  
boy's eye  
So kindle when that glorious Spartan  
died?  
Boy! boy! deceive me not! what if the  
tale

Of wakening guilt, anticipant of hell!  
The eye of Zillah as it glanced around  
Fell on the slanderer once, and rested  
there  
A moment: like a dagger did it pierce,  
And struck into his soul a cureless  
wound.  
Conscience! thou God within us! not in  
the hour  
Of triumph dost thou spare the guilty  
wretch,  
Not in the hour of infamy and death  
Forsake the virtuous!—They draw near  
the stake—  
They bring the torch!—hold, hold your  
erring hands!  
Yet quench the rising flames!—they rise,  
they spread!  
They reach the suffering maid! O God,  
protect  
The innocent one!  
They rose, they spread, they  
raged;—  
The breath of God went forth; the as-  
cending fire  
Beneath its influence bent, and all its  
flames,  
In one long lightning-flash concentrating,  
Darted and blasted Hamuel—him alone!  
Hark!—what a fearful scream the multi-  
tude  
Pour forth!—and yet more miracles! the  
stake



Of murdered millions strike a chilling pang,  
 What if Tiberius in his island stews,  
 And Philip at his beads, alike inspire  
 Strong anger and contempt; hast thou  
 not risen  
 With nobler feelings? with a deeper love  
 For freedom? Yes—most righteously thy  
 soul  
 Loathes the black history of human  
 crimes  
 And human misery! let that spirit fill  
 Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy,  
 to raise  
 Strains such as Cato might have deigned  
 to hear,  
 As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love.

No, William, no, I would not live again  
 The morning hours of life,  
 I would not be again  
 The slave of hope and fear;  
 I would not learn again  
 The wisdom by experience hardly taught  
 To me the past presents  
 No object for regret,  
 To me the present gives  
 All cause for full content:—  
 The future,—it is now the cheerful noon,  
 And on the sunny-smiling fields I gaze  
 With eyes alive to joy,  
 When the dark night descends,  
 My weary lids I willingly shall close,  
 Again to wake in light.

## TO A BEE.

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,  
 INQUIRING IF I WOULD LIVE OVER  
 MY YOUTH AGAIN.

Do I regret the past?  
 Would I again live o'er  
 The morning hours of life?  
 Nay, William, nay, not so!  
 In the warm joyance of the summer sun  
 I do not wisa again  
 The changeful April day  
 Nay, William, nay, not so!  
 Safe haved from the sea  
 I would not tempt again  
 The uncertain ocean's wrath.  
 Praise be to him who made me what I am,  
 O'er I would not be.  
 Why is it pleasant then to sit and talk  
 Of days that are no more?  
 When in his own dear home  
 The traveller rests at last,  
 And tells how often in his wanderings  
 The thought of those far off  
 Has made his eyes o'erflow  
 With no unmanly tears;  
 Delighted, he recalls  
 Through what fair scenes his charmed  
 feet have trod.  
 But ever when he tells of perils past,  
 And troubles now no more,  
 His eyes most sparkle, and a readier joy  
 Flows rapid to his heart.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy busy  
 bee!  
 As abroad I took my early way,  
 Before the cow from her resting place  
 Had risen up and left her trace  
 On the meadow, with dew so gray,  
 I saw thee, thou busy busy bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy busy  
 bee!  
 After the fall of the cistus flower,  
 When the primrose-tree blossom was  
 ready to burst,  
 I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;  
 In the silence of the evening hour,  
 I heard thee, thou busy busy bee.

Thou art a miser, thou busy busy bee!  
 Late and early at employ;  
 Still on thy golden stores intent,  
 Thy summer in heaping and hoarding  
 is spent,  
 What thy winter will never enjoy;  
 Wise lesson this for me, thou busy busy  
 bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy busy  
 bee!  
 What is the end of thy toil.  
 When the latest flowers of the ivy are  
 gone  
 And all thy work for the year is done,  
 Thy master comes for the spoil.  
 Woe then for thee, thou busy busy bee!



THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM (SOUTHEY)

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by —P. 297.



THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,      And by him sported on the green  
AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.      His little grand child, Wilhelmine.

You are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,

The few locks that are left you are  
gray ;

You are hale, Father William, a hearty  
old man,

Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William  
replied,

I remember'd that youth would fly fast,  
And abused not my health and my vigour  
at first,

That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,

And pleasures with youth pass away,  
And yet you lament not the days that are  
gone,

Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William  
replied,

I remember'd that youth could not last ;  
I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,

And life must be hastening away ;

You are cheerful, and love to converse  
upon death !

Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William  
replied ;

Let the cause thy attention engage ;

In the days of my youth I remember'd my  
God !

And He hath not forgotten my age.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
That he beside the rivulet,  
In playing there, had found ;  
He came to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by ;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And with a natural sigh,  
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,  
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for  
There's many here about,  
And often when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out ;  
For many thousand men, said he,  
Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,  
Young Peterkin he cries,  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes ;  
Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they kill'd each other for.

#### VI.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,  
That put the French to rout ;  
But what they kill'd each other for,  
I could not well make out.  
But everybody said, quoth he,  
That 'twas a famous victory.

#### VII.

### THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

#### I.

It was a summer evening,  
Old Kaspar's work was done ;  
And he before his cottage door  
Was sitting in the sun,

My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by ;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly :  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.

## VIII.

With fire and sword the country round  
 Was wasted far and wide,  
 And many a childing mother then,  
 And new-born infant, died.  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 At every famous victory.

## IX.

They say it was a shocking sight,  
 After the field was won,  
 For many thousand bodies here  
 Lay rotting in the sun ;  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 After a famous victory.

## X.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,  
 And our good Prince Eugenc.—  
 Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !  
 Said little Wilhelmine.—  
 Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,  
 It was a famous victory.

## XI.

And everybody praised the Duke  
 Who such a fight did win.—  
 But what good came of it at last ?  
 Quoth little Peterkin.—  
 Why that I cannot tell, said he,  
 But 'twas a famous victory.

## MERCIFUL INFLICTIONS.

*From Thalaba.*

REPINE not, O my son !  
 That Heaven hath chastened thee. Be-  
 hold this vine,  
 I found it a wild tree, whose wanton  
 strength  
 Hast swoln into irregular twigs  
 And bold excrescences,  
 And spent itself in leaves and little rings,  
 So in the flourish of its outwardness  
 Wasting the sap and strength  
 That should have given forth fruit ;  
 But when I pruned the tree,  
 Then it grew temperate in its vain expense  
 Of useless leaves, and knotted, as thou  
 seest,  
 Into these full, clear clusters, to repay  
 The hand that wisely wounded it.

Repine not, O my son !  
 In wisdom and in mercy Heaven inflicts,  
 Like a wise leech, its painful remedies.

THE VOYAGE OF THALABA  
AND THE DAMSEL.

THEN did the damsel speak again,  
 "Wilt thou go on with me ?  
 The moon is bright, the sea is calm,  
 And I know well the ocean paths ;  
 Wilt thou go on with me ?—  
 Deliverer ! yes ! thou dost not fear !  
 Thou wilt go on with me !"  
 "Sail on, sail on !" quoth Thalaba,  
 "Sail on, in Allah's name !"

The moon is bright, the sea is calm,  
 The little boat rides rapidly  
 Across the ocean waves ;  
 The line of moonlight on the deep  
 Still follows as they voyage on ;  
 The winds are motionless ;  
 The gentle waters gently part  
 In murmurs round the prow.  
 He looks above, he looks around,  
 The boundless heaven, the boundless sea.  
 The crescent moon, the little boat,  
 Nought else above, below.

The moon is sunk, a dusky grey  
 Spreads o'er the eastern sky,  
 The stars grow pale and paler ;—  
 Oh beautiful ! the godlike sun  
 Is rising o'er the sea !  
 Without an oar, without a sail,  
 The little boat rides rapidly ;—  
 Is that a cloud that skirts the sea ?  
 There is no cloud in heaven !  
 And nearer now, and darker now—  
 It is—it is—the land !  
 For yonder are the rocks that rise  
 Dark in the reddening morn,  
 For loud around their hollow base  
 The surges rage and roar.

The little boat rides rapidly,  
 And now with shorter toss it heaves  
 Upon the heavier swell ;  
 And now so near, they see

The shelves and shadows of the cliff,  
And the low-lurking rocks,  
O'er whose black summits, hidden half,  
The shivering billows burst;—  
And nearer now they feel the breaker's  
spray.

Then spake the damsel, "Yonder is our  
path,

Beneath the cavern arch.

Now is the ebb, and till the ocean-flow,  
We cannot over-ride the rocks.

Go thou, and on the shore

Perform thy last ablutions, and with prayer  
Strengthen thy heart.—I too have need to  
pray."

She held the helm with steady hand

Amid the stronger waves;

Through surge and surf she drove,  
The adventurer leap'd to land.

[CAROLINE BOWLES—MRS. SOUTHEY.]

#### TO A DYING INFANT.

SLEEP, little baby, sleep!  
Not in thy cradle bed,  
Not on thy mother's breast  
Henceforth shall be thy rest,  
But with the quiet dead!

Yes! with the quiet dead,  
Baby, thy rest shall be!  
Oh! many a weary wight,  
Weary of life and light,  
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling!  
Flee to thy grassy nest;  
There the first flowers shall blow;  
The first pure flake of snow  
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom  
Labours with shortening breath:—  
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh  
Speaks his departure nigh!  
Those are the dampings of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,  
A thing all health and glee;  
But never then wert thou  
So beautiful as now,  
Baby, thou seem'st to me!

Thine upturn'd eyes glazed over,  
Like harebells wet with dew;  
Already veiled and hid  
By the convulsed lid,  
Their pupils, darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open—  
Thy soft lip quivering,  
As if like summer-air,  
Kissing the rose-leaves, then,  
Thy soul was fluttering.

'Mount up, immortal essence!  
Young spirit, haste, depart!—  
And is this death?—Dread thing!  
If such thy visiting,  
How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever  
Upon thy waxen face;  
So passionless, so pure!  
The little shrine was sure,  
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless Mother!  
Aye, weep—'twill ease thine heart—  
He was thy first-born son,  
Thy first, thine only one,  
'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling  
Deep in the damp cold earth,  
His empty crib to see,  
His silent nursery,  
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber,  
His small mouth's rosy kiss;  
Then, waken'd with a start,  
By thine own throbbing heart,  
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)  
A dull, heart-sinking weight,  
Till memory on the soul  
Flashes the painful whole,  
That thou art desolate!

And then, to lie and weep,  
And think the live-long night  
(Feeding thine own distress  
With accurate greediness)  
Of every past delight;

Of all his winning ways,  
His pretty playful smiles,  
His joy at sight of thee,  
His tricks, his mimicry,  
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections  
Round mothers' hearts that cling,—  
That mingle with the tears  
And smiles of after years,  
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond Mother!  
In after years look back,  
(Time brings such wondrous easing),  
With sadness not unpleasing,  
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say, "My first-born blessing,  
It almost broke my heart,  
When thou wert forced to go!  
And yet for thee, I know,  
'Twas better to depart.

"God took thee in his mercy,  
A lamb, untask'd, untried.  
He fought the fight for thee,  
He won the victory,  
And thou art sanctified!

"I look around, and see  
The evil ways of men;  
And oh! beloved child!  
I'm more than reconciled  
To thy departure then.

"The little arms that clasp'd me,  
The innocent lips that press'd—  
Would they have been as pure  
'Till now, as when of yore  
I lull'd thee on my breast?

"Now, like a dew-drop shrined  
Within a crystal stone,  
Thou'rt safe in Heaven, my dove!  
Safe with the Source of Love,  
The Everlasting One!

"And when the hour arrives,  
From flesh that sets me free,  
Thy spirit may await,  
The first at Heaven's gate,  
To meet and welcome me!"

[CHARLES LAMB. 1775—1834.]

### THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.  
I have been laughing, I have been carousing, [cronies,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces  
I loved a love once, fairest among women;  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;  
[ruptly ;—  
Like an ingrate I left my friend ab-  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;  
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling,  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces;—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are departed;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

[EARL OF CARLISLE. 1802—1864.]

### ON VISITING THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THERE'S nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall!  
Thou mayst not to the fancy's sense re call—

The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's  
leap—

The stirring of the chambers of the deep—  
Earth's emerald green, and many-tinted  
dyes—

The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies—  
The tread of armies thickening as they  
come—

The boom of cannon, and the beat of  
drum—

The brow of beauty, and the form of  
grace—

The passion, and the prowess of our  
race—

The song of Homer in its loftest hour—  
The unresisted sweep of Roman power—

Britannia's trident on the azure sea—  
America's young shout of Liberty!

Oh! may the wars that madden in thy  
deeps

There spend their rage, nor climb th' en-  
circling steep,

And till the conflict of thy surges cease,  
The nations on thy banks repose in  
peace.

[EBENEZER ELLIOTT. 1781—1849.]

### THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

STRONG climber of the mountain side,  
Though thou the vale disdain,  
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide  
The wonders of the lane.

High o'er the rushy springs of Don  
The stormy gloom is roll'd;

The moorland hath not yet put on  
His purple, green, and gold.

But here the titling\* spreads his wing,  
Where dewy daisies gleam;

And here the sun-flower† of the spring  
Burns bright in morning's beam.

To mountain winds the famish'd fox  
Complains that Sol is slow,

O'er headlong steepes and gushing rocks  
His royal robe to throw.

But here the lizard seeks the sun,  
Here coils in light the snake;

And here the fire-tuft‡ hath begun  
Its beauteous nest to make.

\* The Hedge Sparrow. † The Dandelion.  
‡ The Golden-Crested Wren.

Oh, then, while hums the earliest bee,  
Where verdure fires the plain,

Walk thou with me, and stoop to see  
The glories of the lane!

For, oh, I love these banks of rock,  
This roof of sky and tree,

These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming  
clock,

And wakes the earliest bee!  
As spirits from eternal day

Lock down on earth secure;  
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey

A world in miniature;  
A world not scorn'd by Him who made

Even weakness by his might;  
But solemn in his depth of shade,

And splendid in his light.  
Light! not alone on clouds afar

O'er storm-loved mountains spread,  
Or widely-teaching sun and star

Thy glorious thoughts are read;  
Oh, no! thou art a wondrous book,

To sky, and sea, and land—  
A page on which the angels look,

Which insects understand!  
And here, oh, Light! minutely fair,

Divinely plain and clear,  
Like splinters of a crystal hair,

Thy bright small hand is here.  
Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,

Is Huron, girt with wood;  
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—

And that Niagara's flood.  
What tidings from the Andes brings

Yon line of liquid light,  
That down from heav'n in madness flings

The blind foam of its might?  
Do I not hear his thunder roll—

The roar that ne'er is still?  
'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul

It roars, and ever will.  
What forests tall of tiniest moss

Clothe every little stone!  
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss

O'er pigmy valleys lone! [ledge,  
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to

Ambitious of the sky,  
They feather o'er the steepest edge

Of mountains mushroom high.  
Oh, God of marvels! who can tell

What myriad living things  
On these grey stones unseen may dwell!

What nations with their kings!



I feel no shock, I hear no groan  
 While fate perchance o'erwhelms  
 Empires on this subverted stone—  
 A hundred ruin'd realms !  
 Lo ! in that dot, some mite, like me,  
 Impell'd by woe or whim,  
 May crawl, some atom cliffs to see—  
 A tiny world to him !  
 Lo ! while he pauses, and admires  
 The work of nature's might,  
 Spurn'd by my foot, his world expires,  
 And all to him is night !  
 Oh, God of terrors ! what are we ?—  
 Poor insects, spark'd with thought !  
 Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,  
 Could smite us into nought !  
 But shouldst thou wreck our father-land,  
 And mix it with the deep,  
 Safe in the hollow of thy hand,  
 Thy little ones would sleep.

#### THE HAPPY LOT.

BLESS'D is the hearth where daughters  
 gird the fire,  
 And sons that shall be happier than their  
 sire,  
 Who sees them crowd around his evening  
 chair,  
 While love and hope inspire his wordless  
 prayer.  
 O from their home paternal may they go,  
 With little to unlearn, though much to  
 know !  
 Them, may no poison'd tongue, no evil  
 eye,  
 Curse for the virtues that refuse to die ;  
 The generous heart, the independent  
 mind,  
 Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting  
 behind !  
 May temperance crown their feast, and  
 friendship share !  
 May Pity come, Love's sister-spirit, there !  
 May they shun baseness as they shun the  
 grave !  
 May they be frugal, pious, humble,  
 brave !  
 Sweet peace be theirs—the moonlight of  
 the breast—  
 And occupation, and alternate rest ;

And dear to care and thought the usual  
 walk ;  
 Theirs be no flower that withers on the  
 stalk,  
 But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom in  
 vain ;  
 And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise  
 again.  
 Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home  
 be sweet,  
 Their floor resound the tread of little  
 feet ;  
 Bless'd beyond fear and fate, if bless'd by  
 thee,  
 And heirs, O Love ! of thine Eternity.

#### LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

We watch'd him, while the moonlight,  
 Beneath the shadow'd hill,  
 Seem'd dreaming of good angels,  
 And all the woods were still.  
 The brother of two sisters  
 Drew painfully his breath :  
 A strange fear had come o'er him,  
 For love was strong in death.  
 The fire of fatal fever  
 Burn'd darkly on his cheek,  
 And often to his mother  
 He spoke, or tried to speak :  
 " I felt, as if from slumber  
 I never could awake :  
 Oh, Mother, give me something  
 To cherish for your sake !  
 A cold, dead weight is on me—  
 A heavy weight, like lead :  
 My hands and feet seem sinking  
 Quite through my little bed :  
 I am so tired, so weary—  
 With weariness I ache :  
 Oh, Mother, give me something  
 To cherish for your sake !  
 Some little token give me,  
 Which I may kiss in sleep—  
 To make me feel I'm near you,  
 And bless you though I weep.  
 My sisters say I'm better—  
 But, then, their heads they shake  
 Oh, Mother, give me something  
 To cherish for your sake !

Why can't I see the poplar,  
The moonlit stream and hill,  
Where, Fanny says, good angels  
Dream, when the woods are still?  
Why can't I see you, Mother?  
I surely am awake:  
Oh, haste! and give me something  
To cherish for your sake!"  
His little bosom heaves not;  
The fire hath left his cheek:  
The fine chord—is it broken?  
The strong chord—could it break?  
Ah, yes! the loving spirit  
Hath wing'd his flight away:  
A mother and two sisters  
Look down on lifeless clay.

[JOHN WILSON. 1785—1844.]

## THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting  
sun,  
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided  
snow:  
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on  
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.  
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated  
slow!  
Even in its very motion there was rest:  
While every breath of eve that chanced to  
blow  
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous  
West.  
Emblem, methought, of the departed  
soul!  
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is  
given;  
And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
Right onwards to the golden gates of  
Heaven,  
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful  
lies,  
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

## THE MIDNIGHT OCEAN.

*The Isle of Palm.*

It is the midnight hour:—the beauteous  
sea,  
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven  
discloses,

While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,  
Far down within the watery sky reposes.  
As if the Ocean's heart were stirr'd  
With inward life, a sound is heard,  
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his  
sleep;  
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,  
That lies like a garment floating fair  
Above the happy deep.  
The sea, I ween, cannot be fann'd  
By evening freshness from the land,  
For the land it is far away;  
But God hath will'd that the sky-born  
breeze  
In the centre of the loneliest seas  
Should ever sport and play.  
The mighty Moon she sits above,  
Encircled with a zone of love,  
A zone of dim and tender light  
That makes her wakeful eye more bright:  
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,  
And the night looks like a mellow'd day!  
The gracious Mistress of the Main  
Hath now an undisturbed reign,  
And from her silent throne looks down,  
As upon children of her own,  
On the waves that lend their gentle breast  
In gladness for her couch of rest!

## MAGDALENE'S HYMN.

*The City of the Plague.*

THE air of death breathes through our  
souls,  
The dead all round us lie;  
By day and night the death-bell tolls,  
And says, "Prepare to die."  
The face that in the morning sun  
We thought so wondrous fair,  
Hath faded, ere his course was run,  
Beneath its golden hair.

I see the old man in his grave,  
With thin locks silvery-grey;  
I see the child's bright tresses wave  
In the cold breath of clay.

The loving ones we loved the best,  
Like music all are gone!  
And the wan moonlight bathes in rest  
Their monumental stone.

But not when the death-prayer is said  
The life of life departs ;  
The body in the grave is laid,  
Its beauty in our hearts.

And holy midnight voices sweet  
Like fragrance fill the room,  
And happy ghosts with noiseless feet  
Come bright'ning from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,  
From whose dear side they came !  
—We veil our eyes before thy light,  
We bless our Saviour's name !

This frame of dust, this feeble breath  
The Plague may soon destroy ;  
We think on Thee, and feel in death  
A deep and awful joy.

Dim is the light of vanish'd years  
In the glory yet to come ;  
O idle grief ! O foolish tears !  
When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair  
That weep themselves to rest ;  
We part with life—awake ! and there  
The jewel in our breast !

### SACRED POETRY.

How beautiful is genius when combined  
With holiness ! Oh, how divinely sweet  
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords  
are touch'd

By the soft hand of Piety, and hung  
Upon Religion's shrine, there vibrating  
With solemn music in the ear of God.  
And must the Bard from sacred themes  
refrain ?

Sweet were the hymns in patriarchal  
days,  
That, kneeling in the silence of his tent,  
Or on some moonlit hill, the shepherd  
pour'd  
Unto his heavenly Father. Strains sur-  
vive

Erst chanted to the lyre of Israel,  
More touching far than ever poet breathed  
Amid the Grecian isles, or later times  
Have heard in Albion, land of every lay.

Why therefore are ye silent, ye who know  
The trance of adoration, and behold  
Upon your bended knees the throne of  
Heaven,

And Him who sits thereon ? Believe it  
not,

That Poetry, in purer days the nurse,  
Yea, parent oft of blissful piety,  
Should silent keep from service of her  
God,

Nor with her summons, loud but silver-  
toned,

Startle the guilty dreamer from his sleep,  
Bidding him gaze with rapture or with  
dread

On regions where the sky forever lies  
Bright as the sun himself, and trembling  
all

With ravishing music, or where darkness  
broods

O'er ghastly shapes, and sounds not to be  
borne.

### THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

WITH laughter swimming in thine eye,  
That told youth's heartfelt revelry ;  
And motion changeful as the wing  
Of swallow waken'd by the spring ;  
With accents blithe as voice of May,  
Chanting glad Nature's roundelay ;  
Circled by joy, like planet bright,  
That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,  
Thy image such, in former time,  
When thou, just entering on thy prime,  
And woman's sense in thee combined  
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,  
First taught'st my sighing soul to move  
With hope towards the heaven of love !

Now years have given my Mary's face  
A thoughtful and a quiet grace ;  
Though happy still, yet chance distress  
Hath left a pensive loveliness ;  
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,  
And thy heart broods o'er home-born  
dreams !

Thy smiles, slow-kindling now and mild,  
Shower blessings on a darling child ;  
Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread,  
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed !

And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,  
That tells thy heart is all my own,  
Sounds sweeter from the lapse of years,  
With the wife's love, the mother's fears !

By thy glad youth and tranquil prime  
Assured, I smile at hoary time ;  
For thou art doom'd in age to know,  
The calm that wisdom steals from woe ;  
The holy pride of high intent,  
The glory of a life well spent.  
When, earth's affections nearly o'er,  
With Peace behind and Faith before,  
Thou render'st up again to God,  
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,  
Thy lustrous soul ; then harp and hymn,  
From bands of sister seraphim,  
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye  
Open in Immortality.

[HORACE SMITH. 1779—1849.]

#### ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange  
a story !)

In Thebes's street three thousand years  
ago, [glory,  
When the Memnonium was in all its  
And time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles  
stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous !

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted  
dumbly ;

Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear  
its tune ;

Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground,  
mummy !

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.

Not like thin ghosts or disembodied  
creatures,

But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs  
and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst re-  
collect— [fame ?

To whom we should assign the Sphinx's  
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
Of either Pyramid that bears his name ?

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by  
Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden  
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—  
Then say, what secret melody was hidden  
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise  
played ?

Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my  
struggles  
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its  
juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned  
flat, [to glass ;  
Has hob-a-nob'd with Pharaoh, glass  
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,  
Or doctored thine own to let Queen Di-  
pass,  
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when  
armed,  
Has any Roman soldier mauled and  
knuckled,  
For thou wert dead, and buried, and  
embalmed  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been  
suckled :

Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered  
tongue

Might tell us what those sightless orbs  
have seen,

How the world looked when it was fresh  
and young, [green ;

And the great deluge still had left it  
Or was it then so old, that history's pages  
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf !

Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy  
vows ;

But pr'ythee tell us something of thyself,  
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast  
slumbered,

What hast thou seen—what strange  
adventures numbered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,

We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations ;

The Roman empire has begun and ended,  
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,

And countless kings have into dust been humbled,

Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,

When the great Persian conqueror,  
Cambyses,

Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,

O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,

And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,

When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
The nature of thy private life unfold :

A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,

And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd ;

Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face ?

What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !

Imperishable type of evanescence !

Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,

And standest undecayed within our presence,

Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,

When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,

If its undying guest be lost for ever ?

Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure

In living virtue, that, when both must

Although corruption may our frame consume,

The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

[ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 1783—1842.]

## THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

THE sun rises bright in France,  
And fair sets he ;

But he has tint the blythe blink he had  
In my ain cuntry.

O it's nae my ain ruin

That saddens aye my e'e,

But the dear Marie I left ahin',  
Wi' sweet bairnies three.

My lanely hearth burn'd bonnie,

An' smiled my ain Marie ;

I've left a' my heart behin'  
In my ain cuntry.

The bud comes back to summer,

And the blossom to the bee ;

But I'll win back—O never,  
To my ain cuntry.

O I am leal to high Heaven,

Where soon I hope to be,

An' there I'll meet ye a' soon  
Frae my ain cuntry !

## A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,

A wind that follows fast,

And fills the white and rustling sail,

And bends the gallant mast.

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,

While, like the eagle free,

Away the good ship flies, and leaves

Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind !

I heard a fair one cry ;

But give to me the swelling breeze,

And white waves heaving high.

The white waves heaving high, my lads,

The good ship tight and free,—

The world of waters is our home,  
And merry men are we.

## THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

SHE slept, and there was visioned in her sleep  
 A hill: above its summit sang the lark—  
 She strove to climb it: ocean wide and deep  
 Gaped for her feet, where swam a sable bark,  
 Mann'd with dread shapes, whose aspects, doure and dark,  
 Mocked God's bright image; huge and grim they grew—  
 Quenched all the lights of heaven, save one small spark,  
 Then seized her—laughing to the bark they drew  
 Her shuddering, shrieking—ocean kindled as they flew.

And she was carried to a castle bright.  
 A voice said, "Sibyl, here's thy blithe bridegroom!"  
 She shrieked—she prayed;—at once the bridal light  
 Was quenched, and changed to midnight's funeral gloom.  
 She saw swords flash, and many a dancing plume  
 Roll on before her; while around her fell  
 Increase of darkness, like the hour of doom;  
 She felt herself as chained by charm and spell.  
 Lo! one to win her came she knew and loved right well.

Right through the darkness down to ocean-flood  
 He bore her now: the deep and troubled sea  
 Rolled red before her like a surge of blood,  
 And wet her feet: she felt it touch her knee—  
 She started—waking from her terrors, she  
 Let through the room the midnight's dewy air—  
 The gentle air, so odorous, fresh, and free,  
 Her bosom cooled: she spread her palms and there  
 Knelt humble, and to God confessed herself in prayer.

"God of my Fathers! thou who didst upraise  
 Their hearts and touched them with heroic fire,  
 And madest their deeds the subject of high praise—  
 Their daughter's beauty charm the poet's lyre—  
 Confirm me in the right—my mind inspire  
 With goodness and grace and virtuous might,  
 To win this maiden-venture, heavenly sire!  
 Chase darkness from me, let me live in light,  
 And take those visions dread from thy weak servant's sight."

Even while she prayed, her spirit waxed more meek.  
 'Mid snow-white sheets her whiter limbs she threw;  
 A moon-beam came, and on her glowing cheek  
 Dropt bright, as proud of her diviner hue.  
 Sweet sleep its golden mantle o'er her threw,  
 And there she lay as innocent and mild  
 As unfledged dove or daisy born in dew.  
 Fair dreams descending chased off visions wild;  
 She stretched in sleep her hand, and on the shadows smiled.

## SABBATH MORNING.

DEAR is the hallow'd morn to me,  
 When village bells awake the day;  
 And, by their sacred minstrelsy,  
 Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,  
 Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!  
 To feel devotion's soothing power,  
 And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen,  
 Which echoes through the blest abode,  
 Which swells and sinks, and swells again,  
 Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony,  
Sung with the pomp of village art ;  
That holy, heavenly melody,  
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often pray'd,  
And still the anxious tear would fall ;  
But on thy sacred altar laid,  
The fire descends, and dries them all.

Oft when the world, with iron hands,  
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,  
This bursts them, like the strong man's  
bands,  
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath morn ;  
The village bells, the shepherd's voice  
These oft have found my heart forlorn,  
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,  
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms ;  
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,  
That bears us to a Father's arms.

### THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,  
By that pretty white han' o' thine,  
And by all the lowing stars in heaven,  
That thou wad aye be mine ;  
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,  
And by that kind heart o' thine,  
By a' the stars sown thick o'er heaven,  
That thou shalt aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose  
sic bands,  
An' the heart that wad part sic love ;  
But there's nae hand can loose my band,  
But the finger o' God above.  
Though the wee wee cot maun be my  
bield,  
And my claithing e'er so mean,  
I wad la me up rich i' the fauld o' luve,  
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me  
Far safer than the down ;

And love wad winnow owre us his kind  
kind wings,  
And sweetly I'd sleep, an' soun'.  
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luve,  
Come here, and kneel wi' me,  
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' my  
God,  
And I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds  
o' new flowers,  
The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie,  
Our gude-man leans owre his kale-yard  
dyke,  
And a blythe auld bodie is he.  
The Beuk maun be taen when the carle  
comes hame,  
Wi' the holie psalmodie,  
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,  
And I will speak o' thee.

### BONNIE LADY ANN.

THERE's kames o' honey 'tween my luve's  
lips,  
An' gowd amang her hair ;  
Her breasts are lapt in a holie vell,  
Nae mortal een keek there.  
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare  
touch,  
Or what arm o' luve dare span  
The honey lips, the creamy loof,  
Or the waist o' Lady Ann ?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,  
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew ;  
But nae gentle lip nor simple lip  
Maun touch her Ladie mou' ;  
But a broidered belt wi' a buckle o' gowd  
Her jimpy waist maun span ;  
O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,  
My bonnie Lady Ann !

Her bower casement is latticed wi'  
flowers,  
Tied up wi' silver thread,  
An' comely she sits in the midst,  
Men's longing een to feed.  
She waves the ringlets frae her cheeks,  
Wi' her milky milky han',  
An' her cheeks seem touched wi' the  
finger o' God ;  
My bonnie Lady Ann !

The morning cloud is fast'd wi' gowd,  
 Like my luv's broider'd cap,  
 An' on the mantle which my luv wears  
 Are monie a gowden drap.  
 Her bonnie ee bree's a holic arch,  
 Cast by no earthly han',  
 An' the breath o' God's atween the lips  
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann !

I am her father's gardener lad,  
 And poor poor is my fa' ;  
 My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,  
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.  
 My Lady comes, my Lady goes  
 Wi' a fu' an' kindly han' ; [lue,  
 O the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my  
 An' fa' on Lady Ann !

#### SHE'S GONE TO DWELL IN HEAVEN.

SHE'S gone to dwell in heaven, my lassie,  
 She's gone to dwell in heaven :  
 Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,  
 For dwelling out o' heaven !

O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie ?  
 O what'll she do in heaven ?  
 She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels'  
   sangs,  
 An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,  
 She was beloved by a' ;  
 But an angel fell in love wi' her,  
 An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,  
 Low there thou lies ;  
 A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,  
 Nor frae it will arise !

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,  
 Fu' soon I'll follow thee ;  
 Thou left me nought to covet ahin',  
 But took gudeness' itself wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my  
 lassie,  
 I looked on thy death-cold face .  
 Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,  
 An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,  
 I looked on thy death-shut eye ;  
 An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven  
 Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,  
 Thy lips were ruddy and calm ;  
 But gone was the holy breath o' heaven  
 To sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,  
 There's naught but dust now mine ;  
 My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld, cauld grave,  
 An' why should I stay behin' ?

[HARTLEY COLERIDGE. 1796—1849.]

#### SHE IS NOT FAIR.

SHE is not fair to outward view,  
 As many maidens be ;  
 Her loveliness I never knew  
 Until she smiled on me.  
 Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,  
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold—  
 To mine they ne'er reply ;  
 And yet I cease not to behold  
 The love-light in her eye :  
 Her very frowns are sweeter far  
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

#### THE FIRST MAN.

WHAT was't awakened first the untried  
 ear  
 Of that sole man who was all human  
 kind ?  
 Was it the gladsome welcome of the  
 wind,  
 Stirring the leaves that never yet were  
 serene ?  
 The four mellifluous streams which flowed  
 so near,  
 Their lulling murmurs all in one com-  
 bined ?  
 The note of bird unnamed ? The startled  
 hind  
 Bursting the brake,—in wonder, not in  
 fear  
 Of her new lord ? Or did the holy ground



Send forth mysterious melody to greet  
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet ?  
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,  
Making sweet music out of air as sweet ?  
Or his own voice awake him with its  
sound ?

[BERNARD BARTON. 1784—1849.]

### TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

FAIR flower, that shunn'st the glare of  
day,  
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,  
To evening's hues of sober grey  
Thy cup of paly gold ;—

Be thine the offering owing long  
To thee, and to this pensive hour  
Of one brief tributary song,  
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve,  
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light,  
And have my inmost heart receive  
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark  
Their beauty greet the night-breeze  
chill,  
And shine, mid shadows gathering dark,  
The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,  
When cares and griefs the breast in-  
vade,  
Is friendship's animating smile  
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup  
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,  
And bears the sinking spirit up  
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,  
If meek Religion's eye may trace,  
Even in thy glimm'ring earth-born star,  
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope—that as thy beauteous bloom  
Expands to glad the close of day,  
So through the shadows of the tomb  
May break forth Mercy's ray.

[JOANNA BAILLIE. 1762—1851.]

### THE CHOUGH AND CROW.

THE Chough and Crow to roost are gone—  
The owl sits on the tree—  
The hush'd winds wail with feeble moan,  
Like infant charity.  
The wild fire dances o'er the fen—  
The red star sheds its ray ;  
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,  
It is our op'ning day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,  
And clos'd is ev'ry flower ;  
And winking tapers faintly peep,  
High from my lady's bower.  
Bewilder'd hind with shorten'd ken,  
Shrink on their murky way :  
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,  
It is our op'ning day.

Nor board, nor garner own we now,  
Nor roof, nor latched door,  
Nor kind mate bound by holy vow  
To bless a good man's store.  
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,  
And night is grown our day :  
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,  
And use it as we may.

### THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD.

THE gowan glitters on the sward,  
The lavrock's in the sky,  
And Colley in my plaid keeps ward,  
And time is passing by.  
Oh, no ! sad and slow !  
I hear no welcome sound,  
The shadow of our trysting bush,  
It wears so slowly round.

My sheep bells tinkle frae the west,  
My lambs are bleating near ;  
But still the sound that I lo'e best,  
Alack ! I canna hear.  
Oh, no ! sad and slow !  
The shadow lingers still,  
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,  
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,  
The mill wi' clacking din,

And Luckey scolding frae her door,  
To bring the bairnies in.  
Oh, no! sad and slow!  
These are nae sounds for me.  
The shadow of our trysting bush,  
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen, frae Chapman Tam,  
A snood of bonny blue,  
And promised when our trysting cam',  
To tie it round her brow!  
Oh, no! sad and slow!  
The time it winna pass:  
The shadow of that weary thorn  
Is tether'd on the grass.

O, now I see her on the way,  
She's past the witches' knowe,  
She's climbing up the brownie's brace;  
My heart is in a lowe.  
Oh, no! 'tis not so!  
'Tis glamrie I ha'e seen!  
The shadow of that hawthorn bush  
Will move nae mair till e'en.

[THE REV. GEORGE CROLY. 1780—1860.]

#### DOMESTIC LOVE.

O! LOVE of loves!—to thy white hand  
is given  
Of earthly happiness the golden key.  
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's  
even,  
When the babes cling around their  
father's knee;  
And thine the voice, that, on the mid-  
night sea,  
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts  
of home, [to see,  
Peopling the gloom with all he longs  
Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou  
hast come  
And on its altar closed—forever closed  
thy plume.

#### CUPID CARRYING PROVISIONS.

THERE was once a gentle time  
When the world was in its prime;  
And every day was holiday,  
And every month was lovely May.

Cupid then had but to go  
With his purple wings and bow;  
And in blossomed vale and grove  
Every shepherd knelt to love.

Then a rosy, dimpled cheek,  
And a blue eye, fond and meek;  
And a ringlet-wreathen brow,  
Like hyacinths on a bed of snow;  
And a low voice, silver sweet,  
From a lip without deceit;  
Only those the hearts could move  
Of the simple swains to love.

But that time is gone and past,  
Can the summer always last?  
And the swains are wiser grown  
And the heart is turned to stone,  
And the maiden's rose may wither,  
Cupid's fled, no man knows whither.  
But another Cupid's come,  
With a brow of care and gloom:  
Fixed upon the earthly mould,  
Thinking of the sullen gold;  
In his hand the bow no more,  
At his back the household store,  
That the bridal gold must buy:  
Useless now the smile and sigh:  
But he wears the pinion still,  
Flying at the sight of ill.

Oh, for the old true-love time,  
When the world was in its prime!

[W. SMYTH. 1766—1849.]

#### THE SOLDIER.

WHAT dreaming drone was ever blest,  
By thinking of the morrow?  
To-day be mine—I leave the rest  
To all the fools of sorrow;  
Give me the mind that mocks at care,  
The heart, its own defender;  
The spirits that are light as air,  
And never beat surrender.

On comes the foe—to arms—to arms—  
We meet—'tis death or glory;  
'Tis victory in all her charms,  
Or fame in Britain's story;

Dear native land ! thy fortunes frown,  
 And ruffians would enslave thee ;  
 Thou land of honour and renown,  
 Who would not die to save thee ?

'Tis you, 'tis I, that meets the ball ;  
 And me it better pleases  
 In battle with the brave to fall,  
 Than die of cold diseases ;  
 Than drivel on in elbow-chair  
 With saws and tales unheeded,  
 A tottering thing of aches and care,  
 Nor longer loved nor needed.

But thou—dark is thy flowing hair,  
 Thy eye with fire is streaming,  
 And o'er thy cheek, thy looks, thine air,  
 Health sits in triumph beaming ;  
 Then, brother soldier, fill the wine,  
 Fill high the wine to beauty ;  
 Love, friendship, honour, all are thine,  
 Thy country and thy duty.

[WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES. 1762—1850.]

### THE CLIFF.

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,  
 Much musing on the track of terror  
 past,  
 When o'er the dark wave rode the  
 howling blast,  
 Pleased I look back, and view the tran-  
 quil tide  
 That laves the pebbled shores ; and now  
 the beam  
 Of evening smiles on the grey battle,  
 ment,  
 And yon forsaken tow'r that time has  
 rent :  
 The lifted oar far off with silver gleam  
 Is touched, and the hushed billows seem  
 to sleep.  
 Soothed by the scene e'en thus on sor-  
 row's breast  
 A kindred stillness steals, and bids her  
 rest ;  
 Whilst sad airs stilly sigh along the deep,  
 Like melodies that mourn upon the lyre,  
 Waked by the breeze, and as they mourn,  
 expire.

### BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

YE holy tow'rs that shade the wave-worn  
 steep,  
 Long may ye rear your aged brows  
 sublime, [time  
 Though hurrying silent by, relentless  
 Assail you, and the wintry whirlwind  
 sweep.  
 For, far from blazing grandeur's crowded  
 halls,  
 Here Charity has fixed her chosen seat ;  
 Oft listening tearful when the wild  
 winds beat  
 With hollow bodings round your ancient  
 walls ;  
 And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour  
 Of midnight, when the moon is hid on  
 high,  
 Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost  
 tow'r,  
 And turns her ear to each expiring cry,  
 Blest if her aid some fainting wretch  
 might save,  
 And snatch him cold and speechless from  
 the grave.

### EVENING.

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades  
 descend,  
 Veiling with gentlest touch the land-  
 scape still,  
 The lonely battlement, and farthest hill  
 And wood—I think of those that have no  
 friend :  
 Who now perhaps by melancholy led,  
 From the broad blaze of day, where  
 ' pleasure flaunts,  
 Retiring, wander mid thy lonely haunts  
 Unseen, and mark the tints that o'er thy  
 bed  
 Hang lovely ; oft to musing Fancy's eye  
 Presenting fairy vales, where the tired  
 mind  
 Might rest, beyond the murmurs or  
 mankind,  
 Nor hear the hourly moans of misery.  
 Ah ! beauteous views, that Hope's fair  
 gleams the while  
 Should smile like you, and perish as they  
 smile !

## DOVER CLIFFS.

On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood  
 Uplift their shadowy heads, and at their feet  
 Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,  
 Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood ;  
 And while the distant murmur met his ear,  
 And o'er the distant billows the still eve  
 Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart  
 must leave  
 To-morrow ; of the friends he loved  
 most dear ;  
 Of social scenes from which he wept to part.  
 But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all  
 The thoughts that would fall fain the  
 past recall ;  
 Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,  
 And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,  
 The world his country, and his God his guide.

## ON THE RHINE.

'Twas morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow  
 (Hung with the blushes of the bending vine)  
 Streamed the blue light, when on the sparkling Rhine  
 We bounded, and the white waves round the prow  
 In murmurs parted ; varying as we go,  
 Lo ! the woods open and the rocks retire ;  
 Some convent's ancient walls, or glistening spire  
 Mid the bright landscape's tract, unfolding slow.  
 Here dark with furrowed aspect, like despair,  
 Hangs the bleak cliff, there on the woodland's side  
 The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide ;

Whilst Hope, enchanted with a scene so fair,  
 Would wish to linger many a summer's day,  
 Nor heed how fast the prospect wins away.

## WRITTEN AT OSTEND.

How sweet the tuneful lolls responsive peal !  
 As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze  
 Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease,  
 So piercing to my heart their force I feel !  
 And hark ! with lessening cadence now they fall,  
 And now along the white and level tide  
 They fling their melancholy music wide,  
 Bidding me many a tender thought recall  
 Of summer days, and those delightful years,  
 When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,  
 The mournful magic of their mingling chime  
 First waked my wondering childhood into tears ;  
 But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,  
 The sounds of joy, once heard and heard

## TO TIME.

O TIME, who knowest a lenient hand to lay,  
 Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence  
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)  
 The faint pang steal'st unperceived away :  
 On thee I rest my only hopes at last ;  
 And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear,  
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,  
 I may look back on many a sorrow past,  
 And greet life's peaceful evening with a smile—

As some lone bird, at day's departing  
 hour, [showed,  
 Sings in the sunshine of the transient  
 Forgetful, though its wings be wet the  
 while.

But ah ! what ills must that poor heart  
 endure,  
 Who hopes from thee, and thee alone, a "To-night will be a stormy night—  
 You to the town must go ;  
 And take a lantern, child, to light  
 Your mother through the snow."

[REV. J. BLANCO WHITE. 1775—1841.]

### NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS Night ! when our first parent  
 knew

Thee from report divine, and heard thy  
 name,  
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?  
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting  
 flame,  
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
 And lo ! creation widened in man's  
 view.

Who could have thought such darkness  
 lay concealed

Within thy beams, O sun ! or who  
 could find,

Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood re-  
 vealed,

That to such countless orbs thou mad'st  
 us blind !

Why do we then shun Death with anxious  
 strife ?

If light can thus deceive, wherefore not  
 life ?

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 1770—1850.]

### LUCY GRAY ;

#### OR SOLITUDE.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray ;  
 And, when I crossed the wild,  
 I chanced to see at break of day,  
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew ;  
 She dwelt on a wide moor,  
 —The sweetest thing that ever grew  
 Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play  
 The hare upon the green ;  
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
 Will never more be seen.

"That, father, will I gladly do !  
 'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
 The minster-clock has just struck two,  
 And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook  
 And snapped a fagot band ;  
 He plied his work ;—and Lucy took  
 The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :  
 With many a wanton stroke  
 Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
 That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :  
 She wandered up and down :  
 And many a hill did Lucy climb ;  
 But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night,  
 Went shouting far and wide ;  
 But there was neither sound nor sight  
 To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood  
 That overlooked the moor ;  
 And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
 A furlong from the door.

And, turning homeward, now they cried,  
 "In heaven we all shall meet !"  
 —When in the snow the mother spied  
 The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge  
 They tracked the footmarks small ;  
 And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
 And by the long stone wall :

And then an open field they crossed :  
 The marks were still the same ;  
 They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;  
 And to the bridge they came.



LUCY GRAY (WOLDSWORTH)  
They followed from the snowy track  
The foot-racks, one by one—P. 125



They followed from the snowy bank  
The footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank;  
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

### WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:  
She was eight years old, she said;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;  
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be?"  
"How many? Seven in all," she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."  
She answered, "Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And, in the churchyard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be  
seen,"  
The little maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's  
door,  
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit—  
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there."

"The first that died was little Jane;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain:  
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;  
And all the summer dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with  
snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,  
"If they two are in heaven?"  
The little maiden did reply,  
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead: those two are dead  
Their spirits are in heaven!"  
"Twas throwing words away: for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And wid, "Nay, we are seven!"



## LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

\* \* \* \* \*

I travelled among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played;  
And thine is too the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

## RUTH.

WHEN Ruth was left half-desolate,  
Her father took another mate;  
And Ruth, not seven years old,  
A slighted child, at her own will  
Went wandering over dale and hill,  
In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,  
And from that oaten pipe could draw  
All sounds of winds and floods;  
Had built a bower upon the green,  
As if she from her birth had been  
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone  
She seemed to live; her thoughts her  
own;  
Herself her own delight:  
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay,  
She passed her time; and in this way  
Grew up to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's  
shore,—  
A military casque he wore  
With splendid feathers dressed;  
He brought them from the Cherokees,  
The feathers nodded in the breeze,  
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:  
Ah! no, he spake the English tongue  
And bore a soldier's name;  
And, when America was free  
From battle and from jeopardy,  
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,  
In finest tones the youth could speak.  
—While he was yet a boy,  
The moon, the glory of the sun,  
And streams that murmur as they run,  
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely youth!  
The panther in the wilderness  
Was not so fair as he;  
And, when he chose to sport and play,  
No dolphin ever was so gay  
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought;  
And with him many tales he brought  
Of pleasure and of fear;  
Such tales as, told to any maid  
By such a youth, in the green shade,  
Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls, a happy rout!  
Who quit their fold with dance and shout  
Their pleasant Indian town,  
To gather strawberries all day long;  
Returning with a choral song  
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants divine and st  
That every hour their h

Ten thousand lovely hues !  
With budding, fading, faded flowers,  
They stand the wonder of the bowers,  
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread  
High as a cloud, high over-head !  
The cypress and her spire,  
—Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam  
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem  
To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannahs spake,  
And many an endless, endless lake,  
With all its fairy crowds  
Of islands, that together lie  
As quietly as spots of sky  
Among the evening clouds.

And then he said, "How sweet it were  
A fisher or a hunter there,  
A gardener in the shade,  
Still wandering with an easy mind  
To build a household fire, and find  
A home in every glade !

"What days and what sweet years ! Ah  
me !  
Our life were life indeed, with thee  
So passed in quiet bliss,  
And all the while," said he, "to know  
That we were in a world of woe,  
On such an earth as this !"

And then he sometimes interwove  
Dear thoughts about a father's love ;  
"For there," said he, "are spun  
Around the heart such tender ties,  
That our own children to our eyes  
Are dearer than the sun.

"Sweet Ruth ! and could you go with  
me  
My helpmate in the woods to be,  
Our shed at night to rear ;  
Or run, my own adopted bride,  
A sylvan huntress at my side,  
And drive the flying deer !"

#### TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,  
Let them live upon their praises ;

Long as there's a sun that sets,  
Primroses will have their glory ;  
Long as there are violets,  
They will have a place in story :  
There's a flower that shall be mine,  
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far  
For the finding of a star ;  
Up and down the heavens they go,  
Men that keep a mighty rout !  
I am as great as they, I trow,  
Since the day I found thee out,  
Little flower !—I'll make a stir  
Like a great astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf  
Bold, and lavish of thyself ;  
Since we needs must first have met  
I have seen thee, high and low,  
Thirty years or more, and yet  
'Twas a face I did not know ;  
Thou hast now, go where I may,  
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
In the time before the thrush  
Has a thought about its nest,  
Thou wilt come with half a call,  
Spreading out thy glossy breast  
Like a careless prodigal ;  
Telling tales about the sun,  
When we've little warmth, or none

Poets, vain men in their mood !  
Travel with the multitude ;  
Never heed them ; I aver  
That they all are wanton wooers.  
But the thrifty cottager,  
Who stirs little out of doors,  
Joys to spy thee near her home :  
Spring is coming—thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
Kindly, unassuming spirit !  
Careless of thy neighbourhood,  
Thou dost show thy pleasant face  
On the moor, and in the wood,  
In the lane—there's not a place,  
Howsoever mean it be,  
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,  
Children of the flaring hours !  
Buttercups that will be seen,  
Whether we will see or no ;  
Others, too, of lofty mien ;  
They have done as worldlings do,  
Taken praise that should be thine,  
Little, humble Celandine !

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
Scorned and slighted upon earth ;  
Herald of a mighty band,  
Of a joyous train ensuing,  
Singing at my heart's command,  
In the lanes my thoughts pursuing  
I will sing, as doth behove,  
Hymns in praise of what I love !

#### TO A SKY-LARK.

Up with me ! up with me, into the clouds !  
For thy song, Lark, is strong ,  
Up with me, up with me, into the clouds !

Singing, singing,  
With all the heavens about thee ringing.  
Lift me, guide me till I find  
That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walked through wildernesses  
dreary,  
And to-day my heart is weary ;  
Had I now the wings of a fairy,  
Up to thee would I fly.  
There is madness about thee, and joy  
divine

In that song of thine ;  
Up with me, up with me, high and high,  
To thy banqueting-place in the sky !

Joyous as morning,  
Thou art laughing and scorning ;  
Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy rest :  
And, though little troubled with sloth,  
Drunken Lark ! thou wouldst be loth

To be such a traveller as I.  
Happy, happy liver !  
With a soul as strong as a mountain  
river,

Pouring out praise to th' Almighty Giver,  
Joy and jollity be with us both !  
Hearing thee, or else some other,

As merry a brother,  
I on the earth will go plodding on,  
By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done.

#### YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton  
Vale,  
Which to this day stands single, in the  
midst  
Of its own darkness, as it stood of  
yore,  
Not loth to furnish weapons for the  
bands  
Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they marched  
To Scotland's heaths ; or those that crossed  
the sea  
And drew their sounding bows at Azin-  
cour,  
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.  
Of vast circumference and gloom pro-  
found

This solitary tree !—a living thing  
Produced too slowly ever to decay ;  
Of form and aspect too magnificent  
To be destroyed. But worthier still of  
note

Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,  
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove ;  
Huge trunks !—and each particular trunk  
a growth

Of intertwined fibres serpentine  
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved,—  
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and  
looks

That threaten the profane ; a pillared  
shade,  
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown  
hue,

By sheddings from the pining umbrage  
tinged

Perennially—beneath whose sable roof  
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose,  
decked

With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes  
May meet at noontide—Fear and trem-  
bling Hope,

Silence and Foresight—Death the skele-  
ton

And Time the shadow,—there to cele-  
brate,

As in a natural temple scattered o'er  
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,  
United worship ; or in mute repose  
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood  
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost  
caves.

## TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice :  
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy loud note smites my ear !  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near !

I hear thee babbling to the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers ;  
And unto me thou bring'st a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days  
I listened to ; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green ;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;  
Still longed for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, fairy place,  
That is fit home for thee !

## A MEMORY.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown :  
This child I to myself will take :  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse ; and with me  
The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bowyer  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her ; for her the willow bend ;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
E'en in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell ;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. The work was  
done—

How soon my Lucy's race was run !  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

## A TRUE WOMAN.

SHE was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament ;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,  
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerrul dawn

A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too !  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty ;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food,  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and  
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine ;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller betwixt life and death ;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.

#### TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERSNAD, LOCH LOMOND.)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head ;  
And these grey rocks ; this household  
lawn ;

These trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;  
This fall of water, that doth make  
A murmur near the silent lake ;  
This little bay, a quiet road,  
That holds in shelter thy abode ;  
In truth together ye do seem  
Like something fashioned in a dream ;  
Such forms as from their covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep !  
Yet, dream and vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart !  
God shield thee to thy latest years !  
I neither know thee nor thy peers ;  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
For thee when I am far away .

For never saw I mien, or face,  
In which more plainly I could trace  
Benignity and home-bred sense  
Ripening in perfect innocence.  
Here, scattered like a random seed,  
Remote from men, thou dost not need  
The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
And maidenly shamefacedness ;  
Thou wearest upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a mountaineer,  
A face with gladness overspread !  
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred !  
And seemliness complete, that sways  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;  
With no restraint, but such as springs  
From quick and eager visitings  
Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach  
Of thy few words of English speech ;  
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
That gives thy gestures grace and life !  
So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,  
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
For thee, who art so beautiful ?  
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell  
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;  
Adopt your homely ways and dress  
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !  
But I could frame a wish for thee  
More like a grave reality :  
Thou art to me but as a wave  
Of the wild sea ; and I would have  
Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
Though but of common neighbourhood.  
What joy to hear thee, and to see !  
Thy elder brother I would be,  
Thy father, anything to thee !  
Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace  
Hath led me to this lonely place.  
Joy have I had ; and going hence  
I bear away my recompense.  
In spots like these it is we prize  
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes ;  
Then, why should I be loth to stir ?  
I feel this place was made for her ;  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.  
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ,  
For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
As fair before me shall behold.

As I do now, the cabin small,  
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;  
And thee, the spirit of them all !

### YARROW UNVISITED. 1803.

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravelled ;  
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,  
And with the Tweed had travelled ;  
And, when we came to Clovenfurd,  
Then said my "*winsome Marry*,"  
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,  
Who have been buying, selling,  
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,  
Each maiden to her dwelling !  
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !  
But we will downwards with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow."

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us ;  
And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed  
The lintwhites sing in chorus ;  
There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land  
Made blithe with plough and harrow :  
Why throw away a needful day  
To go in search of Yarrow ?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,  
That glides the dark hills under ?  
There are a thousand such elsewhere  
As worthy of your wonder."  
—Strange words they seemed of slight  
and scorn ;  
My true love sighed for sorrow ;  
And looked me in the face, to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

"Oh ! green," said I, "are Yarrow's  
holms,  
And sweet is Yarrow flowing !  
Fair hangs the the apple frae the rock,  
But we will leave it growing.  
O'er hilly path, and open strath,  
We'll wander Scotland thorough ,  
But, though so near, we will not turn  
Into the dale of Yarrow."

"Let beeves and home-breu kine partake  
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;  
The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake  
That double, swan and shadow !  
We will not see them ; will not go  
To-day, nor yet to-morrow ;  
Enough if in our hearts we know  
There's such a place as Yarrow."

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !  
It must, or we shall rue it :  
We have a vision of our own ;  
Ah ! why should we undo it ?  
The treasured dreams of times long past,  
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow !  
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,  
'Twill be another Yarrow !

"If care with freezing years should come,  
And wandering seem but folly,—  
Should we be loth to stir from home,  
And yet be melancholy ;  
Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow  
That earth has something yet to show,  
The bonny holms of Yarrow !"

### YARROW VISITED.

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

AND is this Yarrow ?—*this* the stream  
Of which my fancy cherished  
So faithfully, a waking dream ?  
An image that hath perished !  
O that some minstrel's harp were near,  
To utter notes of gladness,  
And chase this silence from the air,  
That fills my heart with sadness !

Yet why ?—a silvery current flows  
With uncontrolled meanderings ;  
Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's  
Lake  
Is visibly delighted ;  
For not a feature of those hills  
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,  
Save where that pearly whiteness

Is round the rising sun diffused,  
A tender hazy brightness ;  
Mild dawn of promise ! that excludes  
All profitless dejection ;  
Though not unwilling here to admit  
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower  
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?  
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound  
On which the herd is feeding :  
And haply from this crystal pool,  
Now peaceful as the morning,  
The water-wraith ascended thrice,  
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings  
The haunts of happy lovers,  
The path that leads them to the grove,  
The leafy grove that covers :  
And pity sanctifies the verse  
That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
The unconquerable strength of love ;  
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation :  
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy ;  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds  
Rich groves of lofty stature,  
With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
Of cultivated nature ;  
And, rising from those lofty groves,  
Behold a ruin hoary !  
The shattered front of Newark's towers,  
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,  
For sportive youth to stray in ;  
For manhood to enjoy his strength ;  
And age to wear away in !  
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
It promises protection  
To studious ease, and generous cares,  
And every chaste affection !

How sweet on this autumnal day,  
The wild wood's fruits to gather,  
And on my true love's forehead plant  
A crest of blooming heather !  
And what if I enwreathed my own !  
'Twere no offence to reason ;  
The sober hills thus deck their brows  
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,  
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;  
A ray of fancy still survives—  
Her sunshine plays upon thee !  
Thy ever youthful waters keep  
A course of lively pleasure ;  
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe  
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights,  
They melt—and soon must vanish ;  
One hour is theirs, no more is mine—  
Sad thought ! which I would banish,  
But that I know, where'er I go,  
Thy genuine image, Yarrow !  
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,  
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

#### A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a statesman, in the van  
Of public business trained and bred ?  
—First learn to love one living man !  
Then mayst thou think upon the dead.

A lawyer art thou ?—draw not nigh ;  
Go, carry to some other place  
The hardness of thy coward eye,  
The falsehood of thy fallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer,  
A rosy man, right plump to see ?  
Approach ; yet, doctor, not too near ;  
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Art thou a man of gallant pride,  
A soldier, and no man of chaff ?  
Welcome !—but lay thy sword aside,  
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou ? One, all eyes,  
Philosopher ! a fingering slave,

One that would peep and botanize  
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,  
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,  
That he below may rest in peace,  
That abject thing, thy soul, away.

—A moralist perchance appears;  
Led, Heaven knows how, to this poor sod;  
And he has neither eyes nor ears;  
Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can  
cling,  
Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small;  
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,  
An intellectual all in all!

Shut close the door, press down the latch;  
Sleep in thy intellectual crurt;  
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch  
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he with modest looks,  
And clad in homely russet brown?  
He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew  
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;  
And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie  
Some random truths he can impart,  
—The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak, both man and boy,  
Hath been an idler in the land:  
Contented if he might enjoy  
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength;  
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!  
Here stretch thy body at full length,  
Or build thy house upon this grave.

## PERSONAL TALK.

I AM not one who much or oft delight  
To season my fireside with personal  
talk,—  
Of friends who live within an easy walk,  
Or neighbours daily, weekly, in my sight:  
And, for my chance acquaintance, lies  
bright,  
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the  
stalk;  
These all wear out of me, like forms with  
chalk  
Painted on rich men's floors for one feast-  
night.  
Better than such discourse doth silence  
long,  
Long, barren silence, square with my  
desire;  
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,  
In the loved presence of my cottage fire,  
And listen to the flapping of the flame,  
Or kettle, whispering its faint undersong.

### II.

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have  
seen and see,  
And with a living pleasure we describe;  
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe  
The languid mind into activity.  
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth  
and glee,  
Are fostered by the comment and the  
gibe."  
E'en be it so; yet still, among your tribe,  
Our daily world's true worldlings, rank  
not me!  
Children are blest, and powerful; their  
world lies  
More justly balanced; partly at their feet  
And part far from them: sweetest melo-  
dies  
Are those that are by distance made more  
sweet.  
Whose mind is but the mind of his own  
eyes,  
He is a slave—the meanest we can meet!

### III.

Wings have we—and as far as we can go,  
We may find pleasure: wilderness and  
wood,



Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood  
Which, with the lofty, sanctifies the low ;  
Dreams, books, are each a world ; and  
books, we know,  
Are a substantial world, both pure and  
good :  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh  
and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.  
There do I find a never-failing store  
Of personal themes, and such as I love  
best ;  
Matter wherein right voluble I am ;  
Two will I mention, dearer than the rest :  
The gentle lady married to the Moor ;  
And heavenly Una, with her milk-white  
lamb.

## IV.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby  
Great gains are mine ; for thus I live  
remote  
From evil-speaking ; rancour, never  
sought,  
Comes to me not ; malignant truth or lie.  
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I  
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and  
joyous thought :  
And thus, from day to day, my little boat  
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.  
Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler  
cares,  
The poets—who on earth have made us  
heirs [lays !  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly  
Oh ! might my name be numbered among  
theirs,  
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

## ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God !  
O Duty ! if that name thou love  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove ;  
Thou who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe ;  
From vain temptations dost set free ;  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail hu-  
manity !

There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth :  
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;  
Who do thy work, and know it not :  
May joy be theirs while life shall last !  
And thou, if they should totter, teach  
them to stand fast !

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.  
And blest are they who in the main  
This faith, even now, do entertain :  
Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
Yet find that other strength, according to  
their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust ;  
Full oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task imposed, from day to day ;  
But thee I now would serve more strictly,  
if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control ;  
But in the quietness of thought ;  
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;  
I feel the weight of chance desires :  
My hopes no more must change their  
name,

I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face ;  
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds ;  
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong  
And the most ancient heavens, through  
thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power !  
I call thee : I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
Oh ! let my weakness have an end !

Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
The confidence of reason give;  
And, in the light of truth, thy love impart,  
let me live!

Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,  
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast  
given  
To one brief moment, caught from fleeting  
time,  
The appropriate calm of best eternity.

### THE USES AND BEAUTIES OF THE SONNET.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow  
room;  
And hermits are contented with their cells;  
And students with their pensive citadels;  
Maid at the wheel, the weaver at his  
loom,  
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for  
bloom,  
High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,  
Will murmur by the hour in fog-glove  
bells:  
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,  
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be  
bound  
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground:  
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs  
must be)  
Who have felt the weight of too much  
liberty,  
Should find short solace there, as I have  
found.

### UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAU- TIFUL PICTURE.

PRAISED be the art whose subtle power  
could stay  
Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious  
shape;  
Nor would permit the thin smoke to  
escape,  
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the  
day;  
Which stopped that band of travellers on  
their way  
Ere they were lost within the shady wood;  
And showed the bark upon the glassy flood  
For ever anchored in her sheltering bay.  
Soul-soothing art! which morning, noon-  
tide, even,  
Does serve with all their changeful pageantry!

### TWILIGHT.

HAIL Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful  
hour!  
Not dull art thou, as undiscerning Night;  
But studious only to remove from sight  
Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient  
power!  
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains  
lower  
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin  
vest  
Here roving wild, he laid him down to  
rest  
On the bare rock, or through a leafy  
bower  
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him  
was seen  
The selfsame vision which we now behold,  
At thy meek bidding, shadowy power,  
brought forth;  
These mighty barriers, and the gulf  
between;  
The floods,—the stars; a spectacle as old  
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

### WOODLAND WALKS.

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy  
rocks  
The wayward brain, to saunter through a  
wood!  
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,  
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground  
flowers in flocks;  
And wild rose tiptoe upon hawthorn  
stocks,  
Like to a bonny lass, who plays her pranks  
At wakes and fairs with wandering  
mountebanks.—  
When she stands cresting the clown's  
head, and mocks

The crowd beneath her. Verily I think.  
 Such place to me is sometimes like a  
 dream  
 Or map of the whole world: thoughts,  
 link by link,  
 Enter through ears and eyesight, with  
 such gleam  
 Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,  
 And leap at once from the delicious  
 stream.

Even thus last night, and two nights  
 more, I lay,  
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by any  
 stealth:  
 So do not let me wear to-night away:  
 Without thee what is all the morning's  
 wealth?  
 Come, blessed barrier betwixt day and  
 day,  
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous  
 health!

## THE SHIP.

WHERE lies the land to which yon ship  
 must go?  
 Festively she puts forth in trim array;  
 As vigorous as a lark at break of day:  
 Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?  
 What boots the inquiry? Neither friend  
 nor foe  
 She cares for; let her travel where she  
 may,  
 She finds familiar names, a beaten way  
 Ever before her, and a wind to blow.  
 Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?  
 And, almost as it was when ships were  
 rare,  
 (From time to time, like pilgrims, here  
 and there  
 Crossing the waters) doubt, and something  
 dark,  
 Of the old sea some reverential fear,  
 Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!

## TO SLEEP.

## I.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
 One after one; the sound of rain, and  
 bees  
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and  
 seas,  
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and  
 pure sky;  
 I've thought of all by turns; and still I  
 lie  
 Sleepless; and soon the small birds'  
 melodies  
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard  
 trees;  
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

## II.

Fond words have oft been spoken to  
 thee, Sleep!  
 And thou hast had thy store of tenderest  
 names;  
 The very sweetest words that fancy  
 frames  
 When thankfulness of heart is strong and  
 deep!  
 Dear bosom child we call thee, that dost  
 steep  
 In rich reward all suffering; balm that  
 tames  
 All anguish; saint that evil thoughts and  
 ams  
 Takest away, and into souls dost creep,  
 Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I  
 alone—  
 I, surely not a man ungently made—  
 Call thee worst tyrant by which flesh is  
 crossed?  
 Perverse, self-willed to own and to dis-  
 own,  
 Mere slave of them who never for thee  
 prayed,  
 Still last to come where thou art wanted  
 most!

## THE WORLD.

THE world is too much with us; late and  
 soon,  
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our  
 powers:  
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid  
 boon!  
 This sea that bares her bosom to the  
 moon;

The winds that will be howling at all hours  
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
 It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather  
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,  
 Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,  
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

## WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty:  
 This city now doth like a garment wear  
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields and to the sky,  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

## PELION AND OSSA.

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,  
 Together in immortal books enrolled;  
 His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold;  
 And that inspiring hill, which "did divide  
 Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"  
 Shines with poetic radiance as of old;  
 While not an English mountain we behold  
 By the celestial muses glorified.

Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in crowds:  
 What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,  
 Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sovereignty  
 Our British hill is fairer far; he shrouds  
 His double-fronted head in higher clouds,  
 And pours forth streams more sweet than Castalia.

## THE BROOK.

BROOK! whose society the poet seeks  
 Intent his wasted spirits to renew;  
 And whom the curious painter doth pursue  
 Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,  
 And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks;  
 If I some type of thee did wish to view,  
 Thee,—and not thee thyself, I would not do  
 Like Grecian artists, give thee human cheeks,  
 Channels for tears; no Naiad shouldst thou be,  
 Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints, nor hairs;  
 It seems the eternal soul is clothed in thee  
 With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,  
 And hath bestowed on thee a better good—  
 Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

## EVENING.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;  
 The holy time is quiet as a nun  
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
 The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:  
 Listen! the mighty being is awake,  
 And doth with his eternal motion make  
 A sound like thunder everlastingly.  
 Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,  
 If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought,

Thy nature therefore is not less divine :  
 Thou liest "in Abraham's bosom" all  
 the year ;  
 And worshipp'st at the temple's inner  
 shrine,  
 God being with thee when we know it  
 not.

Those titles vanish, and that strength  
 decay ;  
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
 When her long life hath reached its final  
 day :  
 Men are we, and must grieve when even  
 the shade  
 Of that which once was great is passed  
 away.

### BUONAPARTE.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparte, with a vain  
 And an unthinking grief ! for, who aspires  
 To genuine greatness but from just de-  
 sires,  
 And knowledge such as he could never  
 gain ?  
 'Tis not in battles that from youth we  
 train  
 The governor who must be wise and  
 good,  
 And temper with the sternness of the  
 brain  
 Thoughts motherly and meek as woman-  
 hood.  
 Wisdom doth live with children round  
 her knees,  
 Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the  
 talk  
 Man holds with week-day man in the  
 hourly walk  
 Of the mind's business : these are the  
 degrees  
 By which true sway doth mount ; this is  
 the stalk  
 True power doth grow on ; and her rights  
 are these.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE  
 TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of  
 men !  
 Whether the all-cheering sun be free to  
 shed  
 If its beams around thee, or thou rest thy  
 head  
 Pillowed in some dark dungeon's noisome  
 den—  
 O miserable chieftain ! where and when  
 Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ;  
 do thou  
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow ;  
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left  
 behind  
 Powers that will work for thee : air,  
 earth, and skies ;  
 There's not a breathing of the common  
 wind  
 That will forget thee ; thou hast great  
 allies ;  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable  
 mind.

### ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in  
 fee ;  
 And was the safeguard of the West : the  
 worth  
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth—  
 Venice, the eldest child of Liberty !  
 She was a maiden city, bright and free ;  
 No guile seduced, no force could violate ;  
 And, when she took unto herself a mate,  
 She must espouse the everlasting sea.  
 And what if she had seen those glories  
 fade,

### FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER, 1802.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood ;  
 And saw, while sea was calm and air  
 was clear,  
 The coast of France—the coast of France  
 how near !  
 Drawn almost into frightful neighbour-  
 hood.  
 I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood  
 Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,  
 A span of waters ; yet what power is  
 there !

What mightiness for evil and for good ! Of inward happiness. We are selfish  
 Even so doth God protect us if we be men :  
 Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;  
 waters roll, And give us manners, virtue, freedom,  
 Strength to the brave, and power, and power.  
 deity, Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :  
 Yet in themselves are nothing ! One Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like  
 decree the sea ;  
 Spake laws to them, and said that by the Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,  
 soul free ;  
 Only the nations shall be great and free. So didst thou travel on life's common  
 way,  
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

### ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

Two voices are there—one is of the sea,  
 One of the mountains—each a mighty  
 voice :  
 In both from age to age, thou didst  
 rejoice,  
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !  
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee  
 Thou fought'st against him ; but hast  
 vainly striven ;  
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art  
 driven,  
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by  
 thee.  
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been  
 bereft :  
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still  
 is left ;  
 For, high-souled maid, what sorrow  
 would it be  
 That mountain floods should thunder as  
 before,  
 And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
 And neither awful voice be heard by  
 thee !

MILTON : 1802.

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this  
 hour :  
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and  
 pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and  
 bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English  
 dower

### GREAT MEN.

GREAT men have been among us ; hands  
 that penned  
 And tongues that uttered wisdom, better  
 none :  
 The later Sydney, Marvel, Harington,  
 Young Vane and others, who called  
 Milton friend.  
 These moralists could act and compre-  
 hend :  
 They knew how genuine glory was put  
 on ;  
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone  
 In splendour : what strength was, that  
 would not bend  
 But in magnanimous meekness. France,  
 'tis strange,  
 Hath brought forth no such souls as we  
 had then.  
 Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !  
 No single volume paramount, no code,  
 No master spirit, no determined road ;  
 But equally a want of books and men !

TO THOMAS CLARKSON,

ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL  
 FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE  
 TRADE, MARCH, 1807.

CLARKSON ! it was an obstinate hill to  
 climb :  
 How toilsome, nay, how dire it was, by  
 thee  
 Is known—by none, perhaps, so feelingly ;

But thou, who, starting in thy fervent  
 prime,  
 Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage  
 sublime,  
 Hast heard the constant voice its charge  
 repeat,  
 Which, out of thy young heart's oracular  
 seat,  
 First roused thee, O true yoke-fellow o'  
 Time.  
 With unabating effort, see, the palm  
 Is won, and by all nations shall be worn  
 The bloody writing is for ever torn,  
 And thou henceforth shalt have a good  
 man's calm,  
 A great man's happiness ; thy zeal shall  
 find  
 Repose at length, firm friend of human  
 kind !

#### UNIVERSALITY.

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and on  
 plain,  
 Dwells in the affections and the soul of  
 man  
 A godhead, like the universal Pan,  
 But more exalted, with a brighter train.  
 And shall his bounty be dispensed in  
 vain,  
 Showered equally on city and on field,  
 And neither hope nor steadfast promise  
 yield  
 In these usurping times of fear and pain ?  
 Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it,  
 Heaven !  
 We know the arduous strife, the eternal  
 laws  
 To which the triumph of all good is given,  
 High sacrifice, and labour without pause,  
 Even to the death : else wherefore should  
 the eye  
 Of man converse with immortality ?

#### HONOUR.

SAY, what is Honour ? 'Tis the finest  
 sense  
 Of justice which the human mind can  
 frame,  
 Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,

And guard the way of life from all offence  
 Suffered or done. When lawless violence  
 A kingdom doth assault, and in the scale  
 Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,  
 Honour is hopeful elevation—whence  
 Glory—and Triumph. Yet with politic  
 skill  
 Endangered states may yield to terms  
 unjust,  
 Stoop their proud heads—but not unto  
 the dust,  
 A foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil !  
 Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust  
 Are forfeited ; but infamy doth kill.

#### THE TRUE MAN.

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind  
 In men of low degree, all smooth pre-  
 tence !  
 I better like a blunt indifference  
 And self-respecting slowness, disinclined  
 To win me at first sight :—and be there  
 joined  
 Patience and temperance with this high  
 reserve,—  
 Honour that knows the path and will not  
 swerve ;  
 Affections, which, if put to proof, are  
 kind ;  
 And piety towards God.—Such men of  
 old  
 Were England's native growth ; and,  
 throughout Spain,  
 Forests of such do at this day remain ;  
 Then for that country let our hopes be  
 bold ;  
 For matched with these shall policy prove  
 vain,  
 Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her  
 gold.

#### GEORGE III.

NOVEMBER, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces  
 bright,  
 Our aged Sovereign sits to the ebb and  
 flow  
 Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or  
 woe,

In-sensible; he sits deprived of sight,  
And lamentably wrapped in twofold night,  
Whom no weak hopes deceived; whose  
mind ensued,  
Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,  
Peace that should claim respect from lawless might.  
Dread King of kings, vouchsafe a ray divine  
To his forlorn condition! let thy grace  
Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;  
Permit his heart to kine, and embrace  
(Though were it only for a moment's space)  
The triumphs of this hour; for they are  
THINE!

## THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

NOVEMBER 1, 1815.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright  
The effluence from yon mountain's distant head,  
Which, strown with snow as smooth as as  
heaven can shed,  
Shines like another sun—on mortal sight  
Uprisen, as if to check approaching night,  
And all her twinkling stars. Who now  
would tread,  
If so he might, you mountain's glittering head—  
Terrestrial—but a surface, by the flight  
Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing,  
Unswapt, unchanged? Nor shall the  
aerial powers  
Dissolve that beauty—destined to endure  
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,  
Through all vicissitudes—till genial spring  
Have filled the laughing vales with welcome flowers.

## CREATIVE ART.

TO E. R. HAYDON, ESQ.

HIGH is our calling, friend! creative  
Art  
(Whether the instrument of words she  
use,  
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues)

Demand the service of a mind and heart,  
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,  
Heroically fashioning—to infuse  
Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,  
While the whole world seems adverse to desert:  
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,  
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,  
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,  
And in the soul admit of no decay,—  
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness:  
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

## ELEGIAC VERSES.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

"REST, rest, perturbed Earth!  
O rest, thou doleful mother of mankind!"  
A spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the wind;  
"From regions where no evil thing has birth  
I come—thy stains to wash away,  
Thy cherished fetters to unbind,  
To open thy sad eyes upon a milder day!  
—The heavens are thronged with martyrs that have risen  
From out thy noisome prison;  
The penal caverns groan  
With tens of thousands rent from off the tree  
Of hopeful life,—by battle's whirlwind blown  
Into the deserts of Eternity.  
Unpitied havoc—victims unlamented!  
But not on high, where madness is resented,  
And murder causes some sad tears to flow,  
Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,  
The choirs of angels spread triumphantly augmented.



"False parent of mankind !  
 Obdurate, proud, and blind,  
 I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,  
 Thy lost maternal heart to reinfuse !  
 Scattering this far-fetched moisture from  
 my wings,

Upon the act a blessing I implore,  
 Of which the rivers in their secret springs  
 The rivers stained so oft with human  
 gore,  
 Are conscious ;—may the like return no  
 more !

May Discord—for a seraph's care  
 Shall be attended with a bolder prayer—  
 May she, who once disturbed the seats  
 of bliss,

These mortal spheres above,  
 Be chained for ever to the black abyss  
 And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace  
 and love,

And merciful desires, thy sanctity ap-  
 prove ! "

The spirit ended his mysterious rite,  
 And the pure vision closed in darkness  
 infinite.

### CONSOLATIONS AMIDST EARTHLY CHANGE.

#### *The Excursion.*

POSSESSIONS vanish, and opinions  
 change,

And passions hold a fluctuating seat :  
 But, by the storms of circumstance un-  
 shaken,

And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,  
 Duty exists ;—immutably survive,  
 For our support, the measures and the  
 forms,

Which an abstract intelligence supplies,  
 Whose kingdom is where time and space  
 are not :

Of other converse, which mind, soul, and  
 heart,

Do, with united urgency, require,  
 What more, that may not perish ? Thou  
 dread Source,

Prime, self-existing Cause and End of  
 all,

That in the scale of being fill their  
 place,

Above our human region, or below,  
 Set and sustained ;—Thou—who did'st  
 wrap the cloud

Of infancy around us, that thyself,  
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile  
 Might'st hold, on earth, communion un-  
 disturbed—

Who, from the anarchy of dreaming  
 sleep,

Or from its death-like void, with punctual  
 care,

And touch as gentle as the morning  
 light,

Restorest us, daily, to the powers of  
 sense,

And reason's steadfast rule—Thou, thou  
 alone

Art everlasting, and the blessed spirits  
 Which thou includest, as the sea her  
 waves :

For adoration thou endurest ; endure  
 For consciousness the motions of thy  
 will ;

For apprehension those transcendent  
 truths

Of the pure Intellect, that stand as  
 laws

(Submission constituting strength and  
 power)

Even to thy being's infinite majesty !  
 This universe shall pass away—a work,  
 Glorious ! because the shadow of thy  
 might,

A step, or link, for intercourse with  
 thee.

Ah ! if the time must come, in which my  
 feet

No more shall stray where meditation  
 leads,

By flowing stream, through wood, or  
 craggy wild,

Loved haunts like these, the unimprisoned  
 mind

May yet have scope to range among her  
 own,

Her thoughts, her images, her high  
 desires.

If the dear faculty of sight should fail,  
 Still it may be allowed me to remember

What visionary powers of eye and soul  
 In youth were mine ; when stationed on

the top  
 Of some huge hill—expectant, I beheld

The sun rise up, from distant climes returned,  
 Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring  
 the day  
 His bounteous gift ! or saw him, toward  
 the deep,  
 Sink—with a retinue of flaming clouds  
 Attended ; then my spirit was entranced  
 With joy exalted to beatitude ;  
 The measure of my soul was filled with  
 bliss,  
 And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with  
 light,  
 With pomp, with glory, with magni-  
 ficence !

#### NATURE WORSHIPPED BY THE GREEKS.

—IN that fair clime, the lonely herds-  
 man, stretched  
 On the soft grass, through half a summer's  
 day,  
 With music lulled his indolent repose :  
 And, in some fit of weariness, if he,  
 When his own breath was silent, chanced  
 to hear  
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the  
 sounds  
 Which his poor skill could make, his  
 fancy fetched,  
 Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,  
 A beardless youth, who touched a golden  
 lute,  
 And filled the illumined groves with  
 ravishment.  
 The nightly hunter, lifting up his eyes  
 Towards the crescent moon, with grateful  
 heart  
 Called on the lovely wanderer who be-  
 stowed  
 That timely light, to share his joyous  
 sport :  
 And hence, a beaming goddess with her  
 nymphs,  
 Across the lawn and through the dark  
 some grove  
 (Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes,  
 By echo multiplied from rock or cave),  
 Swept in the storm of chase, as moon  
 and stars  
 Glance rapidly along the clouded heav

When winds are blowing strong. The  
 traveller shaketh  
 His thirst from nil or gushing fount, and  
 thanked  
 The Naiad.—Sunbeams, upon distant  
 hills  
 Gliding apace, with shadows in their  
 train,  
 Might, with small help from fancy, be  
 transformed  
 Into fleet Ocean's sporting visibly.  
 The Zephyrs, fanning as they passed,  
 their wings,  
 Lacked not, for love, fair objects, whom  
 they wooed  
 With gentle whisper. Withered boughs  
 grotesque,  
 Stripped of their leaves and twigs by  
 hoary age,  
 From depth of shaggy covert peeping  
 forth,  
 In the low vale, or on steep mountain-  
 side ;  
 And sometimes intermixed with stirring  
 horns  
 Of the live deer, or goat's depending  
 beard,—  
 These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild  
 brood  
 Of gamesome deities ; or Pan himself,  
 The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god !

#### A SIMILE.

WITHIN the soul a faculty abides,  
 That with interpositions, which would  
 hide  
 And darken, so can deal, that they be-  
 come  
 Contingencies of pomp ; and serve to  
 exalt  
 Her native brightness. As the ample  
 Moon,  
 In the deep stillness of a summer eve,  
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
 Burns like an unconsuming fire of life  
 In the green trees ; and, kindling on all  
 sides  
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
 Into a substance glorious as her own,  
 Yea, with her own incorporated, by  
 power

Capacious and serene ; like power  
 abides  
 In Man's celestial spirit ; Virtue thus  
 Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus  
 feeds  
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,  
 From the encumbrances of mortal life,  
 From error, disappointment,—nay, from  
 guilt ;  
 And sometimes, so relenting Justice  
 wills,  
 From palpable oppressions of Despair.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY  
 FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF  
 EARLY CHILDHOOD.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,  
 and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
 To me did seem  
 Apparell'd in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it has been of yore ;—  
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
 By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can  
 see no more !

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
 And lovely is the rose,—  
 The moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are  
 bare ;  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair ;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath passed away a glory from  
 the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous  
 song,  
 And while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of  
 grief ;  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
 And I again am strong.  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from  
 the steep,—  
 No more shall grief of mine the season  
 wrong :  
 I hear the echoes through the mountains  
 throng,  
 The winds come to me from the fields of  
 sleep,  
 And all the earth is gay ;  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every beast keep holiday ;—  
 Thou child of joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,  
 thou happy shepherd boy!

IV.

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the  
 call  
 Ye to each other make ; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your  
 jubilee ;  
 My heart is at your festival,  
 My head hath its coronal,  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it  
 all.  
 Oh evil day ! if I were sullen  
 While the earth herself is adorning,  
 This sweet May morning ;  
 And the children are pulling,  
 On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines  
 warm  
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's  
 arm :—  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
 —But there's a tree, of many one,  
 A single field which I have looked  
 upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is  
 gone :  
 The pansy at my feet  
 Doth the same tale repeat :  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the  
 dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar ;  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home :  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it  
 flows,  
 He sees it in his joy ;  
 The youth, who daily farther from the  
 east

Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended ;  
 At length the man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her  
 own ;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural  
 kind,  
 And, even with something of a mother's  
 mind,  
 And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely nurse doth all she can  
 To make her foster-child, her inmate  
 man,  
 Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he

Behold the child among his new-born  
 blisses,  
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size !  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he  
 lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's  
 eyes !  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human  
 life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned  
 art ;

A wedding or a festival,  
 A mourning or a funeral ;  
 And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song :  
 Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
 But it will not be long  
 Ere this be thrown aside,  
 And with new joy and pride  
 The little actor cons another part ;  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous  
 stage"  
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,  
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;  
 As if his whole vocation  
 Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth  
 belie  
 Thy soul's immensity ;  
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost  
 keep  
 Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal  
 deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—  
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
 On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to  
 find ;  
 Thou, over whom thy immortality  
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
 A presence which is not to be put by ;  
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the  
 might  
 Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's  
 height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou  
 provoke  
 The years to bring th' inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at  
 strife.  
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly  
 freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

## IX.

O joy ! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That Nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth  
breed

Perpetual benedictions : not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be  
blessed ;

Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in  
his breast :

Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise ;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
Black misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts, before which our mortal  
nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised !  
But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our  
day,  
Are yet a master light of all our  
seeing .

Uphold us—cherish—and have power  
to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the  
being

Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,  
To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad  
endeavour,

Nor man nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither ;

Can in a moment travel thither,—  
And see the children sport upon the  
shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-  
more.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous  
song !

And let the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound !  
We, in thought, will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to day  
Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was  
once so bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the  
hour

Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the  
flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind,  
In the primal sympathy  
Which having been, must ever be ;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering ;  
In the faith that looks through  
death,

In years that bring the philosophic  
mind.

XI.

And oh ye fountains, meadows, hills, and  
groves,

Think not of any severing of our loves !  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your  
might ;

I only have relinquished one delight,  
To live beneath your more habitual  
sway.

I love the brooks, which down their  
channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as  
they :

The innocent brightness of a new-born  
day

Is lovely yet ;  
The clouds that gather round the setting  
sun

Do take a sober colouring from an

That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-  
tality ;

Another race hath been, and other palms  
are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we  
live ;

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and  
fears ;

To me the meanest flower that blows can  
give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
tears.

[THE MAS MOORE. 1779—1832.]

## PARADISE AND THE PERI.

*Lalla Rookh.*

ONE morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;  
And as she listened to the sighs  
Of Life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious  
place!

"How happy!" exclaimed this child of  
air,

"Are the holy spirits who wander there,  
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or  
fall;

Though mine are the gardens of earth  
and sea, [me,  
And the stars themselves have flowers for  
One blossom of heaven outblooms them  
all!

Though sunny the Lake of cool Cash-  
mere,  
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,  
And sweetly the founts of that valley  
fall:

Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-  
hay, [stray,  
And the golden floods, that thitherward  
Yet—oh, 'tis only the blest can say  
How the waters of heaven outshine  
them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming  
wall;

Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping  
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;  
And, as he nearer drew and listened  
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened  
Within his eyelids, like the spray  
From Eden's fountain, when it lies  
On the blue flower, which—Bramins  
say—  
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise!

"Nymph of a fair, but erring line?"

Gently he said—"one hope is thine.

'Tis written in the Book of Fate,

*The Peri yet may be forgiven*

*Who brings to this Eternal Gate*

*The Gift that is next dear to Heaven!*

Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—

'Tis sweet to let the Pardoned in!"

Rapidity as comets run  
To th' embraces of the sun:—  
Fleeter than the starry brands,  
Flung at night from angel hands  
At those dark and daring sprites,  
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,  
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,  
And, lighted earthward by a glance  
That just then broke from morning's  
eyes,  
Hung hovering o'er our world's ex-  
panse.

But whither shall the Spirit go  
To find this gift for Heaven?—"I know  
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,  
In which unnumbered rubies burn,  
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;—  
I know where the Isles of Perfume are  
Many a fathom down in the sea,  
To the south of sun-bright Araby;—  
I know too where the Genii hid  
The jewelled cup of their king Jamshid,  
With life's elixir sparkling high—  
But gifts like these are not for the sky.  
Where was there ever a gem that shone  
Like the steps of Allah's wonderful  
throne?  
And the Drops of Life—oh! what would  
they be  
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

## BENDEMEER'S STREAM.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bende-  
meer's stream,  
And the nightingale sings round it all  
the day long;  
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a  
sweet dream,  
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's  
song.

That bower and its music I never forget,  
 But oft when alone in the bloom o'  
 the year, [yet  
 I think—is the nightingale singing there  
 Are the roses still bright by the calm  
 Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon withered that hung  
 o'er the wave,  
 But some blossoms were gathered,  
 while freshly they shone,  
 And a dew was distilled from their  
 flowers, that gave  
 All the fragrance of summer, when  
 summer was gone. [lies,  
 Thus memory draws from delight, e'er it  
 An essence that breathes of it many a  
 year;  
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to  
 my eyes,  
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm  
 Bendemeer!

#### DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

I KNEW, I knew it could not last—  
 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis  
 past!  
 Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
 I never loved a tree or flower,  
 But 'twas the first to fade away.  
 I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
 To glad me with its soft black eye,  
 But when it came to know me well,  
 And love me, it was sure to die!  
 Now too—the joy most like divine  
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—  
 Oh, misery! must I lose that too?  
 Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—  
 Those frightful rocks—that treacherous  
 sea—  
 No, never come again—though sweet,  
 Though heaven, it may be death to  
 thee.  
 Farewell—and blessings on thy way,  
 Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger!  
 Better to sit and watch that ray,  
 And think thee safe, though far away,  
 Than have thee near me, and in  
 danger!

#### A CURSE.

OH, for a tongue to curse the slave,  
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
 Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
 And blasts them in their hour of  
 might!  
 May life's unblest cup for him  
 Be drugged with treacheries to the brim,—  
 With hopes, that but allure to fly,  
 With joys, that vanish while he sips,  
 Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,  
 But turn to ashes on the lips!  
 His country's curse, his children's shame,  
 Outcasts of virtue, peace, and fame,  
 May he, at last, with lips of flame  
 On the parched desert thirsting die,—  
 While lakes that shone in mockery night  
 Are fading off, untouched, untasted,  
 Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!  
 And, when from earth his spirit flies,  
 Just Prophet, let the damned-one dwell  
 Full in the sight of Paradise,  
 Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

#### THE TEARS OF REPENTANCE.

BLEST tears of soul-felt penitence!  
 In whose benign, redeeming flow  
 Is felt the first, the only sense  
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.  
 "There's a drop," said the Peri, "that  
 down from the moon  
 Falls through the withering airs of June  
 Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,  
 So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour  
 That drop descends, contagion dies,  
 And health reanimates earth and skies!—  
 Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,  
 The precious tears of repentance fall?  
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,  
 One heavenly drop hath dispelled them:  
 all!"  
 And now—behold him kneeling there  
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,  
 While the same sunbeam shines upon  
 The guilty and the guiltless one,  
 And hymns of joy proclaim through  
 heaven  
 The triumph of a soul forgiven!  
 'Twas when the golden orb had set,  
 While on their knees they lingered yet,

There fell a light, more lovely far  
Than ever came from sun or star,  
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,  
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek :  
To mortal eye this light might seem  
A northern flash or meteor beam—  
But well th' enraptured Peri knew  
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw  
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear  
Her harbinger of glory near !

"Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done—  
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is  
won !

Oh ! am I not happy ? I am, I am—  
To thee, sweet Eden ! how dark and  
sad

Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,  
And the fragrant bowers of Amhera-  
bad !

"Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,  
Passing away like a lover's sigh !—  
My feast is now of the tooba tree,  
Whose scent is the breath of eternity !

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that  
shone

In my fairy-wreath, so bright and  
brief,—

Oh ! what are the brightest that e'er have  
blown,

To the lote tree, springing by Alla's  
Throne, [leaf !

Whose flowers have a soul in every  
Joy, joy for ever !—my task is done—

The Gates are passed, and Heaven is  
won !"

#### MONODY ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

YES, grief will have way—but the fast-  
falling tear

Shall be mingled with deep execrations  
on those [career,

Who could bask in that spirit's meridian  
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark  
at its close :—

Whose vanity flew round him, only while  
fed [time gave ;—

By the odour his fame in its summer- !

Whose vanity now, with quick scent for  
the dead,  
Like the Ghoul of the East, comes to  
feed at his grave.

Oh ! it sickens the heart to see bosoms  
so hollow,

And spirits so mean in the great and  
high-born ;

To think what a long line of titles may  
follow [and lo !

The relics of him who died—friendless—

How proud they can press to the funeral  
array

Of one, whom they shunned in his sick-  
ness and sorrow :

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-  
day, [to-morrow !

Whose pall shall be held up by nobles

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's  
dream, [passed,

Incoherent and gross, even grosser had  
Were it not for that cordial and soul-  
giving beam,

Which his friendship and wit o'er thy  
nothingness cast :—

No, not for the wealth of the land, that  
supplies thee

With millions to heap upon Foppery's  
shrine ;— [thee,

No, not for the riches of all who despise  
Tho' this would make Europe's whole  
opulence mine ;—

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart  
that thou hast—

All mean as it is—must have con-  
sciously burned,

When the pittance, which shame had  
wrung from thee at last,

And which found all his wants at an  
end, was returned !

"Was this, then, the fate"—future ages  
will say,

When some names shall live but in  
history's curse ;

When the truth will be heard, and these  
lords of a day [as worse ;

Be forgotten as fools, or remembered



"Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,  
The pride of the palace, the bower and the hall,  
The orator—dramatist—minstrel—who ran  
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all ?

"Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art  
From the finest and best of all other men's powers ;  
Who ruled like a wizard, the world o' the heart,  
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers ;

"Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,  
Played round every subject, and shone as it played ;

Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle bright,  
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade ;—

"Whose eloquence brightening whatever it tried,  
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,—  
as as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,  
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave !"

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate ;—

And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,  
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the great,  
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the North, there are insects that prey  
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh !

Oh, genius ! thy patrons, more cruel than they,  
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die.

## HAVE YOU NOT SEEN THE TIMID TEAR.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear  
Steal trembling from mine eye ?  
Have you not marked the flush of fear,  
Or caught the murmured sigh ?  
And can you think my love is chill,  
Nor fixed on you alone ?  
And can you rend, by doubting still,  
A heart so much your own ?

To you my soul's affections move  
Devoutly, warmly true ;  
My life has been a task of love,  
One long, long thought of you.  
If all your tender faith is o'er,  
If still my truth you'll try ;  
Alas ! I know but one proof more,—  
I'll bless your name, and die !

## WHEN TIME, WHO STEALS.

WHEN Time, who steals our years away  
Shall steal our pleasures too,  
The memory of the past will stay,  
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower  
Shall feel the wintry air,  
Remembrance will recall the hour  
When thou alone wert fair !

Then talk no more of future gloom ;  
Our joys shall always last ;  
For hope shall brighten days to come,  
And memory gild the past !

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,  
I drink to Love and thee :  
Thou never canst decay in soul,  
Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase  
Which on my cheek they find,  
So hope shall steal away the trace  
Which sorrow leaves behind !

Then fill the bowl—away the gloom !  
Our joys shall always last ;  
For hope shall brighten days to come,  
And memory gild the past !

But mark, at thought of future years  
 When love shall lose its soul,  
 My Chloe drops her timid tears,  
 They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,  
 Our loving life shall fleet;  
 Though tears may sometimes mingle there,  
 The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!  
 Our joys shall always last;  
 For hope will brighten days to come,  
 And memory gild the past

#### A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep  
 time.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
 Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's  
 past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
 There is not a breath the blue wave to  
 curl!

But, when the wind blows off the shore,  
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
 Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's  
 past!

Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon  
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
 Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,  
 Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring  
 airs.

Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's  
 past!

#### GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,  
 But while fame elates thee,  
 Oh! still remember me.

When the praise thou meetest  
 To thine ear is sweetest,  
 Oh! then remember me.  
 Other arms may press thee,  
 Dearer friends caress thee,  
 All the joys that bless thee  
 Sweeter far may be;  
 But when friends are nearest,  
 And when joys are dearest,  
 Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest  
 By the star thou lovest,  
 Oh! then remember me.  
 Think, when home returning,  
 Bright we've seen it burning.  
 Oh! thus remember me.  
 Oft as summer closes,  
 When thine eye reposes  
 On thy lingering roses,  
 Once so loved by thee,  
 Think of her who wove them,  
 Her who made thee love them,  
 Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,  
 Autumn leaves are lying,  
 Oh! then remember me.  
 And, at night, when gazing  
 On the gay hearth blazing,  
 Oh! still remember me.  
 Then, should music, stealing  
 All the soul of feeling,  
 To thy heart appealing,  
 Draw one tear from thee;  
 Then let memory bring thee  
 Strains I used to sing thee,—  
 Oh! then remember me.

#### MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE

MARY, I believed thee true,  
 And I was blest in thus believing;  
 But now I mourn that e'er I knew  
 A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever loved liked me,—  
 Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely  
 And few have e'er deceived like thee,—  
 Alas! deceived me too severely!

Fare thee well! yet think awhile  
 On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt  
 thee;  
 Who now would rather trust that smile,  
 And die with thee than live without  
 thee!

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,  
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;  
 For see, distracting woman! see,  
 My peace is gone, my heart is broken!—  
 Fare thee well!

### WHY DOES AZURE DECK THE SKY?

WHY does azure deck the sky?  
 'Tis to be like thine eyes of blue.  
 Why is red the rose's dye?  
 Because it is thy blushes' hue.  
 All that's fair, by Love's decree,  
 Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,  
 But to be like thy bosom fair?  
 Why are solar beams so bright?  
 That they may seem thy golden hair!  
 All that's bright, by Love's decree,  
 Has been made resembling thee!

Why are nature's beauties felt?  
 Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!  
 Why has music power to melt?  
 Oh! because it speaks like thee.  
 All that's sweet, by Love's decree,  
 Has been made resembling thee!

### OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep in  
 the shade,  
 Where cold and unhonoured his relics are  
 laid; [shed,  
 Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we  
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass  
 o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in  
 silence it weeps,  
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave  
 where he sleeps;

And the tear that we shed, though in  
 secret it rolls,  
 Shall long keep his memory green in our  
 souls.

### WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE,

WHEN he who adores thee has left but  
 the name  
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,  
 Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they  
 darken the fame  
 Of a life that for thee was resigned?  
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may  
 condemn,

Thy tears shall efface their decree;  
 For Heaven can witness, though guilty to  
 them,  
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest  
 love;

Every thought of my reason was thine;  
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit  
 above,

Thy name shall be mingled with mine.  
 Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who  
 shall live

The days of thy glory to see;  
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven  
 can give

Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

### THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls,  
 The soul of music shed,  
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
 As if that soul were fled.  
 So sleeps the pride of former days,  
 So glory's thrill is o'er,  
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise  
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
 The harp of Tara swells:  
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,  
 Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
 The only throb she gives  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To show that still she lives.

## FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet; 'tis just the hour  
When pleasure, like the midnight flower  
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,  
Begins to bloom for sons of night,  
And maids who love the moon.

'Twas but to bless these hours of shade  
That beauty and the moon were made;  
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing  
Set the tides and goblets flowing.

Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—  
Joy so seldom weaves a chain  
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain  
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet; the fount that played  
In times of old through Ammon's shade,  
Though icy cold by day it ran,  
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began  
To burn when night was near;  
And thus should woman's heart and looks  
At noon be cold as winter brooks,  
Nor kindle till the night, returning,  
Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—  
When did morning ever break,  
And find such beaming eyes awake  
As those that sparkle here?

RICH AND RARE WERE THE  
GEMS SHE WORE.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she  
bore;

But, oh! her beauty was far beyond  
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,  
So lone and lovely, through this bleak  
way?"

Are Erin's sons so good or so cold.  
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,  
No son of Erin will offer me harm:  
For, though they love women and golden  
store,  
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue

On she went, and her maiden smile  
In safety lighted her round the green isle;  
And blest for ever is she who relied  
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF  
THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters  
may glow,  
While the tide runs in darkness and cold-  
ness below,  
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm  
sunny smile,  
Though the cold heart to run runs darkly  
the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that  
throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our  
woes,  
To which life nothing darker, or brighter  
can bring,  
For which joy has no balm and affliction  
no sting:

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoy-  
ment will stay,  
Like a dead leafless branch in the sum-  
mer's bright ray,  
The beams of the warm sun play round  
it in vain,  
It may smile in his light, but it blooms  
not again.

## THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley  
so sweet,  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright  
waters meet;  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must  
depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade  
from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er  
the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of  
green:

'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

### I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.<sup>1</sup>

I saw thy form in youthful prime,  
Nor thought that pale decay  
Would steal before the steps of Time,  
And waste its bloom away, Mary!  
Yet still thy features wore that light,  
Which fleets not with the breath;  
And life ne'er looked more truly bright  
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,  
Yet humbly, calmly glide,  
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines  
Within their gentle tide, Mary!  
So, veiled beneath the simplest guise,  
Thy radiant genius shone,  
And that which charmed all other eyes  
Seemed worthless in thine own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,  
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;  
Or could we keep the souls we love,  
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!  
Though many a gifted mind we meet,  
Though fairest forms we see,  
To live with them is far less sweet  
Than to remember thee, Mary!

### SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers are round her sighing;  
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear  
tative plains,

Every note which he loved awaking;—  
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died, [him;  
They were all that to life had entwined  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sun-beams rest  
When they promise a glorious morrow;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,  
From her own loved island of sorrow.

### BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,  
Like fairy-gifts fading away,  
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,  
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart  
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,  
'To which time will but make thee more dear;  
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,  
The same look which she turned when he

## DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her who long  
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,  
 The girl who gave to song  
 What gold could never buy.  
 Oh ! woman's heart was made  
 For minstrel hands alone ;  
 By other fingers played,  
 It yields not half the tone.  
 Then here's to her who long  
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,  
 The girl who gave to song  
 What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass  
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,  
 They asked her, " which might pass ? "  
 She answered, " he who could."  
 With golden key Wealth thought  
 To pass—but 'twould not do :  
 While Wit a diamond brought,  
 Which cut his bright way through.  
 So here's to her who long  
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,  
 The girl who gave to song  
 What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home  
 Where wealth and grandeur shines,  
 Is like the gloomy gnome  
 That dwells in dark gold mines.  
 But oh ! the poet's love  
 Can boast a brighter sphere ;  
 Its native home's above,  
 Though woman keeps it here.  
 Then drink to her who long  
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,  
 The girl who gave to song  
 What gold could never buy.

## OH ! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

OH ! blame not the bard, if he fly to the  
 bowers  
 Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling  
 at Fame,  
 He was born for much more, and in hap-  
 pier hours  
 His soul might have burned with a  
 holier flame ;

The string that now languishes loose o'er  
 the lyre,  
 Might have bent a proud bow to the  
 warrior's dart ;  
 And the lip, which now breathes but the  
 song of desire,  
 Might have poured the full tide of a  
 patriot's heart.

But, alas for his country !—her pride has  
 gone by,  
 And that spirit is broken, which never  
 would bend ;  
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must  
 sigh,  
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death  
 to defend.  
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learned  
 to betray ;  
 Undistinguished they live, if they shame  
 not their sires ;  
 And the torch, that would light them  
 through dignity's way,  
 Must be caught from the pile where  
 their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's  
 soft dream  
 He should try to forget what he never  
 can heal ;  
 Oh ! give but a hope—let a vista but  
 gleam  
 Through the gloom of his country, and  
 mark how he'll feel !  
 Every passion it nursed, every bliss it  
 adored,  
 That instant, his heart at her shrine  
 would lay down ;  
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined  
 with his crown,  
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should  
 cover his sword.

But though glory be gone, and though  
 hope fade away,  
 Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his  
 songs ;  
 Not even in the hour, when his heart is  
 most gay,  
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee  
 and thy wrongs.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on hi  
plains ;  
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'e  
the deep,  
Till thy masters themselves, as they riv  
thy chains,  
Shall pause at the song of their captive  
and weep !

### LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh ! the days are gone, when Beauty  
bright  
My heart's chain wove ;  
When my dream of life from morn till  
night  
Was love, still love.  
New hope may bloom,  
And days may come  
Of milder, calmer beam,  
But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream :  
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,  
When wild youth's past ;  
Though he wins the wise, who frowned  
before,  
To smile at last ;  
He'll never meet  
A joy so sweet,  
In all his noon of fame,  
As when first he sung to woman's ear  
His soul-felt flame,  
And, at every close, she blushed to hear  
The one loved name.

No—that hallowed form is ne'er forgot  
Which first love traced ;  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
On memory's waste.  
'Twas odour fled  
As soon as shed ;  
'Twas morning's winged dream ;  
Twas a light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream :  
Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine  
again  
On life's dull stream.

### LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,  
But no one knows for whom  
beameth ;  
Right and left its arrows fly,  
But what they aim at no one dreameth  
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon  
My Nora's lid that seldom rises ,  
Few its looks, but every one,  
Like unexpected light, surprises.  
O my Nora Creina, dear,  
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,  
Beauty lies  
In many eyes,  
But love in yours, my Nora Creina !

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,  
But all so close the nymph hath laced  
it,  
Not a charm of beauty's mould  
Presumes to stay where Nature placed  
it.  
Oh, my Nora's gown for me,  
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,  
Leaving every beauty free  
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.  
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,  
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,  
Nature's dress  
Is loveliness—  
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,  
But when its points are gleaming round  
us,  
Who can tell if they're designed  
To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?  
Pillowed on my Nora's heart  
In safer slumber Love reposes—  
Bed of peace ! whose roughest part  
Is but the crumpling of the roses.  
O my Nora Creina, dear,  
My mild, my artless Nora Creina,  
Wit, though bright,  
Hath no such light  
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

### O THE SHAMROCK !

THROUGH Erin's Isle,  
To sport awhile,

As Love and Valour wandered,  
 With Wit, the sprite,  
 Whose quiver bright  
 A thousand arrows squandered ;  
 Where'er they pass,  
 A triple grass  
 Shoots up, with dew-drops stream-  
 ing,  
 As softly green  
 As emerald seen  
 Through purest crystal gleaming.  
 } the Shamrock, the green, immortal  
 Shamrock !

Chosen leaf  
 Of Bard and Chief,  
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

Says Valour, " See,  
 They spring for me,  
 These leafy gems of morning ! " —  
 Says Love, " No, no,  
 For me they grow,  
 My fragrant path adorning."  
 But Wit perceives  
 The triple leaves,  
 And cries, " Oh ! do not sever  
 A type that blends  
 Three godlike friends,  
 Love, Valour, Wit, for ever ! "  
 } the Shamrock, the green, immortal  
 Shamrock !

Chosen leaf  
 Of Bard and Chief,  
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

So firmly fond  
 May last the bond  
 They wove that morn together,  
 And ne'er may fall  
 One drop of gall  
 On Wit's celestial feather !  
 May Love, as twine  
 His flowers divine,  
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em !  
 May Valour ne'er  
 His standard rear  
 Against the cause of Freedom !  
 } the Shamrock, the green, immortal  
 Shamrock !

Chosen leaf  
 Of Bard and Chief,  
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

## AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are  
 weeping, I fly  
 To the lone vale we loved, when life  
 shone warm in thine eye ;  
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal  
 from the regions of air,  
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou  
 wilt come to me there,  
 And tell me our love is remembered, even  
 in the sky !

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such  
 pleasure to hear,  
 When our voices, commingling, breathed,  
 like one, on the ear ;  
 And, as Echo far off through the vale  
 my sad orison rolls,  
 I think, O my love ! 'tis thy voice, from  
 the Kingdom of Souls,  
 Faintly answering still the notes that once  
 were so dear.

## ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting ! — though many  
 Have circled the board since we met,  
 The fullest, the saddest of any  
 Remains to be crowned by us yet.  
 The sweetness that pleasure hath in it  
 Is always so slow to come forth,  
 That seldom, alas ! till the minute  
 It dies, do we know half its worth.  
 But come — may our life's happy measure  
 Be all of such moments made up ;  
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant  
 To pause and inhabit awhile  
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,  
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile !  
 But Time, like a pitiless master,  
 Cries " Onward ! " and spurs the gay

Ah, never doth Time travel faster,  
 Than when his way lies among flowers  
 But come — may our life's happy measure  
 Be all of such moments made up ;  
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.



We saw how the sun looked in sinking,  
 The waters beneath him how bright,  
 And now let our farewell of drinking  
 Resemble that farewell of light.  
 You saw how he finished, by darting  
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—  
 So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,  
 In full, liquid glory, like him.  
 And oh! may our life's happy measure  
 Of moments like this be made up;  
 'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
 It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

### 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer  
 Left blooming alone;  
 All her lovely companions  
 Are faded and gone;  
 No flower of her kindred,  
 No rosebud is nigh,  
 To reflect back her blushes,  
 To give sigh for sigh.

'I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go sleep thou with them.  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from Love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away!  
 When true hearts lie withered  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh! who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone?

### THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,  
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,  
 How sweet to rove  
 Through Morna's grove,  
 When the drowsy world is dreaming,  
 love!

Then awake!—the heavens look bright,  
 my dear,  
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,  
 And the best of all ways  
 To lengthen our days  
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my  
 dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,  
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping,  
 love,  
 And I whose star,  
 More glorious far,  
 Is the eye from that casement peeping,  
 love.  
 Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,  
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,  
 Or, in watching the flight  
 Of bodies of light,  
 He might happen to take thee for one,  
 my dear.

### THE MINSTREL-BOY.

The Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,  
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
 His father's sword he has girded on,  
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—  
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,  
 "Though all the world betrays thee,  
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall  
 guard,  
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain  
 Could not bring his proud soul under;  
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its cords asunder;  
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
 Thou soul of love and bravery!  
 Thy songs were made for the brave and  
 free,  
 They shall never sound in slavery!"



FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER  
 YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome  
 the hour  
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in  
 your bower.

Then think of the friend who once wel-  
 comed it too,  
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy  
 with you. [remain  
 His griefs may return, not a hope may  
 Of the few that have brightened his path-  
 way of pain,  
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision  
 that threw  
 Its enchantment around him, while linger-  
 ing with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure  
 fills up  
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and  
 each cup,  
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or  
 bright,  
 My soul, happy friends, shall be with you  
 that night;  
 Shall join in your revels, your sports,  
 and your wiles,  
 And return to me beaming all o'er with  
 your smiles—  
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay  
 cheer,  
 Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish  
 he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of  
 joy,  
 Bright dreams of the past, which she can-  
 not destroy;  
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow  
 and care, [to wear.  
 And bring back the features that joy used  
 Long, long be my heart with such  
 memories filled!  
 Like the vase in which roses have once  
 been distilled—  
 You may break, you may shatter the vase  
 if you will,  
 But the scent of the roses will hang round  
 it still.

## OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

OH! doubt me not—the season  
 Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,  
 And now the vestal, Reason,  
 Shall watch the fire awaked by  
 Love.

Although this heart was early blown,  
 And fire'st hands disturbed the tree,  
 They only shook some blossoms down,  
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee.  
 Then doubt me not—the season  
 Is o'er when Folly made me rove,  
 And now the vestal, Reason,  
 Shall watch the fire awaked by  
 Love.

And though my lute no longer  
 May sing of Passion's ardent spell,  
 Yet, trust me, all the stronger  
 I feel the bliss I do not tell.  
 The bee through many a garden roves,  
 And hums his lay of courtship o'er,  
 But, when he finds the flower he loves,  
 He settles there, and hums no more.  
 Then doubt me not—the season  
 Is o'er when Folly kept me free,  
 And now the vestal, Reason,  
 Shall guard the flame awaked by  
 thee.

## YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,  
 How meekly she b'lessed her humble  
 lot,  
 When the stranger, William, had made  
 her his bride,  
 And love was the light of their lowly  
 cot. [rains,  
 Together they toiled through winds and  
 Till William at length in sadness said,  
 "We must seek our fortune on other  
 plains;"—  
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.  
 They roamed a long and a weary way,  
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at  
 ease, [day,  
 When now, at the close of one stormy  
 They see a proud castle among the  
 trees.  
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll  
 shelter there;  
 The wind blows cold, and the hour is  
 late:"  
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's  
 air,  
 And the porter bowed as they passed  
 the gate.

"Now, wile me, lady," exclaimed the  
youth,

"This castle is thine, and these dark  
woods all!"

She believed him crazed, but his words  
were truth,

For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!

And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves

What William the stranger wooed and  
wed;

And the light of bliss, in these lordly  
groves,

Shines pure as it did in the lowly  
shed.

### COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,

Maiden, with me,

Mine through sunshine, storm, and  
snows;

Seasons may roll,

But the true soul

Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Let fate frown on, so we love and part  
not;

'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where  
thou art not.

Then come o'er the sea,

Maiden, with me,

Come wherever the wild wind blows;

Seasons may roll,

But the true soul

Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea

Made for the free,

Land for courts and chains alone?

Here we are slaves,

But, on the waves,

Love and liberty's all our own.

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound  
us,

All earth forgot, and all heaven around

Then come o'er the sea,

Maiden, with me,

Mine through sunshine, storm, and  
snows;

Seasons may roll,

But the true soul

Burns the same, where'er it goes.

### HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,

As clouds o'er the morning fleet?

Too fast have those young days faded,

That, even in sorrow, were sweet?

Does Time with his cold wing wither

Each feeling that once was dear?—

Then, child of misfortune, come hither,

I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,

Been like our Lagenian mine,

Where sparkles of golden splendour

All over the surface shine?

But, if in pursuit we go deeper,

Allured by the gleam that shone,

Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,

Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,

That flitted from tree to tree

With the talisman's glittering glory—

Has Hope been that bird to thee?

On branch after branch alighting,

The gem did she still display,

And, when nearest and most inviting,

Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fled,

When sorrow itself looked bright?

If thus the fair hope hath cheated,

That led thee along so light;

If thus the cold world now wither

Each feeling that once was dear:—

Come, child of misfortune, come hither,

I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

### WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

When first I met thee, warm and young,

There shone such truth about thee,

And on thy lip such promise hung,

I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still relied,

Still clung with hope the fonder,

And thought, though false to all beside,

From me thou couldst not wander.

But go, deceiver! go,—

The heart, whose hopes could  
make it

Trust one so false, so low,

Deserves that thou should'st  
break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,  
 I died the unwelcome story ;  
 Or found, in even the faults they blamed,  
 Some gleams of future glory.  
 I still was true, when nearer friends  
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee ;  
 The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,  
 Would then have led to right thee.

But go, deliver ! go,—  
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt  
 waken

From pleasure's dream, to know  
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has  
 shed,

No lights of age adorn thee :  
 The few who loved thee once have fled,  
 And they who flatter scorn thee.  
 Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,  
 No genial ties enwreath it ;  
 The smiling there, like light on graves,  
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it.

Go—go—though worlds were  
 thine,

I would not now surrender  
 One taintless tear of mine  
 For all thy guilty splendour !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,

When even those ties shall sever ;  
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,  
 On her thou'st lost for ever ;  
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,  
 With smiles hath still received thee,  
 And gladly died to prove thee all  
 Her fancy first believed thee.

Go—go—'tis vain to curse,  
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;

Hate cannot wish thee worse  
 Than guilt and shame have  
 made thee

But oh ! how the tear in her eyelids grew  
 bright,

When, after whole pages of sorrow and  
 shame,

She saw History write,  
 With a pencil of light  
 That illumed the whole volume, her Wel-  
 lington's name !

"Hail, Star of my Isle !" said the Spirit,  
 all sparkling

With beams such as break from her  
 own dewy skies—

"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and  
 darkling,

I've watched for some glory like thine  
 to arise.

For though Heroes I've numbered, un-  
 blest was their lot,

And unhalloved they sleep in the cross-  
 ways of Fame ;—

But oh ! there is not  
 One dishonouring blot

On the wreath that encircles my Wellin-  
 ton's name !

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is  
 remaining,

The grandest, the purest, even thou  
 hast yet known ;

Though proud was thy task, other nations  
 unchaining,

Far prouder to heal the deep wounds  
 of thy own.

At the foot of that throne for whose weal  
 thou hast stood,

Go, plead for the land that first cradled  
 thy fame—

And, bright o'er the flood

Of her tears and her blood,

Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellin-  
 ton's name !"

### WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was  
 keeping

Of all that the dark hand of Destiny  
 weaves,

Beside her the Genius of Erin stood  
 weeping,

For hers was the story that blotted the  
 leaves.

### THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOLING.

THE time I've lost in wooling,

In watching and pursuing

The light that lies

In woman's eyes,

Has been my heart's undoing.

Though Wisdom oft has sought me,  
I scorned the lore she brought me,  
My only looks  
Were woman's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me.

The friends we've tried  
Are by our side,  
And the foe we hate before us.  
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all  
Who live to weep our fall.

Her smile when Beauty granted,  
I hung with gaze enchanted,  
Like him the Sprite  
Whom maids by night  
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.  
Like him, too, Beauty won me  
But while her eyes were on me ;  
If once their ray  
Was turned away,  
Oh ! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going ?  
And is my proud heart growing  
Too cold or wise  
For brilliant eyes  
Again to set it glowing ?  
No—vain, alas ! th' endeavour  
From bonds so sweet to sever ;—  
Poor Wisdom's chance  
Against a glance  
Is now as weak as ever.

### OH, WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

Oh, where's the slave so lowly  
Condemned to chains unholy,  
Who, could he burst  
His bonds at first,  
Would pine beneath them slowly ?  
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,  
Would wait till time decayed it,  
When thus its wing  
At once may spring  
To the throne of Him who made it ?  
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all  
Who live to weep our fall.

Less dear the laurel growing  
Alive, untouched, and blowing,  
Than that whose braid  
Is plucked to shade  
The brows with victory growing.  
We tread the land that bore us,  
Her green flag glitters o'er us,

### COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own  
stricken deer,  
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy  
home is still here :  
Here still is the smile that no cloud can  
o'ercast,  
And a heart and a hand all thy own to  
the last.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not  
the same  
Through joy and through torment, through  
glory and shame ?  
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that  
heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever  
thou art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in  
moments of bliss,  
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of  
this,  
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy  
steps to pursue,  
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish  
there too.

### I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning  
was shining,  
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously  
on ;  
I came when the sun o'er that beach was  
declining,  
The bark was still there, but the waters  
were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early  
promise,  
So passing the spring-tide of joy we  
have known.

Each wave, that we danced on at morn-  
ing, ebbs from us,  
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak  
shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning  
The close of our day, the calm eve of  
our night:—

Give me back, give me back the wild  
freshness of Morning,  
Her clouds and her tears are worth  
Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that mo-  
ment's returning,

When passion first waked a new life  
through his frame,

And his soul—like the wood that grows  
precious in burning—

Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite  
flame!

#### FILL THE BUMPER FAIR

Fill the bumper fair!

Every drop we sprinkle

O'er the brow of Care,

Smooths away a wrinkle.

Wit's electric flame

Ne'er so swiftly passes,

As when through the frame

It shoots from brimming glasses

Fill the bumper fair!

Every drop we sprinkle

O'er the brow of Care,

Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,

Grasp the lightning's pinions,

And bring down its ray

From the starred dominions:—

So we, sages, sit

And 'mid bumpers brightening,

From the heaven of Wit

Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first

Made our souls inherit

This ennobling thirst

For wine's celestial spirit?

It chanced upon that day,

When, as bards inform us,

Prometheus stole away

The living fires that warm us.

The careless Youth, when up

To Glory's fount aspiring,

Took not for his cup

To hide the palmed fire in.—

But, hark! when, round

The halls of heaven singing,

Among the stars he found

A bowl of Pleasures lying.

Some drops were in that bowl,

Remains of last night's pleasure,

With which the Spirits of Soul

Mixed their burning treasure.

Hence the golden shower

Hath such spells to win us;

Hence its mighty power

O'er that flame within us.

Fill the bumper fair!

Every drop we sprinkle

O'er the brow of Care,

Smooths away a wrinkle.

#### LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

FROM life without freedom, oh! who  
would not fly?

For one day of freedom, oh! who would  
not die?

Hark, hark! 'tis the trumpet, the call of  
the brave.

The death-song of tyrants, and dirge of  
the slave.

Our country lies bleeding, oh! fly to her  
aid,

One arm that defends, is worth hosts that  
invade.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope  
remains,

The dead fear no tyrants; the grave has  
no chains.

On, on to the combat! the heroes that  
bleed

For virtue and mankind, are heroes in-  
deed!

And oh! e'en if Freedom from this world  
be driven,

Despair not—at least we shall find her in  
heaven!

## HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE'S the bower she loved so much,  
And the tree she planted ;

Here's the harp she used to touch, —

Oh ! how that touch enchanted !

Roses now unheeded sigh,

Where's the hand to wreath them ?

Songs around neglected lie,

Where's the lip to breathe them ?

Here's the bower she loved so much

And the tree she planted ;

Here's the harp she used to touch,

Oh ! how that touch enchanted !

Spring may bloom, but she we loved

Ne'er shall feel its sweetness,

Time that once so fleetly moved,

Now hath lost its fleetness.

Years were days, when here she strayed,

Days were moments near her,

Heaven ne'er formed a brighter maid,

Nor pity wept a dearer !

Here's the bower she loved so much,

And the tree she planted ;

Here's the harp she used to touch, —

Oh ! how that touch enchanted !

## LOVE AND HOPE.

AT morn, beside yon summer sea,

Young Hope and Love reclined :

But scarce had noon-tide come, when he

Into his bark leaped smilingly,

And left poor Hope behind !

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile,

Across this sunny main ;"—

And then so sweet his parting smile,

That Hope, who never dreamed of guile,

Believed he'd come again.

She lingered there, till evening's beam

Along the waters lay ;

And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,

Oft traced his name, which still the stream

As often washed away.

At length, a sail appears in sight,

And toward the maiden moves ;

'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and

bright,

His golden bark reflects the light ;

But, ah, it is not Love's !

Another sail—'twas Friendship showed

Her night lamp o'er the sea ;

And calm the light that lamp bestowed,

But Love had lights that warmer glowed

And where, alas ! was He ?

Now fast around the sea and shore

Night threw her darkling chain ;

The sunny sails were seen no more,

Hope's morning dreams of bliss were

o'er—

Love never came again !

## FAREWELL.

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, Araby's

daughter !

(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark

sea ;)

No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green

water,

More pure in its shell than thy spirit in

thee.

Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee

growing,

How light was thy heart till love's

witchery came,

Like the wind of the south o'er a summer

lute blowing,

And hushed all its music and withered

its frame !

But long upon Araby's green sunny high-

lands,

Shall maids and their lovers remember

the doom

Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl

Islands,

With nought but the sea-star to light

up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date season is

burning

And calls to the palm-groves the young

and the old,

The happiest there, from their pastime

returning,

At sunset, will weep when thy story is

told.

The young village maid, when with  
flowers she dresses  
Her dark-flowing hair, for some festival  
day,  
Will think of thy fate, till neglecting her  
tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror  
away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero! for-  
get thee,—  
Though tyrants watch over her tears as  
they start,  
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll  
set thee,  
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of  
her heart.

Farewell!—be it ours to embellish thy  
pillow  
With everything beauteous that grows  
in the deep;  
Each flower of the rock, and each gem of  
the billow,  
Shall sweeten thy bed, and illumine  
thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest  
amber  
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has  
wept;  
With many a shell, in whose hollow-  
wreathed chamber,  
We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have  
slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie  
darkling,  
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy  
head;  
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian  
are sparkling,  
And gather their gold to strew over thy  
bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet  
fountain  
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the  
brave,  
They'll weep for the chieftain who died  
on that mountain,  
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps  
in this wave.

## THOU ART, O GOD!

## I.

THOU art, O God! the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee.  
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine.  
And all things fair and bright are Thine

## II.

When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into Heaven;  
Those hues, that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose  
plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;—  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

## IV.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;  
And every flower the summer wreathes  
Is born beneath that kindling eye.  
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEET-  
ING SHOW.

## I.

THIS world is all a fleeting show  
For man's illusion given;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—  
There's nothing true but Heaven!

## II.

And false the light on glory's plume,  
As fading hues of even;  
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's  
bloom,  
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—  
There's nothing bright but Heaven!



## III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
From wave to wave we're driven,  
And fancy's flash and reason's ray  
Serve but to light the troubled way,—  
'There's nothing calm but Heaven!

## FALL'N IS THY THRONE.

## I.

FALL'N is thy throne, O Israel !  
Silence is o'er thy plains ;  
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,  
Thy children weep in chains.  
Where are the dews that fed thee  
On Etham's barren shore ?  
That fire from Heaven which led thee,  
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord ! Thou didst love Jerusalem ;—  
Once, she was all Thy own ;  
Her love Thy fairest heritage,  
Her power Thy glory's throne,  
Till evil came, and blighted  
Thy long-loved olive-tree ;—  
And Salem's shrines were lighted  
For other gods than Thee !

## III.

Then sunk the star of Solyma ;—  
Then passed her glory's day,  
Like heath that, in the wilderness,  
The wild wind whirls away.  
Silent and waste her bowers,  
Where once the mighty trod,  
And sunk those guilty towers,  
Where Baal reigned as God !

## IV.

"Go,"—said the Lord—"ye conquerors !  
Steep in her blood your swords,  
And raze to earth her battlements,  
For they are not the Lord's !  
Till Zion's mournful daughter  
O'er kindred bones shall tread,  
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter  
Shall hide but half her dead !"

O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE  
MOURNER'S TEAR !

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear !  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee.  
The friends, who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes are flown :  
And he, who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.  
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

## II.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And e'en the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimmed and vanished too !  
Oh ! who would bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not Thy wing of love  
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom  
Our peace-branch from above ?  
Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows  
bright  
With more than rapture's ray ;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day !

## SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

## I.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark  
sea !  
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are  
free.  
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,  
His chariots, and horsemen, all splendid  
and brave,  
How vain was their boasting !—the Lord  
hath but spoken,  
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in  
the wave.  
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark  
sea !  
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are  
free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,  
His word was our arrow, his breath was  
our sword!—

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
Of those she sent forth in the hour of  
her pride?

For the Lord hath looked out from his  
pillar of glory,  
And all her brave thousands are dashed  
in the tide. [sea!

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark  
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are  
free.

This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him  
burned

As home his footsteps he hath turned.

From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell!  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT. 1771—1832.]

### THE LAST MINSTREL.

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

THE way was long, the wind was cold,  
The Minstrel was infirm and old;  
His withered cheek, and tresses grey,  
Seemed to have known a better day;  
The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
Was carried by an orphan boy:  
The last of all the bands was he,  
Who sung of Border chivalry;  
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,  
His tuneful brethren all were dead;  
And he, neglected and oppressed,  
Wished to be with them, and at rest.  
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,  
He carolled, light as lark at morn;  
No longer, courted and caressed,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He poured, to lord and lady gay,  
The unpremeditated lay: [gone;  
Old times were changed, old manners  
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne,  
The bigots of the iron time  
Had called his harmless art a crime.  
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,  
He begged his bread from door to door;  
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
The harp a King had loved to hear.

### THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BREATHES there the man with soul so  
dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

### SCOTLAND.

O CALEDONIA stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires, what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand?  
Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath been,  
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were  
left;  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.  
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble  
way;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
Although it chill my withered cheek;  
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,  
Though there, forgotten and alone,  
The bard may draw his parting groan.

### MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.  
When the broken arches are black in night  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white.  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower;  
N<sup>o</sup> 2

When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebony and ivory ;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;

When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,

Then go—but go alone the while—  
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;  
And home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair !

### THE MEMORY OF THE BARD.

CALL it not vain :—they do not err,  
Who say, that when the Poet dies,  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,

And celebrates his obsequies :  
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,  
For the departed bard make moan ;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;  
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;  
Through his loved groves that breezes  
sigh,

And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn  
Those things inanimate can mourn ;  
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,  
Is vocal with the plaintive wail  
Of those, who, else forgotten long,  
Lived in the poet's faithful song,  
And, with the poet's parting breath,  
Whose memory feels a second death.  
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,  
That love, true love, should be forgot,  
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear  
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier :  
The phantom knight, his glory fled,  
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with  
dead ;

Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,  
And shrieks along the battle-plain.  
The chief, whose antique crownlet long  
Still sparkled in the feudal song,  
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,  
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,  
His ashes undistinguished lie,  
His place, his power, his memory die :

His groans the lonely caverns fill,  
His tears of rage impell the rill ;  
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,  
Their name unknown, their praise unsung

### HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass  
away,

What power shall be the sinner's stay !  
How shall he meet that dreadful day,  
When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll ;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swell the high trump that wakes the  
dead !

O ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from  
clay,  
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

### LOVE AS THE THEME OF POETS.

AND said I that my limbs were old,  
And said I that my blood was cold,  
And that my kindly fire was fled,  
And my poor withered heart was dead,  
And that I might not sing of love ?—  
How could I to the dearest theme,  
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,  
So foul, so false, a recreant prove !  
How could I name love's very name,  
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame !

II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's  
reed ;  
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;  
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;  
In hamlets, dances on the green.  
Love rules the court, the camp, the  
grove,  
And men below, and saints above ;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is  
love.

# THE BORDER TROOPER; SIR WILLIAM OF DELORAINE.

A STARK moss-trooping Scot was he,  
As e'er crouched border lance by knee :  
Through Solway sands, through Tara's  
moss,

Blindfold he knew the paths to cross ;  
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds :  
In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,  
But he would ride them, one by one ;  
Alike to him was time, or tide,  
December's snow, or July's pride ;  
Alike to him was tide, or time,  
Moonless midnight, or matin prime ;  
Steady of heart and stout of hand,  
As e'er drove prey from Cumberland ;  
Five times outlawed had he been,  
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

## PITT AND FOX.

### *Introduction to Marmion.*

To mute and to material things  
New life revolving summer brings ;  
The genial call dead nature hears,  
And her glory reappears.  
But oh ! my country's wintry state  
What second spring shall renovate ?  
What powerful call shall bid arise  
To buried warlike, and the wise  
The mind, that thought for Britain's  
weal,

She hand that grasped the victor steel ?  
The vernal sun new life bestows  
Even on the meanest flower that blows !  
But vainly, vainly, may he shine,  
Where glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine :  
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,  
That shrouds, O Pitt, thy hallowed  
tomb !

\* \* \* \* \*

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped  
of dower,

A watchman on the lonely tower,  
Thy thrilling trump had roused the  
land,

When fraud or danger were at hand ;  
By thee, as by the beacon-light,  
Our pilots had kept course aright ;

As some proud column, though alone,  
Thy strength had propped the tottering  
throne.

Now is the stately column broke,  
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,  
The trumpet's silver sound is still,  
The warder silent on the hill !

Oh, think, how to his latest day,  
When Death, just hovering, claimed his  
prey,

With Painure's unaltered mood,  
Firm at his dangerous post he stood ;  
Each call for needful rest repelled,  
With dying hand the rudder held,  
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,  
The steerage of the realm gave way !  
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,  
One unpolluted church remains,  
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around  
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,  
But still, upon the hallowed day,  
Convoke the swains to praise and pray  
While faith and civil peace are dear,  
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—  
He, who preserved them, Pitt, lies here.

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,  
Because his rival slumbers high ;  
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,  
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.  
For talents mourn, untimely lost,  
When best employed, and wanted most,  
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,  
And wit that loved to play, not wound ;  
And all the reasoning powers divine,  
To penetrate, resolve, combine ;  
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—  
They sleep with him who sleeps below ;  
And, if thou mourn'st they could not  
save

From error him who owns this grave,  
Be every harsher thought suppressed,  
And sacred be the last long rest !  
*Here*, where the end of earthly things  
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings ;  
Where stiff the hand, and still the  
tongue, [sung

Of those who fought, and spoke, and  
*Here*, where the fretted aisles prolong  
The distant notes of holy song,  
As if some angel spoke agen,  
All peace on earth, good-will to men ;

If ever from a : English heart,  
 O *here* let prejudice depart,  
 And partial feeling cast aside,  
 Record that Fox a Briton died !  
 When Europe crouched to France's yoke,  
 And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,  
 And the firm Russian's purpose brave  
 Was bartered by a timorous slave,  
 Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,  
 The sullied olive-branch returned,  
 Stood for his country's glory fast,  
 And nailed her colours to the mast.  
 Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave  
 A portion in this honoured grave ;  
 And ne'er held marble in its trust  
 Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endowed,  
 How high they soared above the crowd !  
 Theirs was no common party race,  
 Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;  
 Like fabled gods, their mighty war  
 Shook realms and nations in its jar ;  
 Beneath each banner proud to stand,  
 Looked up the noblest of the land.  
 Till through the British world  
 known  
 The names of Pitt and Fox alone  
 Spells of such force no wizard grave  
 Ever framed in dark Thessalian cave,  
 Though his could drain the ocean dry,  
 And force the planets from the sky  
 These spells are spent, and, spent with  
 these,

The wine of life is on the lees.  
 Genius, and taste, and talent gone,  
 For ever tombed beneath the stone,  
 Where, — taming thought to human  
 pride ! —

The mighty chiefs sleep side by side,  
 Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,  
 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;  
 O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,  
 And Fox's shall the notes rebound.  
 The solemn echo seems to cry, —  
 " Here let their discord with them  
 die ;

Speak not for those a separate doom,  
 Whom Fate made brothers in the  
 tomb,

But search the land of living men,  
 Where wilt thou find their like again ? "

## NIGHT AT NORHAM CASTLE

*Marmion.*

Day set on Norham's castled steep,  
 And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
 And Cheviot's mountains lone ;  
 The battled towers, the donjon keep,  
 The loop-hole grates where captive  
 weep,  
 The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
 In yellow lustre shone  
 The warriors on the turrets high,  
 Moving atawit the evening sky,  
 Seemed forms of giant height :  
 Their armour, as it caught the rays,  
 Flashed back again the western blaze,  
 In lines of dazzling light

St. George's banner, broad and gay,  
 Now faded, as the fading ray  
 Less bright, and less, was flung ;  
 The evening gale had scarce the power  
 To wave it on the Donjon tower,  
 So heavily it hung.  
 The scouts had parted on their search,  
 The castle gates were barred ;  
 Above the gloomy portal arch,  
 Tiring his foot-steps to a march,  
 The warder kept his guard,  
 Low humming, as he paced along,  
 Some ancient Border gathering song.

## ROMANTIC LEGENDS.

THE mightiest chiefs of British song  
 Scorned not such legends to prolong :  
 They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,  
 And mix in Milton's heavenly theme ;  
 And Dryden, in immortal strain,  
 Had raised the Table Round again,  
 But that a ribald king and court  
 Bade him toil on, to make them sport ;  
 Demanded for their niggard pay,  
 But for their souls, a looser lay,  
 Licentious satire, song, and play ;  
 The world defrauded of the high design,  
 Profaned the God-given strength, and  
 marred the lofty line.

Warmed by such names, well may we  
 then,  
 Though dwindled sons of little men

Essay to break a feeble lance  
 In the fair fields of old romance;  
 Or seek the moated castle's cell,  
 Where long through talisman and spell,  
 While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept,  
 Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept:  
 There sound the harpings of the North,  
 Till he awake and sally forth,  
 On venturous quest to prick again,  
 In all his arms, with all his train,  
 Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and

Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,  
 And wizard with his wand of might,  
 And errant maid on palfrey white.  
 Around the Genius weave their spells,  
 Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells:  
 Mystery, half veiled and half revealed;  
 And Honour with his spotless shield;  
 Attention, with fixed eye; and Fear,  
 That loves the tale she shrinks to hear;  
 And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,  
 Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death;  
 And Valour, lion-mettled lord,  
 Leaning upon his own good sword

### LOST IN THE SNOW.

WHEN red hath set the beamless sun,  
 Through heavy vapours dank and dun;  
 When the tired ploughman, dry and  
 warm,  
 Hears, half asleep, the rising storm  
 Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,  
 Against the casement's tinkling pane;  
 The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,  
 To shelter in the brake and rocks,  
 Are warnings which the shepherd ask  
 To dismal and to dangerous task.  
 Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,  
 The blast may sink in mellowing rain;  
 Till, dark above, and white below,  
 Decided drives the flaky snow,  
 And forth the hardy swain must go.  
 Long, with dejected look and whine,  
 To leave the hearth his dogs repine;  
 Whistling, and cheering them to aid,  
 Around his back he wreathes the plaid:  
 His flock he gathers, and he guides  
 To open downs, and mountain sides,  
 Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,  
 Least deeply lies the drift below.

The blast, that whistles o'er the fell,  
 Stiffens his locks to icicles;  
 Oft he looks back, while, streaming far  
 His cottage window seems a star,—  
 Loses its ieeble gleam,—and then  
 Turns patient to the blast again,  
 And, facing to the tempest's sweep,  
 Drives through the gloom his lagging  
 sheep:

If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,  
 Benumbing death is in the gale;  
 His paths, his landmarks—all unknown,  
 Close to the hut, no more his own,  
 Close to the aid he sought in vain,  
 The morn may find the stiffened swain:  
 His widow sees, at dawning pale,  
 His orphans raise their feeble wail;  
 And close beside him, in the snow,  
 Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,  
 Couches upon his master's breast,  
 And licks his cheek, to break his rest.

### THE VIEW FROM BLACKFORD HILL.

STILL on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,  
 For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.

When sated with the martial show  
 That peopled all the plain below,  
 The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
 And mark the distant city glow

With gloomy splendour red;  
 For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and  
 slow,

That round her sable turrets flow,  
 The morning beams were shed,  
 And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
 Like that which streaks a thunder  
 cloud.

Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
 Where the huge castle holds its state,  
 And all the steep slope down,  
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
 Mine own romantic town!  
 But northward far, with purer blaze,  
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
 And as each heathy top they kissed,  
 It gleamed a purple amethyst.

Vonder the shores of Fife you saw;  
 Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law;

And, broad between them rolled,  
 The gallant Firth the eye might note,  
 Whose islands on its bosom float,  
 Like emeralds chased in gold.  
 Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;  
 As if to give his rapture vent,  
 The spur he to his charger lent,  
 And raised his bridle-hand,  
 And, making demi-volte in air,  
 Cried, "Where's the coward that would  
 not dare  
 To fight for such a land!"

### LOCHINVAR.

#### LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
 Through all the wide Border his steed  
 was the best,  
 And save his good broad-sword he  
 weapons had none;  
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all  
 alone.  
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in  
 war,  
 There never was knight like the young  
 Lochinvar.  
 He stayed not for brake, and he stopped  
 not for stone,  
 He swam the Eske river where ford there  
 was none;  
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented, the gallant  
 came late:  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in  
 war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave  
 Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,  
 Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and  
 brothers and all:  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand  
 on his sword  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said  
 never a word),  
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in  
 war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord  
 Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit  
 you denied;—  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs  
 like its tide—  
 And now I am come, with this lost love  
 of mine,  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup  
 of wine.  
 There are maidens in Scotland more  
 lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young  
 Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight  
 took it up,  
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw  
 down the cup,  
 She looked down to blush, and she  
 looked up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her  
 eye.  
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother  
 could bar,—  
 "Now tread we a measure!" said  
 young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her  
 face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did  
 grace;  
 While her mother did fret, and her father  
 did fume,  
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his  
 bonnet and plume;  
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere  
 better by far  
 To have matched our fair cousin with  
 young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in  
 her ear,  
 When they reached the hall-door, and the  
 charger stood near;  
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he  
 swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he  
 sprang!  
 'She is won! we are gone, over bank,  
 bush, and scaur;  
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow,"  
 quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of  
 the Netherby clan;  
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they  
 rode and they ran:  
 There was racing, and chasing, on Can-  
 nobie Lee. [they see.  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did  
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young  
 Lochinvar?

Then opened wide the baron's hall  
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;  
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
 And Ceremony doffed his pride.  
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
 That night might village partner choose;  
 The lord, underogating, share  
 The vulgar game of "post and pair."  
 All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,  
 And general voice, the happy night,  
 That to the cottage, as the crown,  
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

## CHRISTMAS TIME.

HEAP on more wood!—the wind is chill;  
 But let it whistle as it will,  
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
 Each age has deemed the new-born year  
 The fittest time for festal cheer:  
 Even heathen yet, the savage Dane  
 At Iol more deep the mead did drain;  
 High on the beach his galleys drew,  
 And feasted all his pirate crew;  
 Then in his low and pine-built hall,  
 Where shields and axes decked the wall,  
 They gorged upon the half-dressed steer;  
 Caroused in seas of sable beer;  
 While round, in brutal jest, were thrown  
 The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone;  
 Or listened all, in grim delight,  
 While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.  
 Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,  
 While wildly loose their red locks fly;  
 And dancing round the blazing pile,  
 They make such barbarous mirth the  
 while,  
 As best might to the mind recall  
 The bolsterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old  
 Loved when the year its course had rolled,  
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
 With all his hospitable train.  
 Domestic and religious rite  
 Gave honour to the holy night:  
 On Christmas eve the bells were rung;  
 On Christmas eve the mass was sung;  
 That only night, in all the year,  
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.  
 The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;  
 The hall was dressed with holly green;  
 Forth to the wood did merry-men go,  
 To gather in the mistletoe.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied  
 Went roaring up the chimney wide;  
 The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
 Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace,  
 Bore then upon its massive board  
 No mark to part the squire and lord.  
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
 By old blue-coated serving-man;  
 Then the grim boar's head frowned on  
 high,  
 Crested with bays and rosemary.  
 Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,  
 How, when, and where, the monster fell:  
 What dogs before his death he tore,  
 And all the baiting of the boar.  
 The wassel round in good brown bowls,  
 Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.  
 There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by  
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas  
 pie;  
 Nor failed old Scotland to produce,  
 At such high-tide, her savoury goose.  
 Then came the merry maskers in,  
 And carols roared with blithesome din;  
 If unmelodious was the song,  
 It was a hearty note, and strong.  
 Who lists may in their mumming see  
 Traces of ancient mystery;  
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
 And smutted cheeks the visors made;  
 But, O! what maskers richly dight  
 Can boast of bosoms half so light!  
 England was merry England, when  
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest  
 ale;  
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
 The poor man's heart through half the  
 year.



RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS  
INFANCY.

It was a barren scene, and wild,  
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled ;  
But ever and anon between  
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green ;  
And well the lonely infant knew  
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,  
And honey-suckle loved to crawl  
Up the low crag and ruined wall.  
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade  
The sun in all his round surveyed ;  
And still I thought that shattered tower  
The mightiest work of human power ;  
And marvelled, as the aged hind  
With some strange tale bewitched my  
mind,  
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,  
Down from that strength had spurred  
their horse,  
Their southern rapine to renew,  
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,  
And, home returning, filled the hall  
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.—  
Methought that still with tramp and  
clang  
The gate-way's broken arches rang ;  
Methought grim features, seamed with  
scars,  
Glared through the windows' rusty bars.  
And ever, by the winter hearth,  
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,  
Of lovers' sleights, of ladies' charms,  
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms ;  
Of patriot battles, won of old  
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold ;  
Of later fields of feud and fight,  
When, pouring from their Highland  
height,  
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,  
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.  
While stretched at length upon the  
floor,  
Again I fought each combat o'er,  
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,  
The mimic ranks of war displayed ;  
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,  
And still the scattered Southron fled  
before.

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,  
Anew, each kind familiar face,

That brightened at our evening fire ;  
From the thatched mansion's grey-haired  
Sire,  
Wise without learning, plain and good,  
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood ;  
Whose eye in age, quick, clear, and  
keen,  
Showed what in youth its glance had  
been ;  
Whose doom discording neighbours  
sought,  
Content with equity unbought ;  
To him the venerable Priest,  
Our frequent and familiar guest,  
Whose life and manners well could paint  
Alike the student and the saint ;  
Alas ! whose speech too oft I broke  
With gambol rude and timeless joke :  
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,  
A self-willed imp, a grandame's child ;  
But half a plague, and half a jest,  
Was still endured, beloved, caressed.

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER  
REST ?

WHERE shall the lover rest,  
Whom the fates sever  
From his true maiden's breast,  
Parted for ever ?  
Where, through groves deep and high,  
Sounds the far billow,  
Where early violets die,  
Under the willow.

There, through the summer day,  
Cool streams are laving ;  
There, while the tempests sway,  
Scarce are boughs waving ;  
There, thy rest shalt thou take,  
Parted for ever,  
Never again to wake,  
Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,  
He, the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Ruin, and leave her ?  
In the lost battle,  
Borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle,  
With groans of the dying.

Her wings shall the eagle flap  
 O'er the false-hearted ;  
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
 Ere life be parted.  
 Shame and dishonour sit  
 By his grave ever ;  
 Blessing shall hallow it,—  
 Never, O never.

## GOOD WISHES.

A GARLAND for the hero's crest,  
 And twined by her he loves the best ;  
 To every lovely lady bright,  
 What can I wish but faithful knight ?  
 To every faithful lover too,  
 What can I wish but lady true ?  
 And knowledge to the studious sage ;  
 And pillow soft to head of age.  
 To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay  
 Has cheated of thy hour of play,  
 Light task, and merry holiday !  
 To all, to each, a fair good night,  
 And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light !

## WOMAN.

O WOMAN ! in our hours of ease,  
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
 And variable as the shade  
 By the light of quivering aspen made ;  
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
 A ministering angel thou !

## THE DEATH OF MARMION.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,  
 And strove to staunch the gushing wound :  
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,  
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers ;  
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,  
 A lady's voice was in his ear,  
 And that the priest he could not hear,  
 For that she ever sung,  
 "In the lost battle, borne down by the  
 flying,  
 Where mingled war's rattle with groans  
 of the dying !"  
 So the notes rung

"Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand  
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—  
 Oh look, my son, upon yon sign  
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;  
 Oh think on faith and bliss !—  
 By many a death-bed I have been,  
 And many a sinner's parting seen,  
 But never aught like this."—  
 The war, that for a space did fail,  
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale.  
 And—STANLEY ! was the cry ;—  
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
 And fired his glazing eye :  
 With dying hand, above his head  
 He shook the fragment of his blade,  
 And shouted "Victory !  
 Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley,  
 on !"  
 Were the last words of Marmion.

## THE GRAVE OF MARMION.

THEY dug his grave e'en where he lay,  
 But every mark is gone ;  
 Time's wasting hand has done away  
 The simple Cross of Sybil Gray,  
 And broke her font of stone :  
 But yet from out the little hill  
 Oozes the slender springlet still,  
 Oft halts the stranger there,  
 For thence may best his curious eye  
 The memorable field descry ;  
 And shepherd boys repair  
 To seek the water-flag and rush,  
 And rest them by the hazel bush,  
 And plait their garlands fair ;  
 Nor dream they sit upon the grave,  
 That holds the bones of Marmion brave.

## PATERNAL AFFECTION.

*The Lady of the Lake*

SOME feelings are to mortals given,  
 With less of earth in them than heaven :  
 And if there be a human tear  
 From passion's dross refined and clear,  
 A tear so limpid and so meek,  
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
 Upon a duteous daughter's head !

## CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,  
 He is lost to the forest,  
 Like a summer-dried fountain,  
 When our need was the sorest.  
 The font, reappearing,  
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
 But to us comes no cheering,  
 To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper  
 Takes the ears that are hoary,  
 But the voice of the weeper  
 Waits manhood in glory.  
 The autumn winds rustling,  
 Waft the leaves that are searest,  
 But our flower was in flushing,  
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corrie,  
 Sage counsel in cumber,  
 Red hand in the foray,  
 How sound is thy slumber !  
 Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and for ever !

## THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

A CHIEFTAIN's daughter seemed the  
 maid ;  
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,  
 Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.  
 And seldom was a snood amid  
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid ;  
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring  
 The plumage of the raven's wing ;  
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair  
 Mantled a plaid with modest care ;  
 And never brooch the folds combined  
 Above a heart more good and kind.  
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;  
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
 Than every free-born glance confessed  
 The guileless movements of her breast ;  
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
 Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,  
 Or filial love was glowing there,  
 Or meek devotion poured a prayer,

Or tale of injury called forth  
 The indignant spirit of the north.  
 One only passion unrevealed,  
 With maiden pride the maid concealed,  
 Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—  
 O need I tell that passion's name ?

## SCENERY OF THE TROSACHS.

THE western waves of ebbing day  
 Rolled o'er the glen their level way ;  
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
 Was bathed in floods of living fire.  
 But not a setting beam could glow  
 Within the dark ravines below,  
 Where twined the path, in shadow hid,  
 Round many a rocky pyramid,  
 Shooting abruptly from the dell  
 Its thunder-splintered pinnacle ;  
 Round many an insulated mass,  
 The native bulwarks of the pass,  
 Huge as the tower which builders vain  
 Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.  
 Their rocky summits, split and rent,  
 Formed turret, dome, or battlement,  
 Or seemed fantastically set  
 With cupola or minaret,  
 Wild crests as pagod ever decked,  
 Or mosque of eastern architect.  
 Nor were these earth-born castles bare,  
 Nor lacked they many a banner fair ;  
 For, from their shivered brows displayed,  
 Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
 All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,  
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,  
 And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,  
 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,  
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's  
 child.

Here eglantine embalmed the air,  
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;  
 The primrose pale, and violet flower,  
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;  
 Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,  
 Emblems of punishment and pride,  
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain,  
 The weather-beaten crags retain.  
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,  
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ;

Aloft, the ash and warrior oak  
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;  
 And higher yet, the pine-tree hung  
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,  
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,  
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.  
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,  
 Where glistening streamers waved and  
 danced,

The wanderer's eye could barely view  
 The summer heaven's delicious blue ;  
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep  
 A narrow inlet, still and deep,  
 Affording scarce such breadth of brim,  
 As served the wild-duck's brood to swim ;  
 Lost for a space, through thickets veering,  
 But broader when again appearing,  
 Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face  
 Could on the dark-blue mirror trace ;  
 And farther as the hunter strayed,  
 Still broader sweep its channels made.  
 The shaggy mounds no longer stood,  
 Emerging from entangled wood,  
 But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,  
 Like castle girdled with its moat ;  
 Yet broader floods extending still,  
 Divide them from their parent hill,  
 Till each, retiring, claims to be  
 An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,  
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
 Unless he climb, with footing nice,  
 A far projecting precipice.  
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made,  
 The hazel saplings lent their aid ;  
 And thus an airy point he won.  
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,  
 One burnished sheet of living gold,  
 Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled ;  
 In all her length far winding lay,  
 With promontory, creek, and bay,  
 And islands that, empurpled bright,  
 Floated amid the livelier light ;  
 And mountains, that like giants stand,  
 To sentinel enchanted land.  
 High on the south, huge Ben-venue  
 Down to the lake in masses threw  
 Cragg, knolls, and mounds, confusedly  
 hurled,

The fragments of an earlier world ;  
 A wildering forest feathered o'er  
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,  
 While on the north, through middle  
 air,  
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

cried,  
 " For princely pomp or churchman's  
 pride !

On this bold brow, a lordly tower ;  
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;  
 On yonder meadow, far away,  
 The turrets of a cloister grey ;  
 How blithely might the bugle-horn  
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering  
 morn !

How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute,  
 Chime, when the groves are still and  
 mute !

And, when the midnight moon should  
 lave

Her forehead in the silver wave,  
 How solemn on the ear would come  
 The holy matins' distant hum,  
 While the deep peal's commanding tone  
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,  
 A sainted hermit from his cell,  
 To drop a bead with every knell—  
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,  
 Should each bewildered stranger call  
 To friendly feast and lighted hall."

### SOLDIER, REST !

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not break-  
 ing !

Dream of battled fields no more,  
 Days of danger, nights of waking.  
 In our isle's enchanted hall,  
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
 Fairy streams of music fall,

Every sense in slumber dewing.  
 Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Dream of fighting fields no more ;  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking  
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,  
 Trump nor pibroch summon here  
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,  
 At the daybreak from the fallow,  
 And the bittern sound his drum,  
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
 Guards nor warders challenge here,  
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

"Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,  
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
 Dream not with the rising sun  
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.  
 Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;  
 Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ;  
 Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen,  
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
 Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,  
 Think not of the rising sun,  
 For at dawning to assail ye,  
 Here no bugles sound reveillé."

#### HAIL TO THE CHIEF.\*

HAIL to the chief who in triumph  
 advances !  
 Honour'd and blessed be the ever-green  
 pine !  
 Long may the tree in his banner that  
 glances,  
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our  
 line !  
 Heaven send it happy dew,  
 Earth lend it sap anew ;  
 Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to  
 grow,  
 While every Highland glen  
 Sends our shout back agen,  
 "Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho !  
 ieroe !"

\* This song is intended as an imitation of the *ferriamus*, or boat-songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled, as it were, and those which were timed to the rowers of an ordinary boat.

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the  
 fountain,  
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to  
 fade ;  
 When the whirlwind has stripped every  
 leaf on the mountain,  
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in  
 her shade.  
 Moored in the rifted rock,  
 Proof to the tempest's shock,  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it  
 blow ;  
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
 Echo his praise agen,  
 "Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho !  
 ieroe !"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen  
 Frum,  
 And Banochair's groans to our slogan  
 replied :  
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smok-  
 ing in ruin,  
 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead  
 on her side.  
 Widow and Saxon maid  
 Long shall lament our raid,  
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and  
 with woe ;  
 Lennox and Leven-glen  
 Shake when they hear agen,  
 "Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho !  
 ieroe !"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the  
 Highlands !  
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green  
 pine !  
 O ! that the rosebud that graces yon  
 islands,  
 Were wreathed in a garland around  
 him to twine !  
 O that some seedling gem  
 Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honour'd and blessed in their shadow  
 might grow !  
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then  
 Ring from her deepmost glen,  
 "Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho  
 ieroe !"

# E HEATH THIS NIGHT MUST BE MY BED.

*The Lady of the Lake.*

THE heath this night must be my bed,  
The bracken curtain for my head,  
My lullaby the warder's tread,  
Far, far from love and thee, Mary;  
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!  
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;  
I dare not think upon thy vow,  
And all it promise me, Mary.  
No fond regret must Norman know;  
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,  
His heart must be like bended bow,  
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught!  
For, if I fall in battle fought,  
Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.  
And if returned from conquered foes,  
How blithely will the evening close,  
How sweet the linnet sing repose  
To my young bride and me, Mary!

## HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

AVE MARIA! Maiden mild!  
Listen to a maiden's prayer:  
Thou canst hear though from the wild,  
Thou can save amid despair.  
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,  
Though banished, outcast, and reviled—  
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;  
Mother, hear a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* undefiled!  
The flinty couch we now must share,  
Shall seem with down of eider piled,  
If thy protection hover there.  
The murky cavern's heavy air  
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast  
smiled;  
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,  
Mother list a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* stainless styled!  
Foul demons of the earth and air  
From this their wonted haunt exiled,  
Shall flee before thy presence fair.  
We bow us to our lot of care,  
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;  
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer!  
And for a father hear a child!

*Ave Maria!*

## LOVE AND THE ROSE.

THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding  
new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns  
from fears; [ing dew,  
The rose is sweetest washed with morn-  
And love is loveliest when embalmed  
in tears.  
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus en-  
dears, [wave,  
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet  
Emblem of hope and love through future  
years!

## KING JAMES OF SCOTLAND.

THE castle gates were open flung,  
The quivering drawbridge rocked and  
rung,  
And echoed loud the flinty street  
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,  
As slowly down the steep descent  
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,  
While all along the crowded way  
Was jubilee and loud huzza.  
And ever James was bending low,  
To his white jennet's saddle-bow,  
Doffing his cap to city dame,  
Who smiled and blushed for pride and  
shame:  
And well the simperer might be vain—  
He chose the fairest of the train  
Gravely he greets each city sire,  
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,  
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,  
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,  
Who rend the heavens with their ac-  
claims,  
"Long live the Commons' King, King  
James!"

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED  
HUNTSMAN.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
My horse is weary of his stall,  
And I am sick of captive thrall.  
I wish I were as I have been,  
Hunting the hart in forests green,  
With bended bow and bloodhound free,  
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time  
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,  
O! mark it as the sunbeams crawl,  
Inch after inch, along the wall.  
The lark was wont my matins ring,  
The sable rook my vespers sing;  
These towers, although a king's they be,  
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,  
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
And homeward wend with evening dew;  
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,  
And lay my trophies at her feet,  
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—  
That life is lost to love and me!

## MAN THE ENEMY OF MAN.

*Rokety.*

THE hunting tribes of air and earth  
Respect the brethren of their birth;  
Nature, who loves the clam of kind,  
Less cruel chase to each assigned.  
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,  
Watches the wild-duck by the spring;  
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair;  
The greyhound presses on the hare;  
The eagle pounces on the lamb;  
The wolf devours the fleecy dam;  
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,  
Their likeness and their lineage spare.  
Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan,  
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;  
Plying war's desultory trade,  
Incursion, flight, and ambushade,  
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,  
At first the bloody game begun.

## A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

"A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,  
A weary lot is thine!  
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
And press the rue for wine!  
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
A feather of the blue,  
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—  
No more of me you knew,  
My love!  
No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry June, I trow,  
The rose is budding fain;  
But she shall bloom in winter snow,  
Ere we two meet again."  
He turned his charger as he spake,  
Upon the river shore,  
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
Said, "Adieu for evermore,  
My love!  
And adieu for evermore."

## ALLEN-A-DALE.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no faggot for burning,  
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spin-  
ning.

Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the  
winning.

Come, read me my riddle! come,  
hearken my tale!

And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-  
Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in  
pride,

And he views his domains upon Arkin-  
dale side.

The mere for his net, and the land for  
his game,

The chase for the wild, and the park for  
the tame;

Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer on  
the vale,

Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-  
Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
Though his spur be as sharp, and  
blade be as bright;

Allen-a-dale is no baron or lord,  
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his  
 word ; [will vail,  
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet  
 Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets  
 Allen-a-dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;  
 The mother, she asked of his household  
 and home :

" Though the castle of Richmond stand  
 fair on the hill,  
 My hall," quoth bold Allen, " shows  
 gallanter still ;  
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its  
 crescent so pale,  
 And with all its bright spangles !" said  
 Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was  
 stone ; [be gone ;  
 They lifted the latch, and they bade him  
 But loud, on the morrow, their wail and  
 their cry :  
 He had laughed on the lass with his  
 bonny black eye, [tale,  
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-  
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-  
 a-dale !

### THE HARPER.

SUMMER eve is gone and passed,  
 Summer dew is falling fast ;  
 I have wandered all the day,  
 Do not bid me farther stray !  
 Gentle hearts of gentle kin,  
 Take the wandering harper in !

Bid not me, in battle-field,  
 Buckler lift, or broadsword wield !  
 All my strength and all my art  
 Is to touch the gentle heart,  
 With the wizard notes that ring  
 From the peaceful minstrel-string.

I have song of war for knight,  
 Lay of love for lady bright,  
 Fairy tale to lull the heir,  
 Goblin grim the maids to scare,  
 Dark the night, and long till day,  
 Do not bid me farther stray !

Rokeby's lords of martial fame,  
 I can count them name by name ;  
 Legends of their line there be,  
 Known to few, but known to me  
 If you honour Rokeby's kin,  
 Take the wandering harper in !

Rokeby's lords had fair regard  
 For the harp, and for the land ;  
 Baron's race throve never well,  
 Where the curse of minstrel fell ;  
 If you love that noble kin,  
 Take the weary harper in !

### THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me  
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree !  
 Too lively glow the lilies light,  
 The varnished holly's all too bright,  
 The May-flower and the eglantine  
 May shade a brow less sad than mine ;  
 But, lady, weave no wreath for me,  
 Or weave it of the cypress-tree !

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine  
 With tendrils of the laughing vine,  
 The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
 To patriot and to sage be due ;  
 The myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
 But that Matilda will not give ;  
 Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree !

Let merry England proudly rear  
 Her blended roses, bought so dear ;  
 Let Albin bind her bonnet blue  
 With heath and harebell dipped in dew ;  
 On favoured Erin's crest be seen  
 The flower she loves of emerald green—  
 But, lady, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids pre-  
 pare  
 The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;  
 And, while his crown of laurel-leaves  
 With bloody hand the victor weaves,  
 Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;  
 But when you hear the passing bell,  
 Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,  
 And twine it of the cypress-tree.



Yes ! twine for me the cypress bough ;  
 But, O Matilda, twine not now !  
 Stay till a few brief months are passed,  
 And I have looked and loved my last !  
 When villagers my shroud bestrew  
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—  
 Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,  
 And weave it of the cypress-tree.

#### STAFFA AND IONA.

MERRILY, merrily, goes the bark  
 On a breeze from the northward free,  
 So shoots through the morning sky the  
 lark,

Or the swan through the summer sea.  
 The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,  
 And Ulva dark and Colonsay,  
 And all the group of islets gay

That guard famed Staffa round.  
 Then all unknown its columns rose,  
 Where dark and undisturbed repose

The cormorant had found,  
 And the shy seal had quiet home,  
 Where weltered in that wondrous dome,  
 Where, as to shame the temples decked  
 By skill of earthly architect,  
 Nature herself, it seemed, would raise  
 A minster to her Maker's praise !  
 Not for a meaner use ascend  
 Her columns, or her arches bend ;  
 Nor of a theme less solemn tells  
 That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,  
 And still, between each awful pause,  
 From the high vault an answer draws,  
 In varied tone prolonged and high,  
 That mocks the organ's melody.

Nor doth its entrance front in vain  
 To old Iona's holy fane,  
 That Nature's voice might seem to say,  
 "Well hast thou done, frail child of  
 clay !

Thy humble powers that stately shrine  
 Tasked high and hard—but witness  
 mine !"

#### ANNOT LYLE'S SONG.

WERT thou, like me, in life's low vale.  
 With thee how blest, that lot I'd share ;  
 With thee I'd fly wherever gale  
 Could waft, or bounding galley bear.

But, parted by severe decree,  
 Far different must our fortunes prove ;  
 May thine be joy—enough for me  
 To weep and pray for him I love.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,  
 When hope shall be forever flown,  
 No sullen murmur shall reveal,  
 No selfish murmurs ever own.

Nor will I, through life's weary years,  
 Like a pale drooping mourner move,  
 While I can think my secret tears  
 May wound the heart of him I love.

#### THE HUNTSMAN'S DIRGE.

THE smiling morn may light the sky,  
 And joy may dance in beauty's eye,  
 Aurora's beams to see :  
 The mellow horn's inspiring sound  
 May call the blithe companions round,  
 But who shall waken thee,  
 Ronald ?

Thou ne'er wilt hear the mellow horn,  
 Thou ne'er wilt quaff the breath of morn,  
 Nor join thy friends with glee ;  
 No glorious sun shall gild thy day,  
 And beauty's fascinating ray  
 No more shall shine on thee,  
 Ronald !

#### WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,  
 On the mountain dawns the day.  
 All the jolly chase is here,  
 With horse, and hawk, and huntingspear .  
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling.  
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 The mist has left the mountain gray,  
 Springlets in the dawn are streaming,  
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,

And foresters have busy been  
To track the buck in thicket green ;  
Now we come to chant our lay,  
" Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
To the greenwood haste away ;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;  
We can show the marks he made  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;  
You shall see him brought to bay,—  
" Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
Waken lords and ladies gay ;  
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
Run a course as well as we ;  
Time, stern huntsman, who can baulk,  
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk ?  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

#### SONG OF MEG MERRILL'S AT THE BIRTH OF THE INFANT.

TWIST ye, twine ye ! even so,  
Mingle shades of joy and woe,  
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,  
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,  
And the infant's life beginning,  
Dimly seen through twilight bending,  
Lo, what varied shapes attending !

Passions wild, and follies vain,  
Pleasure soon exchanged for pain ;  
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,  
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle  
Whirling with the whirling spindle.  
Twist ye, twine ye ! even so,  
Mingle human bliss and woe.

#### SONG OF MEG MERRILL'S FOR THE PARTING SPIRIT.

WASTED, weary, wherefore stay,  
Wrestling thus with earth and clay ?  
From the body pass away !  
Hark ! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,  
Mary Mother be thy speed,  
Saints to help thee at thy need ;—  
Hark ! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,  
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast ;  
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,  
And the sleep be on thee cast  
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,  
Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—  
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,  
Day is near the breaking.

#### TIME.

" WHY sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,  
Thou aged carle so stern and gray ?  
Dost thou its former pride recall,  
Or ponder how it passed away ?"—

" Know'st thou not me ?" the Deep Voice  
cried ;

" So long enjoyed, so oft misused—  
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,  
Desired, neglected, and accused !

" Before my breath, like blazing flax,  
Man and his marvels pass away :  
And changing empires wane and wax,  
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

" Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—  
While in my glass the sand-grains  
shiver,  
And measureless thy joy or grief,  
When Time and thou shalt part for  
ever."

#### REBECCA'S HYMN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonished lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answered keen  
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:  
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,  
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!  
When brightly shines the prosperous  
day,

Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by foreign streams,  
The tyrant's jest, the gentile's scorn;  
No censor round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.  
But Thou hast said, the blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;  
A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

### WAR SONG

OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT  
DRAGOONS.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,  
The bugles sound the call;  
The Gallic navy stems the seas,  
The voice of battle's on the breeze,—  
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,  
A band of brothers true;  
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,  
With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned;  
We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown  
Dull Holland's tardy train;  
Their ravished toys though Romans  
mourn,  
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,  
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

O! had they marked the avenging call  
Their brethren's murder gave,  
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,  
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,  
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,  
In Freedom's temple born,  
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,  
To hail a master in our isle,  
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land  
Come pouring as a flood,  
The sun, that sees our falling day,  
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,  
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,  
Or plunder's bloody gain;  
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,  
To guard our King, to fence our Law,  
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale  
Shall fan the tricolor,  
Or footstep of the invader rude,  
With rapine foul, and red with blood,  
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!  
Adieu each tender tie!  
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,  
Where charging squadrons furious ride,  
To conquer, or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;  
High sounds our bugle call;  
Combined by honour's sacred tie,  
Our word is *Law and Liberty*!  
March forward, one and all!

[LEIGH HUNT. 1784—1859.]

### ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM (may his tribe in-  
crease)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of  
peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom.  
An angel, writing in a book of gold :—  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,  
“What writest thou?”—The vision raised  
its head,

And, with a look made of all sweet  
accord,

Answered, “The names of those who  
love the Lord.”

“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay,  
not so,”

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more  
low,

But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee,  
then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow-  
men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The  
next night

It came again with a great wakening  
light,

And showed the names whom love of  
God had blessed,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the  
rest.

#### MORNING AT RAVENNA.

'Tis morn, and never did a lovelier  
day

Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay :

For a warm eve, and gentle rains at  
night,

Have left a sparkling welcome for the  
light,

And April, with his white hands wet with  
flowers,

Dazzles the bride-maids looking from the  
towers :

Green vineyards and fair orchards, far and  
near,

Glitter with drops, and heaven is sapphire  
clear,

And the lark rings it, and the pine trees  
glow,

And odours from the citrons come and  
go.

And all the landscape—earth, and sky,  
and sea,  
Breathes like a bright-eyed face that  
laughs out openly.

The seats with boughs are shaded from  
above

Of bays and roses—trees of wit and love,  
And in the midst, fresh whistling through  
the scene, [the green,

The lightsome fountain starts from out  
Clear and compact; till, at its height  
o'errun,

It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

#### THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and  
loved a royal sport,

And one day, as his lions strove, sat look-  
ing on the court :

The nobles filled the benches round, the  
ladies by their side,

And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with  
one he hoped to make his bride;

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that  
crowning show,

Valour and love, and a king above, and  
the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid  
laughing jaws ;

They bit, they glared, gave blows like  
beams, a wind went with their paws ;

With wallowing might and stifled roar  
they rolled one on another,

Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was  
in a thund'rous smother ;

The bloody foam above the bars came  
whizzing through the air ;

Said Francis then, “Good gentlemen,  
we're better here than there !”

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a  
beauteous, lively dame,

With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes,  
which always seemed the same :

She thought, “The Count, my lover,  
is as brave as brave can be ;

He surely would do desperate things to  
show his love of me !

King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the  
chance is wondrous fine;  
I'll drop my glove to prove his love;  
great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love:  
then looked on him and smiled;  
He bowed, and in a moment leaped  
among the lions wild:

The leap was quick; return was quick;  
he soon regained his place;

Then threw the glove, but not with love,  
right in the lady's face!

"In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly done!"  
and he rose from where he sat:

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets  
love a task like that!"

### AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble  
fright,

Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,  
An angel came to us, and we could bear

To see him issue from the silent air  
At evening in our room, and bend on ours

His divine eyes, and bring us from his  
bowers

News of dear friends, and children who  
have never [ever.

Been dead indeed,—as we shall know for  
Alas! we think not what we daily see

About our hearths,—angels, that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare

Their souls and ours to meet in happy  
air,—

A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart  
sings

In unison with ours, breeding its future  
wings.

(THOMAS HOOD. 1798—1845.)

### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—

Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
she sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work!

While the cock is crowing aloof;

And work—work—work

Till the stars shine through the roof!

It's O! to be a slave

Along with the barbarous Turk,

Where woman has never a soul to save

If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work

Till the brain begins to swim;

Work—work—work

Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Seam, and gusset, and band,—

Band, and gusset, and seam,

Till over the buttons I fall asleep,

And sew them on in a dream!

"O! men with Sisters dear!

O! men with Mothers and Wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,

But human creatures' lives!

Stitch—stitch—stitch,

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

Sewing at once with a double thread,

A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death!

That phantom of grisly bone,

I hardly fear his terrible shape,

It seems so like my own—

It seems so like my own,

Because of the fasts I keep;

Oh God! that bread should be so dear,

And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!

My labour never flags;

And what are its wages? A bed of straw,

A crust of bread—and rags.

That shattered roof,—and this naked

floor,—

A table,—a broken chair,—

And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank

For sometimes falling there.

"Work—work—work!

From weary chime to chime,

Work—work—work

As prisoners work for crime!

Band, and gusset, and seam,

Seam, and gusset, and band,

Till the heart is sick, and the brain be-

numbed,

As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,  
In the dull December light,  
And work—work—work,  
When the weather is warm and bright—  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs  
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh ! but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet,  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want  
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh ! but for one short hour!  
A respite however brief!  
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,  
But only time for Grief !  
A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch—stitch—stitch !  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—  
Would that its tone could reach the Rich !  
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

#### THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair.

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements ;

Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing ;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ;  
Think of her mournfully ;  
Gently and humanly ;  
Not of the stains of her ;  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and untutful ;  
Past all dishonour,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family,  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses,  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses ;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home ?  
Who was her father ?  
Who was her mother ?  
Had she a sister ?  
Had she a brother ?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, or a nearer one  
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun !  
Oh ! it was pitiful,  
Near a whole city full,  
Home had she none !

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly,  
Feelings had changed ;  
Love, by harsh evidence  
Thrown from its eminence,  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

When the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From many a casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver,  
But not the dark arch  
Or the black flowing river.  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurled  
Anywhere! anywhere  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute man!  
Lave in it—drink of it  
Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care,  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair.

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, kindly  
Smooth and compose them  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring,  
Last look of despairing,  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurned by contumely,  
Bold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest;  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour.

### SONG.

THE stars are with the voyager,  
Wherever he may sail;  
The moon is constant to her time,  
The sun will never fail,  
But follow, follow, round the world,  
The green earth and the sea;  
So love is with the lover's heart,  
Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars  
Must daily lose their light,  
The moon will veil her in the shade,  
The sun will set at night;  
The sun may set, but constant love  
Will shine when he's away,  
So that dull night is never night,  
And day is brighter day.

### RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,  
Clasped by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush  
Deeply ripened—such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born—  
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,  
Which were blackest none could tell,  
But long lashes veiled a light  
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
Made her tressy forehead dim :—  
Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean  
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,  
Gay thy sheaf adown and come  
Share my harvest and my home,

I LOVE THEE ! I LOVE THEE !

I LOVE thee ! I love thee !  
'Tis all that I can say ;—  
It is my vision in the night,  
My dreaming in the day ;  
The very echo of my heart,  
The blessing when I pray,  
I love thee ! I love thee !  
Is all that I can say.

I love thee ! I love thee !  
Is ever on my tongue ;  
In all my proudest poesy,  
That chorus still is sung,  
It is the verdict of my eyes  
Amidst the gay and young ;  
I love thee ! I love thee !  
A thousand maids among.

I love thee ! I love thee !  
Thy bright and hazel glance,  
The mellow lute upon those lips  
Whose tender tones entrance.  
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs,  
That still these words enhance ;  
I love thee ! I love thee !  
Whatever be thy chance.

#### FAIR INES.

O SAW you not fair Ines ?  
She's gone into the West,  
To dazzle when the sun is down,  
And rob the world of rest.  
She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines !  
Before the fall of night,  
For fear the moon should shine alone,  
And stars unrivalled bright.  
And blessed will the lover be,  
That walks beneath their light,  
And breathes the love against thy cheek,  
I dare not even write !

Would I had been, fair Ines,  
That gallant cavalier,  
Who rode so gaily by thy side  
And whispered thee so near !—

Were there no loving dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear ?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,  
Descend along the shore,  
With a band of noble gentlemen,  
And banners waved before,  
And gentle youths and maidens gay—  
And snowy plumes they wore ;  
It would have been a beauteous dream,  
—If it had been no more !

Alas, alas, fair Ines !  
She went away with song,  
With music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng.  
And some were sad, and felt no mirth,  
But only music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang, Farewell, farewell,  
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its decks,  
Nor danced so light before.  
Alas for pleasure on the sea,  
And sorrow on the shore ;  
The smile that blest one lover's heart,  
Has broken many more !

#### LINES ON SEEING MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN SLEEP- ING IN THE SAME CHAMBER.

AND has the earth lost its so spacious  
round,  
The sky, its blue circumference above,  
That in this little chamber there is found  
Both earth and heaven—my universe of  
Love ?  
All that my God can give me or remove,  
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic  
death,  
Sweet that in this small compass I  
behave  
To live their living, and to breathe their  
breath !



Almost I wish, that with one common  
 sigh, [strife;  
 We might resign all mundane care and  
 And seek together that transcendent sky,  
 Where Father, Mother, Children, Hus-  
 band, Wife,  
 Together pant in everlasting life !

[GEORGE GORDON LORD BYRON. 1788—1824.]

# BEAUTY OF GREECE AND THE GRECIAN ISLES.

*The Gidour.*

FAIR clime ! where every season  
 smiles

Benignant o'er those blessèd isles,  
 Which, seen from far Colonna's height,  
 Make glad the heart that hails the sight,  
 And lend to loneliness delight.  
 There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek  
 Reflects the tints of many a peak  
 Caught by the laughing tides that lave  
 These Edens of the Eastern wave :  
 And if at times a transient breeze  
 Break the blue crystal of the seas,  
 Or sweep one blossom from the trees,  
 How welcome is each gentle air  
 That wakes and wafts the odours there !  
 For there—the rose o'er crag or vale,  
 Sultana of the Nightingale,

The maid for whom his melody,  
 His thousand songs are heard on high,  
 Blooms blushing to her lover's tale ;  
 His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,  
 Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,  
 Far from the winters of the West,  
 By every breeze and season blest,  
 Returns the sweets by nature given  
 In softest incense back to heaven ;  
 And grateful yields that smiling sky  
 Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.  
 And many a summer flower is there,  
 And many a shade that love might share,  
 And many a grotto, meant for rest,  
 That holds the pirate for a guest ;  
 Whose bark in sheltering cove below  
 Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,  
 Till the gay mariner's guitar  
 Is heard, and seen the evening star ;  
 Then stealing with the muffled oar,  
 Far shaded by the rocky shore

Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,  
 And turn to groans his roundelay.  
 Strange—that where Nature loved to  
 trace,  
 As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,  
 And every charm and grace hath mixed  
 Within the paradise she fixed,  
 There man, enamoured of distress,  
 Should mar it into wilderness,  
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower  
 That tasks not one laborious hour ;  
 Nor claims the culture of his hand  
 To bloom along the fairy land,  
 But springs as to preclude his care,  
 And sweetly woos him—but to spare !  
 Strange—that where all is peace beside,  
 There passion riots in her pride,  
 And lust and rapine wildly reign  
 To darken o'er the fair domain.  
 It is as though the fiends prevailed  
 Against the seraphs they assailed,  
 And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should  
 dwell

The freed inheritors of hell ;  
 So soft the scene, so formed for joy,  
 So curst the tyrants that destroy !

# ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead  
 Ere the first day of death is fled,  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress,  
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty  
 lingers),  
 And marked the mild angelic air,  
 The rapture of repose that's there,  
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek,  
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not  
 now,  
 And but for that chill changeless  
 brow,  
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
 Appeals the gazing mourner's heart,  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;  
 Yes, but for these and these alone,

Some moments, ay, one treacherous  
hour,  
He still might doubt the tyrant's  
power ;

So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
The first, last look by death revealed !  
Such is the aspect of this shore ;  
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no  
more !

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.  
Hers is the loveliness of death,  
That parts not quite with parting  
breath ;

But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of Feeling past  
away !

Spark of that flame, perchance of  
heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its  
cherished earth !

Climb of the unforgotten brave !  
Whose land from plain to mountain-  
cave

War freedom's home, or Glory's grave !  
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be  
That this is all remains of thee ?  
Approach, thou craven crouching  
slave :

Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?  
These waters blue that round you lave,  
Oh servile offspring of the free—  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is  
this ?

The gulf, the rock of Salamis !  
These scenes, their story not unknown,  
Arise, and make again your own ;  
Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
The embers of the former fires ;  
And he who in the strife expires  
Will add to theirs a name of fear  
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
They too will rather die than shame :  
For Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won.  
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,  
Attest it many a deathless age !

While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a nameless pyramid,  
Thy heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their  
tomb,

A mightier monument command,  
The mountains of their native land !  
There points thy muse to stranger's  
eye

The graves of those that cannot die !

### THE PURSUIT OF BEAUTY.

As rising on its purple wing  
The insect-queen of eastern spring,  
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer  
Invites the young pursuer near,  
And leads him on from flower to flower,  
A weary chase and wasted hour,  
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
With panting heart and tearful eye :  
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,  
With hue as bright, and wing as  
wild ;

A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.  
If won, to equal ills betrayed,  
Woe waits the insect and the maid ;  
A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
From infant's play and man's caprice ;  
The lovely toy so fiercely sought,  
Hath lost its charm by being caught,  
For every touch that wooed its stay  
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,  
Till charm, and hue, and beauty  
gone,

'Tis left to fly or fall alone.  
With wounded wing or bleeding breast,  
Ah ! where shall either victim rest ?  
Can this with faded pinion soar  
From rose to tulip as before ?  
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,  
Find joy within her broken bower ?  
No : gayer insects fluttering by  
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that  
die,

And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own,  
And every woe a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame.

## REMORSE.

THE mind that broods o'er guilty woes  
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,  
In circle narrowing as it glows,  
The flames around their captive close,  
Till inly searched by thousand throes,  
And maddening in her ire,  
One sad and sole relief she knows,  
The sting she nourished for her foes,  
Whose venom never yet was vain,  
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,  
And darts into her desperate brain :  
So do the dark in soul expire,  
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire ;  
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,  
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,  
Around it flame, within it death !

## LOVE.

YES, Love indeed is light from heaven ;  
A spark of that immortal fire  
With angels shared, by Alla given,  
To lift from earth our low desire.  
Devotion wafts the mind above,  
But heaven itself descends in love ;  
A feeling from the Godhead caught,  
To wean from self each sordid thought ;  
A Ray of Him who formed the whole ;  
A glory circling round the soul !

## KNOW YE THE LAND.

*The Bride of Abydos.*

Know ye the land where the cypress and  
myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in  
their clime,  
Where the rage of the vulture, the love  
of the turtle,  
Now melt into sorrow, now madden  
to crime ?  
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
Where the flowers ever blossom, the  
beams ever shine ;  
Where the light wings of Zephyr, op-  
pressed with perfume,  
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Göl in her  
bloom ?

Where the citron and olive are fairest of  
fruit,  
And the voice of the nightingale never is  
mute,  
Where the tints of the earth, and the  
hues of the sky,  
In colour though varied, in beauty may  
vie,  
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in  
dye ;  
Where the virgins are soft as the roses  
they twine,  
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine !  
'Tis the clime of the East ; 'tis the land  
of the Sun—  
Can he smile on such deeds as his chil-  
dren have done ?  
Oh ! wild as the accents of lovers' fare-  
well  
Are the hearts which they bear, and the  
tales which they tell.

## ZULEIKA.

FAIR, as the first that fell of woman-  
kind,  
When on that dread yet lovely serpent  
smiling,  
Whose image then was stamped upon her  
mind—  
But once beguiled—and ever more be-  
dazzling, as that, oh ! too transcendent  
vision  
To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber  
given,  
When heart meets heart again in dreams  
Elysian,  
And paints the lost on Earth revived in  
Heaven ;  
Soft, as the memory of buried love ;  
Pure, as the prayer which Childhood  
wafts above ;  
Was she—the daughter of that rude old  
Chief,  
Who met the maid with tears—but not  
of grief.  
Who hath not proved how feebly words  
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray !

Who doth not feel, until his failing sight  
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess  
 The might—the majesty of Loveliness ?  
 Such was Zuleika—such around her shone  
 The nameless charms unmarked by her alone ;  
 The light of love, the purity of grace,  
 The mind, the Music breathing from her face,  
 The heart whose softness harmonised the whole—  
 And oh ! that eye was in itself a Soul !

## THE HELLESPONT.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,  
 As on that night of stormy water,  
 When Love, who sent, forgot to save  
 The young, the beautiful, the brave,  
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.  
 Oh ! when alone along the sky  
 Her turret-torch was blazing high,  
 Though rising gale, and breaking foam,  
 And shrieking sea-birds warned him home ;  
 And clouds aloft and tides below,  
 With signs and sounds, forbade to go,  
 He could not see, he would not hear,  
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear ;  
 His eye but saw the light of love,  
 The only star it hailed above ;  
 His ear but rang with Hero's song,  
 " Ye waves, divide not lovers long ! "  
 That tale is old, but love anew  
 May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide  
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main ;  
 And Night's descending shadows hide  
 That field with blood bedewed in vain,  
 The desert of old Priam's pride ;  
 The tombs, sole relics of his reign,  
 All—save immortal dreams that could beguile  
 The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle !

Oh ! yet—for there my steps have been ;  
 These feet have pressed the sacred shore,  
 These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—  
 Minstrel ! with thee to muse, to mourn,  
 To trace again those fields of yore,  
 Believing every hillock green  
 Contains no fabled hero's ashes,  
 And that around the undoubted scene  
 Thine own " broad Hellespont " still dashes,  
 Be long my lot, and cold were he  
 Who there could gaze, denying thee !

## THE DEATH OF ZULEIKA.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail !  
 And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale :  
 Zuleika ! last of Giaffir's race,  
 Thy destined lord is come too late :  
 He sees not—ne'er shall see—thy face !  
 Can he not hear  
 The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear ?  
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,  
 The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,  
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,  
 Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,  
 Tell him thy tale !  
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall !  
 That fearful moment when he left the cave  
 Thy heart grew chill :  
 He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thyne all—  
 And that last thought on him thou couldst not save  
 Sufficed to kill ;  
 Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.  
 Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin grave !  
 Ah ! happy ! but of life to lose the worst !  
 That grief—though deep—though fatal—was thy first !

Thrice happy ! ne'er to feel nor fear the  
force  
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge,  
remorse !  
And, oh ! that pang where more than  
madness lies !  
The worm that will not sleep—and never  
dies ;  
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly  
night.  
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes  
the light,  
That winds around, and tears the quiver-  
ing heart !  
Ah ! wherefore not consume it—and de-  
part !  
Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief !  
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy  
head.  
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs doth  
spread,  
By that same hand Abdallah—Selim—  
bled.  
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief :  
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's  
bed, [wed,  
She, whom thy sultan had but seen to  
Thy Daughter's dead !  
Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely  
beam,  
The Star hath set that shone on Helie's  
s'ream  
What quenched its ray ?—the blood that  
thou hast shed !  
Hark ! to the hurried question of Despair :  
“ Where is my child ? ”—an Echo answers  
—“ Where ”

#### ZULEIKA'S GRAVE.

WITHIN the place of thousand tombs  
That shine beneath, while dark above,  
The sad but living cypress glooms,  
And withers not, though branch and  
leaf  
Are stamped with an eternal grief,  
Like early unrequited Love,  
One spot exists, which ever blooms,  
Ev'n in that deadly grove—  
A single rose is shedding there  
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale—  
It looks as planted by Despair—

So white—so faint—the slightest gale  
Might whirl the leaves on high ;  
And yet, though storms and blight  
assail,  
And hands more rude than wintry sky  
May wring it from the stem—in vain—  
To-morrow sees it bloom again !  
The stalk some spirit gently rears,  
And waters with celestial tears,  
For well may maids of Helle deem  
That this can be no earthly flower,  
Which mocks the tempest's withering  
hour,  
And buds unsheltered by a bower ;  
Nor droops, though spring refuse her  
shower,  
Nor wooes the summer beam—  
To it the livelong night there sings  
A bird unseen—but not remote :  
Invisible his airy wings,  
But soft as harp that Hours strings,  
His long entrancing note !  
It were the Bulbul, out his throat,  
Though mournful, pours not such a  
strain :  
For they who listen cannot leave  
The spot, but linger there and grieve,  
As if they loved in vain !  
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,  
'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,  
They scarce can bear the morn to break  
That melancholy spell,  
And longer yet would weep and wake,  
He sings so wild and well !  
But when the day-blush bursts from high,  
Expires that magic melody  
And some have been who could believe  
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,  
Yet harsh be they that blame)  
That note so piercing and profound,  
Will shape and syllable its sound  
Into Zuleika's name.  
'Tis from her cypress' summit heard,  
That melts in air the liquid word ;  
'Tis from her lowly virgin earth  
That white rose takes its tender birth.  
There late was laid a marble stone,  
Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone !  
It was no mortal arm that bore  
That deep-fixed pillar to the shore ;  
For there, as Helie's legends tell,  
Not morn 'twas found where Selim  
fell,

Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave  
 Denied his bones a holier grave :  
 And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,  
 Is seen a ghastly turbaned head :  
 And hence extended by the billow,  
 'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's  
     pillow!" [flower  
 Where first it lay, that mourning  
 Hath flourished ; flourisheth this hour,  
 Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale ;  
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's  
     tale !

## MIDNIGHT IN THE EAST.

*The Siege of Corinth.*

'Tis midnight : on the mountains brown  
 The cold round moon shines deeply  
     down ;  
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
 Bespangled with those isles of light,  
 So wildly, spiritually bright ;  
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,  
 And turned to earth without repining,  
 Nor wished for wings to flee away,  
 And mix with their eternal ray ?  
 The waves on either shore lay there,  
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air :  
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,  
 But murmured meekly as the brook.  
 The winds were pillowed on the waves ;  
 The banners drooped along their staves,  
 And, as they fell around them furling,  
 Above them shone the crescent curling ;  
 And that deep silence was unbroke,  
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,  
 Savewhere the steed neighed oft and shrill  
 And echo answered from the hill,  
 And the wide hum of that wild host  
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,  
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air  
 In midnight call to wonted prayer :  
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,  
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain ;  
 'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,  
 Such as when winds and harp-strings  
     meet,  
 And take a long unmeasured tone,  
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.  
 It seemed to those within the wall  
 A cry prophetic of their fall :

It struck even the besieger's ear  
 With something ominous and drear,  
 An undefined and sudden thrill,  
 Which makes the heart a moment still,  
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed  
 Of that strange sense its silence framed ;  
 Such as a sudden passing-bell  
 Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell

THE VISION OF ALP THE  
RENEGADE.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,  
 And passed his hand athwart his face ;  
 Like one in dreary musing mood,  
 Declining was his attitude ;  
 His head was drooping on his breast,  
 Fevered, throbbing, and oppressed ;  
 And o'er his brow, so downward bent,  
 Oft his beating fingers went,  
 Hurriedly, as you may see  
 Your own run over the ivory key,  
 Ere the measured tone is taken  
 By the chords you would awaken.

There he sate all heavily,  
 As he heard the night-wind sigh.  
 Was it the wind, through some hollow  
     stone,  
 Sent that soft and tender moan ?  
 He lifted his head, and he looked on the  
     sea,  
 But it was unrippled as glass may be ;  
 He looked on the long grass—it waved  
     not a blade ;  
 How was that gentle sound conveyed ?  
 He looked to the banners—each flag lay  
     still,  
 So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,  
 And he felt not a breath come over his  
     cheek ;  
 What did that sudden sound bespeak ?  
 He turned to the left—is he sure of sight ?  
 There sate a lady, youthful and bright !

He started up with more of fear  
 Than if an armed foe were near.  
 "God of my fathers ! what is here ?  
 Who art thou, and wherefore sent  
 So near a hostile armament ?"  
 His trembling hands refused to sign  
 The cross he deemed no more divine :

He had resumed it in that hour,  
But conscience wrung away the power.  
He gazed—he saw : he knew the face  
Of beauty, and the form of grace ;  
It was Francesca by his side,  
The maid who might have been his  
bride !

The rose was yet upon her cheek,  
But mellowed with a tenderer streak :  
Where was the play of her soft lips fled ?  
Gone was the smile that enlivened their  
red.

The ocean's calm within their view,  
Beside her eye had less of blue ;  
But like that cold wave it stood still,  
And its glance, though clear, was chill,  
Around her form a thin robe twining,  
Nought concealed her bosom shining ;  
Through the parting of her hair,  
Floating darkly downward there,  
Her rounded arm showed white and bare :  
And ere yet she made reply,  
Once she raised her hand on high ;  
It was so wan, and transparent of hue,  
You might have seen the moon shine  
through.

"I come from my rest to him I love best,  
That I may be happy, and he may be  
blest.

I have passed the guards, the gate, the  
wall ;  
Sought thee in safety through foes and  
all.

'Tis said the lion will turn and flee  
From a maid in the pride of her purity  
And the Power on high, that can shield  
the good

Thus from the tyrant of the wood,  
Hath extended its mercy to guard me as  
well

From the hands of the leaguering infidel.  
I come—and if I come in vain,  
Never, oh never, we meet again !  
Thou hast done a fearful deed  
In falling away from thy father's creed :  
But dash that turban to earth, and sign  
The sign of the cross, and for ever be  
mine :

Wring the black drop from thy heart,  
And to-morrow unites us no more to  
part."

"And where should our bridal couch be  
spread ?

In the midst of the dying and the dead :  
For to-morrow we give to the slaughter  
and flame

The sons and the shrines of the Christian  
name.

None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,  
Shall be left upon the morn :  
But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,  
Where our hands shall be joined, and our  
sorrow forgot.

There thou yet shalt be my bride,  
When once again I've quelled the pride  
Of Venice ; and her hated race  
Have felt the arm they would debase,  
Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those  
Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own—  
Light was the touch, but it thrilled to the  
bone,

And shot a chillness to his heart,  
Which fixed him beyond the power to  
start. [cold,

Though slight was that grasp so mortal  
He could not loose him from its hold ;  
But never did clasp of one so dear  
Strike on the pulse with such feeling o  
fear,

As those thin fingers, long and white,  
Froze through his blood by their touch  
that night.

The feverish glow of his brow was gone,  
And his heart sank so still that it felt like  
stone,

As he looked on the face, and beheld its  
hue,

So deeply changed from what he knew :  
Fair but faint—without the ray

Of mind, that made each feature play  
Like sparkling waves on a sunny day ;  
And her motionless lips lay still as death,  
And her words came forth without her  
breath,

And there rose not a heave o'er her  
bosom's swell.

And there seemed not a pulse in her veins  
to dwell.

Though her eye shone out, yet the lids  
were fixed,

And the glance that it gave was wild and  
unmixed

With aught of change, as the eyes may seem  
 Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream ;  
 Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,  
 Stirred by the breath of the wintry air,  
 So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,  
 Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight ;  
 As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down  
 From the shadowy wall where their images frown ;  
 Fearfully flitting to and fro,  
 As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

"If not for love of me be given  
 Thus much, then, for the love of heaven,—  
 Again I say—that turban tear  
 From off thy faithless brow, and swear  
 Thine injured country's sons to spare,  
 Or thou art lost ; and never shalt see—  
 Not earth—that's past—but heaven or me.

If this thou dost accord, albeit  
 A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,  
 That doom shall half absolve thy sin,  
 And mercy's gate may receive thee within :

But pause one moment more, and take  
 The curse of Him thou didst forsake ;  
 And look once more to heaven, and see  
 Its love for ever shut from thee.  
 There is a light cloud by the moon—  
 'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—  
 If, by the time its vapoury sail  
 Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,  
 Thy heart within thee is not changed,  
 Then God and man are both avenged ;  
 Dark will thy doom be, darker still  
 Thine immortality of ill."

Alp looked to heaven, and saw on high  
 The sign she spake of in the sky ;  
 But his heart was swollen, and turned  
 aside,  
 By deep interminable pride.  
 This first false passion of his breast  
 Rolled like a torrent o'er the rest.  
*He* sue for mercy ! *He* dismayed  
 By wild words of a timid maid !  
*He*, wronged by Venice, vow to save  
 devoted to the grave !

No—though that cloud were thunder's  
 worst,  
 And charged to crush him—let it burst !

He looked upon it earnestly,  
 Without an accent of reply ;  
 He watched it passing ; it is flown :  
 Full on his eye the clear moon shone,  
 And thus he spake :—"Whate'er my  
 fate,  
 I am no changeling—'tis too late :  
 The reed in storms may bow and quiver,  
 Then rise again ; the tree must shiver.  
 What Venice made me, I must be,  
 Her foe in all, save love to thee :  
 But thou art safe : oh, fly with me !"  
 He turned, but she is gone !  
 Nothing is there but the column stone.  
 Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in  
 air ?  
 He saw not—he knew not ; but nothing  
 is there.

## TWILIGHT.

*Parisina.*

It is the hour when from the boughs  
 The nightingale's high note is heard ;  
 It is the hour when lovers' vows  
 Seem sweet in every whispered word ;  
 And gentle winds, and waters near,  
 Make music to the lonely ear.  
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,  
 And in the sky the stars are met,  
 And on the wave is deeper blue,  
 And on the leaf a browner hue,  
 And in the heaven that clear obscure,  
 So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
 Which follows the decline of day,  
 As twilight melts beneath the moon away

MANFRED'S SOLILOQUY ON  
THE JUNGFRAU.*Manfred.*

THE spirits I have raised abandon me—  
 The spells which I have studied baffl  
 me—  
 The remedy I recked of tortured me ;  
 I lean no more on superhuman aid,  
 o\*



It hath no power upon the past, and for  
The future, till the past be gulfed in  
darkness,

It is not of my search.—My mother  
Earth!

And thou, fresh breaking Day, and you,  
ye Mountains,

Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.  
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,  
That openest over all, and unto all

Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my  
heart.

And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme  
edge

I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath  
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to  
shrubs

In dizziness of distance; when a leap,  
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would  
bring

My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed  
To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?

I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;  
I see the peril—yet do not recede;

And my brain reels—and yet my foot is  
firm:

There is a power upon me which with-  
holds,

And makes it my fatality to live;  
If it be life to wear within myself

This barrenness of spirit, and to be  
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have  
ceased

To justify my deeds unto myself—  
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,

Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,  
[*An eagle passes.*

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,  
Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I  
should be

Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou  
art gone

Where the eye cannot follow thee; but  
thine

Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,  
With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!

How beautiful is all this visible world!  
How glorious in its action and itself!

But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns,  
we,

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit  
To sink or soar, with our mixed essence,

make

A conflict of its elements, and breathe  
The breath of degradation and of pride,  
Contending with low wants and lofty  
will,

Till our mortality predominates,  
And men are—what they name not to  
themselves,

And trust not to each other. Hark! the  
note,

[*The shepherd's pipe in the  
distance is heard.*

The natural music of the mountain reed—  
For here the patriarchal days are not  
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,  
Mixed with the sweet bells of the saunter-  
ing herd;

My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh,  
that I were

The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying  
With the blest tone which made me!

*Enter from below a Chamois Hunter.*

*Chamois Hunter.* Even so

This way the chamois leapt: her nimble  
feet

Have baffled me; my gains to-day will  
scarce

Repay my break-neck travail.—What is  
here?

Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath  
reached

A height which none even of our moun-  
taineers,

Save our best hunters, may attain: his  
garb

Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air  
Proud as a freeborn peasant's, at this

distance—  
I will approach him nearer.

*Man. (not perceiving the other.)* To be  
thus—

Grey-haired with anguish, like these  
blasted pines,

Wrecks of a single winter, barkless,  
branchless,

A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,  
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—

And to be thus, eternally but thus,  
Having been otherwise! Now furrowed

With wrinkles, ploughed by moments,  
not by years,—

And hours, all tortured into ages—hours  
Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of  
ice!

Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws  
down

In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and  
crush me!

I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,  
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye  
pass,

And only fall on things that still would  
live;

On the young flourishing forest, or the  
hut

And hamlet of the harmless villager.

*C. Hun.* The mists begin to rise from  
up the valley;

I'll warn him to descend, or he may  
chance

To lose at once his way and life together.

*Man.* The mists boil up around the  
glaciers: clouds

Rise curling fast beneath me, white and  
sulphury,

Like foam from the roused ocean of deep  
Hell,

Whose every wave breaks on a living  
shore,

Heaped with the damned like pebbles.—  
I am giddy.

*C. Hun.* I must approach him cau-  
tiously; if near,

A sudden step will startle him, and he  
Seems tottering already.

*Man.* Mountains have fallen,  
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the  
shock

Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up  
The ripe green valleys with destruction's  
splinters;

Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,  
Which crushed the waters into mist, and  
made

Their fountains find another channel—  
Thus,

Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosen-  
berg—

Why stood I not beneath it?

*C. Hun.* Friend! have a care,

Your next step may be fatal!—for the  
love

Of him who made you, stand not on that  
brink!

*Man.* (not hearing him.) Such would  
have been for me a fitting tomb;

My bones had then been quiet in their  
depth:

They had not then been strewn upon the  
rocks

For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus  
they shall be—

In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening  
heavens!

Look not upon me thus reproachfully—  
You were not meant for me.—Earth!

take these atoms!

[*As Manfred is in act to spring from  
the cliff, the Chamois Hunter  
seizes and retains him with a  
sudden grasp.*]

*C. Hun.* Hold, madman!—though  
awearry of thy life,

Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty  
blood:

Away with me— will not quit my  
hold.

*Man.* I am most sick at heart—nay,  
grasp me not—

I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl  
Spinning around me—I grow blind—

What art thou?

*C. Hun.* I'll answer that anon.—Away  
with me—

The clouds grow thicker—there—now  
lean on me—

Place your foot here—here, take this staff,  
and cling

A moment to that shrub—now give me  
your hand,

And hold fast by my girdle—softly—  
well—

[*hour:*  
The Chalet will be gained within an  
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer

footing,  
And something like a pathway, which the  
torrent

Hath washed since winter.—Come, 'tis  
bravely done—

You should have been a hunter.— Follow  
me.

MANFRED, AFTER HIS INTER  
VIEW WITH THE WITCH OF  
THE ALPS.

WE are the fools of time and terror : days  
Steal on us and steal from us ; yet we  
live,  
Loathing our life, and dreading still to  
die.

In all the days of this detested yoke—  
This vital weight upon the struggling  
heart

Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick  
with pain,

Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—  
In all the days of past and future, for  
In life there is no present, we can number  
How few—how less than few—wherein  
the soul

Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws  
back

As from a stream in winter, though the  
chill

Be but a moment's. I have one resource  
Still in my science—I can call the dead,  
And ask them what it is we dread to be :  
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,  
And that is nothing. If they answer not—  
The buried Prophet answered to the Hag  
Of Endor ; and the Spartan Monarch  
drew

From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping  
spirit

An answer and his destiny—he slew  
That which he loved, unknowing what he  
slew,

And died unpardoned—though he called  
in aid

The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused  
The Arcadian Evocators to compel

The indignant shadow to depose her  
wrath,

Or fixed her term of vengeance—she  
replied

In words of dubious import, but fulfilled.  
If I had never lived, that which I love  
Had still been living : had I never loved,  
That which I love would still be beau-  
tiful—

Happy and giving happiness. What is  
she ?

What is she now ?—a sufferer for my  
sins—

A thing I dare not think upon—or no-  
thing.

Within few hours I shall not call in  
vain—

Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare :  
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze  
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,  
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my  
heart.

But I can act even what I most abhor,  
And champion human fears. The night  
approaches.

MANFRED'S MIDNIGHT  
THOUGHTS.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the  
tops

Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beau-  
tiful !

I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man ; and in her starry shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
I learned the language of another world.  
I do remember me, that in my youth,  
When I was wandering,—upon such a  
night

stood within the Coliseum's wall,  
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;  
The trees which grew along the broken  
arches

Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the  
stars

Shone through the rents of ruin ; from  
afar

The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber ;  
and

More near from out the Cæsars' palace  
came

The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.  
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn  
breach

Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they  
stood

Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars  
dwelt,

And dwell the tuneless birds of night,  
amidst

A grove which springs through levelled  
battlements,  
And twines its roots with the imperial  
hearths,  
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;—  
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,  
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !  
While Caesar's chambers, and the Au-  
gustan halls,

Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—  
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon,  
upon

All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
Which softened down the hoar austerity  
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,  
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries ;  
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
And making that which was not, till the  
place

Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
With silent worship of the great of old !—  
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who  
still rule

Our spirits from their urns.—

'Twas such a night !

'Tis strange that I recall it at this time ;  
But I have found our thoughts take wildest  
flight [array  
Even at the moment when they should  
Themselves in pensive order.

### MY NATIVE LAND—GOOD NIGHT.

*Childe Harold.*

"ADIEU, adieu ! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue ;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight :  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native Land—Good Night !

"A few short hours, and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth ;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate ;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall—  
My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page,  
Why dost thou weep and wail ?  
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,  
Or tremble at the gale ?  
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye ;  
Our ship is swift and strong :  
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
I fear not wave nor wind :  
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
Am sorrowful in mind ;  
For I have from my father gone,  
A mother whom I love,  
And have no friend, save these alone,  
But thee—and One above.

"My father blessed me fervently,  
Yet did not much complain ;  
But sorely will my mother sigh  
Till I come back again."—  
"Enough, enough, my little lad !  
Such tears become thine eye ;  
If I thy guileless bosom had,  
My own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman  
Why dost thou look so pale ?  
Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?  
Or shiver at the gale ?"—  
"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life ?  
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak ;  
But thinking on an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy  
hall,  
Along the bordering lake,  
And when they on their father call,  
What answer shall she make ?"—  
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
Thy grief let none gainsay ;  
But I, who am of lighter mood,  
Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs  
Of wife or paramour ?  
Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes  
We late saw streaming o'er.  
For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
Nor perils gathering near ;  
My greatest grief is that I leave  
No thing that claims a tear.

\* And now I'm in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea:  
But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me?  
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands;  
But long ere I come back again  
He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!  
And when you fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!  
My native Land—Good Night!"

#### LISBOA AND CINTRA.

WHAT beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!  
Her image floating on that noble tide,  
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,  
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride  
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,  
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:  
A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,  
Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword  
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

But whose entereth within this town,  
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,  
Disconsolate will wander up and down,  
'Mid many things unsightly to strange  
ee;  
For hut and palace show like filthily:  
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;  
No personage of high or mean degree  
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,  
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed, unhurt.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst  
noblest scenes—

Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on  
such men?

Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes  
In variegated maze of mount and glen.  
Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or  
pen,

To follow half on which the eye dilates  
Through views more dazzling unto  
mortal ken

Than those whereof such things the  
bard relates,  
Who to the awe-struck world unlocked  
Elysium's gates.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent  
crowned,

The cork-trees hoar that clothe the  
shaggy steep,

The mountain-moss by scorching skies  
imbrowned,

The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs  
must weep,

The tender azure of the unruffled deep,  
The orange tints that gild the greenest  
bough,

The torrents that from cliff to valley  
leap,

The vine on high, the willow branch  
[below,

Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied  
beauty glow.

Then slowly climb the many-winding  
way,

And frequent turn to linger as you go,  
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,

And rest ye at "Our Lady's house of  
woe;"

Where frugal monks their little relics  
show,

And sundry legends to the stranger tell:  
Here impious men have punished been,

and lo!  
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did  
dwell,

In hope to merit heaven by making earth  
a hell.

And here and there, as up the crags you  
spring,

Mark many rude-carved crosses near  
the path:

Yet deem not these devotion's offer-  
ing—

These are memorials frail of murderous  
wrath:

For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim  
hath

Poured forth his blood beneath the  
assassin's knife,

Some hand erects a cross of mouldering  
lath;

And grove and glen with thousand such  
are rife

Throughout this purple land, where law  
secures not life!

#### THE DEMON OF BATTLE.

HARK! heard you not those hoofs of  
dreadful note?

Sounds not the clang of conflict on the  
heath?

Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre,  
smote;

Nor saved your brethren ere they sank  
beneath

Tyrants and Tyrants' slaves?—the fires  
of death,

The bale-fires flash on high:—from  
rock to rock

Each volley tells that thousands cease  
to breathe;

Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,  
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations  
feel the shock.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain  
stands,

His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the  
sun,

With death-shot glowing in his fiery  
hands,

And eye that scorseth all it glares  
upon;

Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now  
anon

Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet  
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds  
are done;

For on this morn three potent nations  
meet,  
To shed before his shrine the blood he  
deems most sweet.

#### PARNASSUS.

Ou, thou Parnassus! whom I now  
survey,

Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,  
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,

But soaring snow-clad through thy  
native sky,

In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!  
What marvel if I thus essay to sing?

The humblest of thy pilgrims passing  
by

Would gladly woo thine echoes with  
his string,

Though from thy heights no more one  
Muse will wave her wing.

Oft have I dreamed of thee! whose  
glorious name

Who knows not, knows not man's  
divinest lore;

And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with  
shame

That I in feeblest accents must adore.  
When I recount thy worshippers of  
yore,

I tremble, and can only bend the knee;  
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to  
soar,

But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on  
thee!

But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on  
thee!

But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on  
thee!

But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on  
thee!

But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on  
thee!

But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on  
thee!

But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on  
thee!

But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on  
thee!

But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on  
thee!

But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on  
thee!

But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on  
thee!

And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melo-  
dious wave.

## THE BULL-FIGHT.

THE lists are oped, the spacious area  
cleared,  
Thousands on thousands piled are  
seated round ;  
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note  
is heard,  
Ne vacant space for lated wight is  
found :  
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames  
abound,  
Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye  
Yet ever well inclined to heal the  
wound ;  
None through their cold disdain are  
doomed to die,  
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's  
sad archery.

Hushed is the din of tongues—on gal-  
lant steeds,  
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and  
light-poised lance,  
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous  
deeds,  
And lowly bending to the lists advance ;  
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers  
featly prance : [day,  
If in the dangerous game they shine to-  
The crowd's loud shout and ladies'  
lovely glance,  
Best prize of better acts, they bear  
away,  
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their  
toils repay.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak ar-  
rayed, [dore  
But all afoot, the light-limbed Mata-  
Stands in the centre, eager to invade  
The lord of lowing herds ; but not  
before  
The ground, with cautious tread, is  
traversed o'er,  
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart  
his speed :  
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor  
more  
Can man achieve without the friendly  
steed—  
Alas ! too oft condemned for him to bear  
and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo ! the  
signal falls,  
The den expands, and Expectation  
mute  
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled  
walls.  
Bounds with one lashing spring the  
mighty brute,  
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sound-  
ing foot,  
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his  
foe :  
Here, there, he points his threatening  
front, to suit  
His first attack, wide waving to and  
fro  
His angry tail ; red rolls his eye's dilated  
glow.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fixed :  
away,  
Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the  
spear :  
Now is thy time to perish, or display  
The skill that yet may check his mad  
career.  
With well-timed croupe the nimble  
coursers veer ;  
On foams the bull, but not unscathed  
he goes ;  
Streams from his flank the crimson  
torrent clear : [throes ;  
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his  
Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud  
bellowings speak his woes.

Again he comes ; nor dart nor lance  
avail, [horse ;  
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured  
Though man and man's avenging arms  
assail,  
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his  
force.  
One gallant steed is stretched a mangled  
corse ;  
Another, hideous sight ! unseamed ap-  
pears,  
His gory chest unveils life's panting  
source ;  
Though death-struck, still his feeble  
frame he rears ;  
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord  
unharm'd he bears.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to  
 the last,  
 Full in the centre stands the bull at  
 bay.  
 Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and  
 lances brast,  
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray :  
 And now the Matadores around him  
 play,  
 Shake the red cloak, and poise the  
 ready brand :  
 Once more through all he bursts his  
 thundering way—  
 Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conyng  
 hand,  
 Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks  
 upon the sand !

Where his vast neck just mingles with  
 the spine,  
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon  
 lies.  
 He stops—he starts—disdaining to de-  
 cline :  
 Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant  
 cries,  
 Without a groan, without a struggle  
 dies.  
 The decorated car appears—on high  
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for  
 vulgar eyes—  
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift  
 as shy,  
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in  
 dashing by.

## ATHENS.

ANCIENT of days ! august Athena !  
 where,  
 Where are thy men of might ? thy  
 grand in soul ?  
 Gone—glimmering through the dream  
 of things that were :  
 First in the race that led to Glory's  
 goal,  
 They won, and passed away—Is this the  
 whole ?  
 A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an  
 hour !  
 The warrior's weapon and the sophist's  
 stole

Are sought in vain, and o'er each moun-  
 dering tower,  
 Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the  
 shade of power.

Son of the morning, rise ! approach  
 you here !  
 Come—but molest not yon defenceless  
 urn :  
 Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre !  
 Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer  
 burn,  
 Even gods must yield—religions take  
 their turn :  
 'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and  
 other creeds  
 Will rise with other years, till man shall  
 learn  
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim  
 bleeds ;  
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose  
 hope is built on reeds.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to  
 heaven—  
 Is't not enough, unhappy thing ! to  
 know  
 Thou art ? Is this a boon so kindly  
 given,  
 That being, thou wouldst be again, and  
 go,  
 Thou knowest not, reckest not to what  
 region, so  
 On earth no more, but mingled with  
 the skies ?  
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and  
 woe ?  
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it  
 flies :  
 That little urn saith more than thousand  
 homilies.

## REAL AND UNREAL SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and  
 fell,  
 To slowly trace the forest's shady  
 scene,  
 Where things that own not man's do-  
 minion dwell,  
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely  
 been



To climb the trackless mountain all  
unseen,  
With the wild flock that never needs a  
fold;  
Alone o'er steepes and foaming falls to  
lean;  
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
Converse with Nature's charms, and view  
her stores unrolled.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the  
shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to  
possess,  
And roam along, the world's tired  
denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom  
we can bless;  
Minions of splendour shrinking from  
distress!  
None that, with kindred consciousness  
endued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile  
the less  
Of all that flattered, followed, sought,  
and sued;  
This is to be alone; this, this is  
solitude!

#### HOLY GROUND.

WHERE'ER we tread 'tis haunted, holy  
ground;  
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar  
mould,  
But one vast realm of wonder spreads  
around,  
And all the Muse's tales seem truly  
told,  
Till the sense aches with gazing to  
behold  
The scenes our earliest dreams have  
dwelt upon:  
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen  
and wold  
Defies the power which crushed thy  
temples gone:  
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares  
gray Marathon.

#### THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered  
then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and  
bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and  
brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and  
when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which  
spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-  
bell,  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes  
like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but  
the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony  
street;  
On with the dance! let joy be uncon-  
fined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and  
Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying  
feet—  
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in  
once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier thar  
before!  
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's  
opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high  
hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he  
did hear  
That sound the first amidst the fes-  
tival,  
And caught its tone with Death's pro-  
phetic ear;  
And when they smiled because he  
deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too  
well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody  
bier,

And roused the vengeance blood alone  
could quell :  
He rushed into the field, and, foremost  
fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to  
and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of  
distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an  
hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own love-  
liness ;  
And there were sudden partings, such  
as press  
The life from out young hearts, and  
choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated : who  
could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual  
eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful  
morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste :  
the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the  
clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous  
speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of  
war ;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal  
afar ;  
And near, the beat of the alarming  
drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning  
star ;  
While thronged the citizens with terror  
dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips—"The  
foe ! They come ! they come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's  
gathering" rose,  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's  
hills  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her  
Saxon foes :—  
How in the noon of night that pibroch  
thrills  
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath  
which fills

Their mountain pipe, so fill the main-  
tainers  
With the fierce native daring which  
instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand  
years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each  
clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her  
green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they  
pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !  
Ere evening to be trodden like the  
Which now beneath them, but above  
shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery  
mass  
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall  
moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal-sound  
of strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms,—  
the day  
Battle's magnificently-stern array !  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which  
when rent  
The earth is covered thick with other  
clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped  
and pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one  
red burial blent !

#### NAPOLÉON.

THERE sunk the greatest, nor the  
worst of men,  
Whose spirit, antithetically mixed,  
One moment of the mightiest, and  
again  
On little objects with like firmness  
fixed ;  
Extreme in all things ! hadst thou been  
betwixt,

Thy throne had still been thine, or  
 never been;  
 For daring made thy rise as fall: thou  
 seek'st  
 Even now to re-assume the imperial  
 mien,  
 And shake again the world, the Thunderer  
 of the scene!

Conqueror and captive of the earth art  
 thou!  
 She trembles at thee still, and thy wild  
 name  
 Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds  
 than now  
 That thou art nothing, save the jest  
 of Fame,  
 Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and  
 became  
 The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou  
 wert  
 A god unto thyself; nor less the same  
 To the astounded kingdoms all inert,  
 Who deemed thee for a time whate'er  
 thou didst assert.

Oh, more or less than man—in high  
 or low,  
 Battling with nations, flying from the  
 field;  
 Now making monarchs' necks thy foot-  
 stool, now  
 More than thy meanest soldier taught  
 to yield;  
 An empire thou couldst crush, com-  
 mand, rebuild,  
 But govern not thy pettiest passion,  
 nor,  
 However deeply in men's spirits skilled,  
 Look through thine own, nor curb the  
 lust of war,  
 Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave  
 the loftiest star.

#### THE ISOLATION OF GENIUS.

HE who ascends to mountain-tops,  
 shall find  
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds  
 and snow;  
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,

Must look down on the hate of those  
 below.  
 Though high above the sun of glory  
 glow,  
 And far beneath the earth and ocean  
 spread,  
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly  
 blow  
 Contending tempests on his naked  
 head,  
 And thus reward the toils which to those  
 summits led.

#### THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted  
 lake,  
 With the wild world I dwelt in, is a  
 thing  
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to  
 forsake  
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer  
 spring.  
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
 To waft me from distraction; once I  
 loved  
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft mur-  
 muring  
 Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice re-  
 proved,  
 That I with stern delights should e'er  
 have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all  
 between  
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk,  
 yet clear,  
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly  
 seen,  
 Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights  
 appear  
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,  
 There breathes a living fragrance from  
 the shore,  
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood, on  
 the ear  
 Drops the light drip of the suspended  
 oar,  
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-  
 night carol more:

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;  
 At intervals, some bird from out the  
     brakes  
 Starts into voice a moment, then is  
     still. [hill,  
 There seems a floating whisper on the  
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dews  
 All silently their tears of love instil,  
 Weeping themselves away, till they  
     infuse  
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her  
     hues.

## THE STARS.

YE stars ! which are the poetry of  
 heaven !  
 If in your bright leaves we would read  
     the fate  
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be for-  
     given,  
 That in our aspirations to be great,  
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal  
     state,  
 And claim a kindred with you ; for ye  
     are  
 A beauty and a mystery, and create  
 In us such love and reverence from  
     afar,  
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have  
     named themselves a star.

## THE RHINE

THE castled crag of Drachenfels  
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
 Between the banks which bear the vine,  
 And hills all rich with blossomed trees,  
 And fields which promise corn and wine,  
 And scattered cities crowning these,  
 Whose far white walls along them shine,  
 Have strewed a scene, which I should  
     see  
 With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,  
 And hands which offer early flowers,  
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;  
 Above, the frequent feudal towers

Through green leaves lift their walls of  
     gray ;  
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
 And noble arch in proud decay,  
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;  
 But one thing want these banks of  
     Rhine,—  
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

I send the lilies given to me ;  
 Though long before thy hand they touch,  
 I know that they must withered be,  
 But yet reject them not as such ;  
 For I have cherished them as dear,  
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
 When thou behold'st them drooping  
     nigh,  
 And know'st them gathered by the  
     Rhine,  
 And offered from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,  
 The charm of this enchanted ground,  
 And all its thousand turns disclose  
 Some fresher beauty varying round :  
 The haughtiest breast its wish might  
     bound  
 Through life to dwell delighted here ;  
 Nor could on earth a spot be found  
 To nature and to me so dear,  
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

## STORM AT NIGHT.

THE sky is changed !—and such a  
     change ! Oh night,  
 And storm, and darkness, ye are won-  
     drous strong, [light  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the  
 Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,  
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags  
     among  
 Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one  
     lone cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath found a  
     tongue,  
 And Jura answers, through her misty  
     shroud,  
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her  
     aloud !

And this is in the night :—Most glorious night !  
 Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be  
 A sharer in thy fierce and far de light,—  
 A portion of the tempest and of thee !  
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !  
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee  
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between  
 Heights which appear as lovers who have parted  
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,  
 That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted ;  
 Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,  
 Love was the very root of the fond rage  
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed :—  
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age  
 Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,  
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand :  
 For here, not one, but many, make their play,  
 And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,  
 Flashing and cast around : of all the band,  
 The brightest through these parted hills hath forked  
 His lightnings,—as if he did understand,  
 That in such gaps as desolation worked,  
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings ! ye !  
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul  
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
 Things that have made me watchful ; the far roll  
 Of your departing voices, is the knoll  
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.  
 But where of ye, O tempests ! is the goal ? [breast ?  
 Are ye like those within the human  
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest ?

Could I embody and unbosom now  
 That which is most within me,—could I wreak  
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw  
 Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,  
 All that I would have sought, and all I seek,  
 Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one word,  
 And that one word were Lightning, I would speak ;  
 But as it is, I live and die unheard,  
 With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

#### CLARENS.

CLARENS ! sweet Clarens ! birthplace of deep Love !  
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought ;  
 Thy trees take root in Love ; the snows above  
 The very glaciers have his colours caught,  
 And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought [rocks,  
 By rays which sleep there lovingly : the  
 The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought  
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,  
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks,

Clarens ! by heavenly feet thy paths  
are trod,—  
Undying Love's who here ascends a  
throne  
To which the steps are mountains;  
where the god  
Is a pervading life and light,—so shown  
Not on those summits solely, nor alone  
In the still cave and forest; o'er the  
flower  
His eye is sparkling, and his breath  
hath blown  
His soft and summer breath, whose  
tender power  
Passes the strength of storms in their  
most desolate hour.

All things are here of him ; from the  
black pines,  
Which are his shade on high, and the  
loud roar  
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the  
vines  
Which slope his green path downward  
to the shore,  
Where the bowed waters meet him,  
and adore,  
Kissing his feet with murmurs ; and  
the wood,  
The covert of old trees, with trunks all  
hoar,  
But light leaves, young as joy, stands  
where it stood,  
Offering to him, and his, a populous soli-  
tude.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,  
And fairy-formed and many-coloured  
things,  
Who worship him with notes more  
sweet than words,  
And innocently open their glad wings  
Fearless and full of life ; the gush of  
springs,  
And fall of lofty fountains, and the  
bend  
Of stirring branches, and the bud which  
rings,  
The swiftest thought of beauty, here  
extend,  
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one  
mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would  
learn that lore,  
And make his heart a spirit ; he who  
knows  
That tender mystery, will love the  
more ;  
For this is Love's recess, where vain  
men's woes,  
And the world's waste, have driven  
him far from those,  
For 'tis his nature to advance or die :  
He stands not still, but or decays, or  
grows  
Into a boundless blessing, which may  
vie  
With the immortal lights, in its eternity !

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau  
this spot,  
Peopling it with affections ; but he  
found  
It was the scene which passion must  
allot  
To the mind's purified beings ; 'twas  
the ground  
Where early Love his Psyche's zone  
unbound,  
And hallowed it with loveliness ; 'tis  
lone,  
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a  
sound,  
And sense, and sight of sweetness ;  
here the Rhone  
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps  
have reared a throne.

#### A MOONLIGHT NIGHT AT VENICE.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not  
night—  
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea  
Of glory streams along the Alpine  
height  
Of blue Friuli's mountain ; Heaven is  
free  
From clouds, but of all colours seems  
to be,—  
Melted to one vast Iris of the  
West,—  
Where the Day joins the past Eternity

While, on the other hand, meek Dian's  
crest  
Floats through the azure air—an island of  
the blest !

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
With her o'er half the lovely heaven ;  
but still  
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and  
remains  
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rætian  
hill,  
As Day and Night contending were,  
until  
Nature reclaimed her order ;—gently  
flows  
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their  
hues instil  
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
Which streams upon her stream, and  
glassed within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which,  
from afar,  
Comes down upon the waters ; all its  
hues,  
From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
Their magical variety diffuse :  
And now they change ; a paler shadow  
strews  
Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting  
day  
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang  
imbues  
With a new colour as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—  
and all is gray.

### ITALIA ! OH ITALIA !

ITALIA ! oh Italia ! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
A funeral dower of present woes and  
past,  
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed  
by shame,  
And annals graved in characters of  
flame.  
Oh, God ! that thou wert in thy naked-  
ness  
Less lovely or more powerful, and  
couldst claim

Thy right, and awe the robbers back,  
who press  
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of  
thy distress ;

Then mightst thou more appal ; or,  
less desired,  
Be homely and be peaceful, unde-  
plored  
For thy destructive charms ; then, still  
untired,  
Would not be seen the armed torrents  
poured  
Down the deep Alps ; nor would the  
hostile horde  
Of many-nationed spoilers from the Po  
Quaff blood and water ; nor the stran-  
ger's sword  
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,  
Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of  
a land or foe.

### THE VENUS DI MEDICI AT FLORENCE.

THERE, too, the Goddess loves in  
stone, and fills  
The air around with beauty ; we in-  
hale  
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld,  
instils  
Part of its immortality ; the veil  
Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the  
pale  
We stand, and in that form and face  
behold  
What Mind can make, when Nature's  
self would fail ;  
And to the fond idolaters of old  
Envy the innate flash which such a soul  
could mould :

We gaze and turn away, and know not  
where,  
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the  
heart  
Reels with its fulness ; there—for ever  
there—  
Chained to the chariot of triumphal  
Art,  
We stand as captives, and would not  
depart.

Away!—there need no words, nor  
 terms precise,  
 The paltry jargon of the marble mart,  
 Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have  
 eyes :  
 Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the  
 Dardan shepherd's prize.

Appearedst thou not to Paris in this  
 guise ?  
 Or to more deeply blest Anchises ? or,  
 In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when  
 lies  
 Before thee thy own vanquished Lord  
 of War ?  
 And gazing in thy face as toward a  
 star,  
 Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee up-  
 turn,  
 Feeding on thy sweet cheek ! while thy  
 lips are  
 With lava kisses melting while they  
 burn,  
 Showered on his eyelids, brow, and  
 mouth, as from an urn ?

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless  
 love,  
 Their full divinity inadequate  
 That feeling to express, or to improve,  
 The gods become as mortals, and man's  
 fate  
 Has moments like their brightest ; but  
 the weight  
 Of earth recoils upon us ;—let it go !  
 We can recall such visions, and create,  
 From what has been, or might be,  
 things which grow  
 Into thy statue's form, and look like gods  
 below.

#### THE CATARACT OF VELINO.

THE roar of waters !—from the head-  
 long height  
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;  
 The fall of waters ! rapid as the light  
 The flashing mass foams shaking the  
 abyss ;  
 The hell of waters ! where they howl  
 and hiss,  
 And boil in endless torture ; while the  
 sweat

Of their great agony, wrung out from  
 this  
 Their Phlegæthon, curls round the rocks  
 of jet  
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless  
 horror set,

And mounts in spray the skies, and  
 thence again  
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which  
 round,  
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle  
 rain,  
 Is an eternal April to the ground,  
 Making it all one emerald :—how pro-  
 found  
 The gulf ! and how the giant element  
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious  
 bound,  
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward  
 worn and rent  
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms  
 a fearful vent

To the broad column which rolls on,  
 and shows  
 More like the fountain of an infant sea  
 Torn from the womb of mountains by  
 the throes  
 Of a new world, than only thus to be  
 Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,  
 With many windings, through the  
 vale :—Look back !  
 Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,  
 As if to sweep down all things in its  
 track,  
 Charming the eye with dread,—a match-  
 less cataract,

Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,  
 From side to side, beneath the glitter-  
 ing morn,  
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,  
 Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, un-  
 worn  
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
 By the distracted waters, bears serene  
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams  
 unshorn :  
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the  
 scene,  
 Love watching Madness with unalterable  
 mien.



## ROME.

OH Rome! my country! city of the  
soul!  
The orphans of the heart must turn to  
thee,  
Lone mother of dead empires! and  
control  
In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
What are our woes and sufferance?  
Come and see  
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod  
your way  
O'er steps of broken thrones and  
temples, Ye!  
Whose agonies are evils of a day—  
A world is at our feet as fragile as our  
clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voice-  
less woe;  
An empty urn within her withered  
hands,  
Whose holy dust was scattered long  
ago;  
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes  
now;  
The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou  
flow,  
O'd Tiber! through a marble wilder-  
ness?  
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle  
her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War,  
Flood, and Fire,  
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's  
pride;  
She saw her glories star by star expire,  
And up the steep barbarian monarchs  
ride,  
Where the car climbed the Capitol;  
far and wide  
Temple and tower went down, nor left  
a site:  
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the  
void,  
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar  
light,  
And say, "here was, or is," where all is  
doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,  
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath  
wrap and wrap  
All round us; we but feel our way to  
err:  
The ocean hath its chart, the stars  
their map,  
And Knowledge spreads them on her  
ample lap;  
But Rome is as the desert, where we  
steer  
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we  
clap  
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is  
clear—  
When but some false mirage of ruin rises  
near.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!  
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the  
day  
When Brutus made the dagger's edge  
surpass  
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame  
away!  
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,  
And Livy's pictured page!—but these  
shall be  
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.  
Alas for Earth, for never shall we see  
That brightness in her eye she bore when  
Rome was free!

## FREEDOM'S TRUE HEROES.

CAN tyrants but by tyrants conquered  
be,  
And Freedom find no champion and no  
child  
Such as Columbia saw arise when she  
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and un-  
defiled?  
Or must such minds be nourished in  
the wild,  
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the  
roar  
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature  
smiled  
On infant Washington? Hath Earth  
no more  
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe  
no such shore?

But France got drunk with blood to  
vomit crime,  
And fatal have her Saturnalia been  
To Freedom's cause, in every age and  
clime ;  
Because the deadly days which we have  
seen,  
And vile Ambition, that built up be-  
tween  
Man and his hopes an adamant wall,  
And the base pageant last upon the  
scene,  
Are grown the pretext for the eternal  
thrall  
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's  
worst—his second fall.

Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn,  
but flying,  
Streams like the thunder-storm against  
the wind ;  
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now  
and dying,  
The loudest still the tempest leaves  
behind ;  
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the  
rind,  
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and  
little worth,  
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we  
find  
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the  
North ;  
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit  
bring forth.

### THE FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.

EGERIA ! sweet creation of some heart  
Which found no mortal resting-place so  
fair  
As thine ideal breast ; whate'er thou  
art  
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,  
The nympholepsy of some fond despair ;  
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,  
Who found a more than common votary  
there  
Too much adoring ; whatsoe'er thy  
birth,  
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly  
bodied forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are  
sprinkled  
With thine Elysian water-drops ; the  
face  
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years  
unwrinkled,  
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the  
place,  
Whose green, wild margin now no  
more erase  
Art's works ; nor must the delicate  
waters sleep,  
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the  
base  
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap  
The rill runs o'er, and round fern, flowers,  
and ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled : the green hills  
Are clothed with early blossoms, through  
the grass  
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the  
bills  
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye  
pass ;  
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their  
class,  
Implore the pausing step, and with  
their dyes  
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy  
mass ;  
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue  
eyes,  
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems  
coloured by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted  
cover,  
Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating  
For the far footsteps of thy mortal  
lover ;  
The purple Midnight veiled that mystic  
meeting  
With her most starry canopy, and  
seating  
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel ?  
This cave was surely shaped out for  
the greeting  
Of an enamoured Goddess, and the  
cell  
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest  
oracle !

## LOVE'S SORROWS.

ALAS! our young affections run to waste,  
 Or water but the desert; whence arise  
 But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,  
 Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,  
 Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,  
 And trees whose gums are poisons; such the plants  
 Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies  
 O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants  
 For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants,

Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art—  
 An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,—  
 A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,—  
 But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see  
 The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;  
 The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,  
 Even with its own desiring phantasy,  
 And to a thought such shape and image given,  
 As haunts the unquenched soul—parched  
 —wearied—wrung—and riven.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,  
 And fevers into false creation:—where,  
 Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?  
 In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?  
 Where are the charms and virtues which we dare  
 Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,  
 The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,  
 Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,  
 And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—  
 but the cure  
 Is bitterer still, as charm by charm un-  
 winds  
 Which robed our idols, and we see too  
 sure  
 Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out  
 the mind's  
 Ideal shape of such; yet still it  
 binds  
 The fatal spell, and still it draws us  
 on,  
 Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-  
 sown winds;  
 The stubborn heart, its alchemy be-  
 gun,  
 Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest  
 when most undone.

We wither from our youth, we gasp  
 away—  
 Sick—sick; unfound the boon—un-  
 slaked the thirst,  
 Though to the last, in verge of our  
 decay,  
 Some phantom lures, such as we sought  
 at first—  
 But all too late,—so are we doubly  
 curst.  
 Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the  
 same,  
 Each idle—and all ill—and none the  
 worst—  
 For all are meteors with a different  
 name,  
 And Death the sable smoke where  
 vanishes the flame.

Few—none—find what they love or  
 could have loved,  
 Though accident, blind contact, and  
 the strong  
 Necessity of loving, have removed  
 Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,  
 Envenomed with irrevocable wrong;  
 And Circumstance, that unspiritual  
 god  
 And miscreator, makes and helps along  
 Our coming evils with a crutch-like  
 rod,  
 Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the  
 dust we all have trod.

## INVOCATION TO NEMESIS.

AND thou, who never yet of human  
 wrong  
 Left the unbalanced scale, great Ne-  
 mesis !  
 Here, where the ancient paid thee  
 homage long—  
 Thou who didst call the Furies from  
 the abyss,  
 And round Orestes bade them howl  
 and hiss  
 For that unnatural retribution—just  
 Had it but been from hands less near—  
 in this [dust !  
 Thy former realm, I call thee from the  
 Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake !  
 thou shalt, and must.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not  
 that now  
 I shrink from what is suffered : let him  
 speak  
 Who hath beheld decline upon my  
 brow,  
 Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it  
 weak ;  
 But in this page a record will I seek.  
 Not in the air shall these my words  
 disperse,  
 Though I be ashes ; a far hour shall  
 wreak [verse,  
 The deep prophetic fulness of this  
 And pile on human heads the mountain  
 of my curse !

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have  
 I not—  
 Hear me, my mother Earth ! behold  
 it, Heaven !—  
 Have I not had to wrestle with my  
 lot ?  
 Have I not suffered things to be for-  
 given ?  
 Have I not had my brain seared, my  
 heart riven,  
 Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's  
 life lied away ?  
 And only not to desperation driven,  
 Because not altogether of such clay  
 As rots into the souls of those whom I  
 survey.

From mighty wrongs to petty penalty  
 Have I not seen what human things  
 could do ?  
 From the loud roar of foaming calumny  
 To the small whisper of the as paltry  
 few,  
 And subtler venom of the reptile crew,  
 The Janus glance of whose significant  
 eye,  
 Learning to lie with silence, would  
 seem true,  
 And without utterance, save the shrug  
 or sigh,  
 Deal round to happy fools its speechless  
 obloquy.

But I have lived, and have not lived in  
 vain :  
 My mind may lose its force, my blood  
 its fire,  
 And my frame perish even in conquer-  
 ing pain ; [tire  
 But there is that within me which shall  
 Torture and Time, and breathe when I  
 expire.

## THE STATUE OF APOLLO.

OR view the Lord of the unerring bow,  
 The God of life, and poesy, and light—  
 The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and  
 brow  
 All radiant from his triumph in the  
 fight ;  
 The shaft hath just been shot—the  
 arrow bright  
 With an immortal's vengeance ; in his  
 eye  
 And nostril beautiful disdain, and  
 might  
 And majesty, flash their full lightnings  
 by,  
 Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of  
 Love,  
 Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose  
 breast  
 Longed for a deathless lover from  
 above,  
 And maddened in that vision—are  
 exprest

All that ideal beauty ever blessed  
 The mind with in its most unearthly  
 mood,  
 When each conception was a heavenly  
 guest—  
 A ray of immortality—and stood  
 Starlike, around, until they gathered to a  
 god!

And if it be Prometheus stole from  
 Heaven  
 The fire which we endure, it was repaid  
 By him to whom the energy was given  
 Which this poetic marble hath arrayed  
 With an eternal glory—which, if made  
 By human hands, is not of human  
 thought;  
 And Time himself hath hallowed it,  
 nor laid  
 One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it  
 caught  
 A tinge of years, but breathes the flame  
 with which 'twas wrought.

#### THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

HARK! forth from the abyss a voice  
 proceeds,  
 A long low distant murmur of dread  
 sound,  
 Such as arises when a nation bleeds  
 With some deep and inmedicable  
 wound;  
 Through storm and darkness yawns the  
 rending ground,  
 The gulf is thick with phantoms, but  
 the chief  
 Seems royal still, though with her head  
 discrowned,  
 And pale, but lovely, with maternal  
 grief  
 She clasps a babe to whom her breast  
 yields no relief.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where  
 art thou?  
 Fond hope of many nations, art thou  
 dead?  
 Could not the grave forget thee, and  
 lay low  
 Some less majestic, less beloved head?

In the sad midnight, while thy heart  
 still bled,  
 The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,  
 Death hushed that pang for ever: with  
 thee fled  
 The present happiness and promised  
 joy  
 Which filled the imperial isles so full it  
 seemed to cloy.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it  
 be,  
 Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored!  
 Those who weep not for kings shall  
 weep for thee,  
 And Freedom's heart, grown heavy,  
 cease to hoard  
 Her many griefs for One; for she had  
 poured  
 Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head  
 Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely  
 lord,  
 And desolate consort—vainly wert thou  
 wed!  
 The husband of a year! the father of the  
 dead!

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment  
 made;  
 Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust  
 The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is  
 laid,  
 The love of millions! How we did en-  
 trust  
 Futurity to her! and, though it must  
 Darken above our bones, yet fondly  
 deemed  
 Our children should obey her child,  
 and blessed  
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise  
 seemed  
 Like stars to shepherds' eyes:—'twas but  
 a meteor beamed.

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps  
 well:  
 The fickle reek of popular breath, the  
 tongue  
 Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,  
 Which from the birth of monarchy hath  
 rung  
 Its knell in princely ears, till the o'er-  
 stung

Nations have arm'd in madness, the  
strange fate  
Which tumbles mighty sovereigns, and  
hath flung  
Against their blind omnipotence a  
weight  
Within the opposing scale, which crushes  
soon or late,—

These might have been her destiny ;  
but no,  
Our hearts deny it : and so young, so  
fair,  
Good without effort, great without a  
foe ;  
But now a bride and mother—and now  
*there!*—  
How many ties did that stern moment  
tear !  
From thy Sire's to his humblest sub-  
ject's breast  
Is linked the electric chain of that  
despair,  
Whose shock was as an earthquake's,  
and oppress  
The land which loved thee so that none  
could love thee best.

## SOLITUDE.

OH ! that the desert were my dwelling-  
place,  
With one fair spirit for my minister,  
That I might all forget the human race,  
And, hating no one, love but only her !  
Ye elements !—in whose ennobling stir  
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not  
Accord me such a being ? Do I err  
In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?  
Though with them to converse can rarely  
be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless  
woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes,  
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :  
I love not Man the less, but Nature  
more,  
From these our interviews, in which I  
steal

From all I may be, or have been be-  
fore,  
To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all  
conceal.

## THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue  
Ocean—roll !  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in  
vain ;  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his  
control  
Stops with the shore ;—upon the  
watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth  
remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his  
own,  
When, for a moment, like a drop of  
rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling  
groan,  
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined,  
and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy  
fields [arise  
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost  
And shake him from thee ; the vile  
strength he wields  
For earth's destruction thou dost all  
despise,  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the  
skies,  
And send'st him, shivering in thy play-  
ful spray  
And howling, to his gods, where haply  
lies [bay,  
His petty hope in some near port or  
And dashest him again to earth :—there  
let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the  
walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations  
quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their  
capitals,  
The oak Leviathans, whose huge ribs  
make

Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;  
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy  
 flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves,  
 which mar  
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Were a delight ; and if the freshening  
 sea  
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing  
 tear,  
 For I was as it were a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I  
 do here.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all  
 save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,  
 what are they ?  
 Thy waters washed them power while  
 they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores  
 obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their  
 decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not  
 so thou ;—  
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves'  
 play—  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure  
 brow—  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou  
 rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Al-  
 mighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale,  
 or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving ; — boundless, endless,  
 and sublime—  
 The image of Eternity—the throne  
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy  
 slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made :  
 each zone  
 Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread,  
 fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my

sports was on thy breast to  
 be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from  
 a boy  
 I wanted with thy breakers—they to

## SONG OF THE CORSAIRS.

*The Corsair.*

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
 Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls  
 as free,  
 Far as the breeze can bear, the billows  
 foam,  
 Survey our empire, and behold our home !  
 These are our realms, no limits to their  
 sway—  
 Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.  
 Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
 From toil to rest, and joy in every change.  
 Oh, who can tell ? not thou, luxurious  
 slave !  
 Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving  
 wave ;  
 Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and  
 ease !  
 Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure  
 cannot please—  
 Oh, who can tell save he whose heart  
 hath tried,  
 And danced in triumph o'er the waters  
 wide,  
 The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening  
 play, [way ?  
 That thrills the wanderer of that trackless  
 That for itself can woo the approaching  
 fight,  
 And turn what some deem danger to  
 delight ;  
 That seeks what cravens shun with more  
 than zeal,  
 And where the feeble faint—can only  
 feel—  
 Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,  
 Its hope awaken and its spirit soar ?  
 No dread of death—if with us die our  
 foes—  
 Save that it seems even duller to  
 repose :

Come when it will—we snatch the life of  
life—

When lost—what reck's it—by disease or  
strife?

Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,  
Cling to his couch, and sicken years  
away;

Heave his thick breath, and shake his  
palsied head;

Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish  
bed.

While gasp by gasp he falters forth his  
soul,

Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes  
control.

His course may boast its urn and narrow  
cave,

And they who loathed his life may gild  
his grave:

Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely  
shed,

When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our  
dead.

For us, even banquets fond regrets supply  
In the red cup that crowns our memory;

And the brief epitaph in danger's day,  
When those who win at length divide the

prey,  
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er  
each brow,

How had the brave who fell exulted now!

#### CONRAD.

THEY make obeisance and retire in haste,  
Too soon to seek again the watery waste:

Yet they repine not—so that Conrad  
guides,

And who dare question aught that he  
decides?

That man of loneliness and mystery,  
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to

sigh;  
Whose name appals the fiercest of his  
crew,

And tints each swarthy cheek with sal-  
lower hue;

Still sways their souls with that com-  
manding art

That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar  
heart.

What is that spell, that thus his lawless  
train

Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain?  
What should it be, that thus their faith

can bind?  
The power of thought—the magic of the

Mind!

#### CONRAD'S LOVE FOR MEDORA.

NONE are all evil—quickenings round his  
heart,

One softer feeling would not yet de-  
part;

Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled  
By passions worthy of a fool or child;

Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he  
strove,

And even in him it asks the name of  
Love!

Yes, it was love—unchangeable—un-  
changed,

Felt but for one from whom he never  
ranged;

Though fairest captives daily met his  
eye,

He shunned, nor sought, but coldly passed  
them by;

Though many a beauty drooped in pri-  
soned bower,

None ever soothed his most unguarded  
hour.

Yes—it was Love—if thoughts of tender-  
ness,

Tried in temptation, strengthened by  
distress,

Unmoved by absence, firm in every  
clime,

And yet—oh, more than all!—untired by  
time;

Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled  
wile,

Could render sullen, were she near to  
smile;

Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to  
vent

On her one murmur of his discontent;  
Which still would meet with joy, with

calmness part,  
Lest that his look of grief should reach  
her heart;



Which nought removed, nor menaced to  
remove—  
If there be love in mortals—this was  
love !  
He was a villain—ay—reproaches shower  
On him—but not the passion, nor its  
power,  
Which only proved, all other virtues  
gone,  
Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest  
one !

### THE PARTING OF CONRAD AND MEDORA.

SHE rose—she sprung—she clung to his  
embrace,  
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden  
face,  
He dared not raise to his that deep-blue  
eye,  
Which downcast drooped in tearless  
agony.  
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his  
arms,  
In all the wildness of dishevelled charms ;  
Scarce beat that bosom where his image  
dwelt  
So full—that feeling seemed ulmost un-  
felt !  
Hark—peals the thunder of the signal-  
gun !  
It told 'twas sunset—and he cursed that  
sun.  
Again—again—that form he madly  
pressed,  
Which mutely clasped, imploringly ca-  
ressed !  
And tottering to the couch his bride he  
bore,  
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no  
more ;  
Felt—that for him earth held but her  
alone,  
Kissed her cold forehead—turned—is  
Conrad gone ?  
“And is he gone ?”—on sudden solitude  
How oft that fearful question will intrude !  
“’Twas but an instant past—and here he  
stood !

And now”—without the portal's porch  
she rushed,  
And then at length her tears in freedom  
gushed ;  
Big,—bright—and fast, unknown to her  
they fell ;  
But still her lips refused to send—“Fare-  
well !”  
For in that word—that fatal word—how-  
e'er  
We promise — hope — believe — there  
breathes despair,  
O'er every feature of that still pale face,  
Had sorrow fixed what time can ne'er  
erase :  
The tender blue of that large loving eye  
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,  
Till—oh, how far !—it caught a glimpse  
of him,  
And then it flowed—and phrensied seemed  
to swim,  
Through those long, dark, and glistening  
lashes dewed  
With drops of sadness oft to be renewed.  
“He's gone !”—against her heart that  
hand is driven,  
Convulsed and quick—then gently raised  
to heaven ;  
She looked and saw the heaving of the  
main ;  
The white sail set—she dared not look  
again ;  
But turned with sickening soul within the  
gate—  
“It is no dream—and I am desolate !”

### SUNSET IN THE MOREA.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race he  
run,  
Along Morea's hills the setting sun ;  
Not, as in nothern climes, obscurely  
bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light !  
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he  
throws,  
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it  
glows.  
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,  
The god of gladness sheds his parting  
smile .

O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,  
 Though there his altars are no more divine.  
 Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss  
 Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!  
 Their azure arches through the long expanse  
 More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,  
 And tenderest tints, along their summits driven.  
 Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven,  
 Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,  
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

#### CONRAD AND THE DEAD BODY OF MEDORA.

HE turned not—spoke not—sunk not—  
 fixed his look,  
 And set the anxious frame that lately shook:  
 He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,  
 And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!  
 In life itself she was so still and fair,  
 That death with gentler aspect withered there;  
 And the cold flowers her colder hand contained,  
 In that last grasp as tenderly were strained  
 As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,  
 And made it almost mockery yet to weep:  
 The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,  
 And veiled—thought shrinks from all that lurked below—  
 Oh! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,  
 And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!  
 Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,  
 But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—

Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile  
 And wished repose—but only for a while;  
 But the white shroud, and each extended tress,  
 Long—far—but spread in utter lifelessness,  
 Which, late the sport of every summer wind,  
 Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;  
 These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier,  
 But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?  
 He asked no question—all were answered now  
 By the first glance on that still, marble brow.  
 It was enough—she died—what recked it how?  
 The love of youth, the hope of better years,  
 The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,  
 The only living thing he could not hate,  
 Was reft at once—and he deserved his fate,  
 But did not feel it less;—the good explore,  
 For peace, those realms where guilt can never soar;  
 The proud—the wayward—who have fixed below  
 Their joy, and find this earth enough for woe,  
 Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—  
 But who in patience parts with all delight?  
 Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern  
 Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn!  
 And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,  
 In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

KALED.

*Lara.*

LIGHT was his form, and darkly delicate  
 That brow whereon his native sun had sate,

But had not marred, though in his beams  
 he grew,  
 The cheek where oft the unbidden blush  
 shone through ;  
 Yet not such blush as mounts when health  
 would show  
 All the heart's hue in that delighted glow  
 But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care  
 That for a burning moment fevered there  
 And the wild sparkle of his eye seemed  
 caught  
 From high, and lightened with electric  
 thought,  
 Though its black orb those long low lashes  
 fringe,  
 Had tempered with a melancholy tinge ;  
 Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,  
 Or, if 'twere grief, a grief that none should  
 share :  
 And pleased not him the sports that please  
 his age,  
 The tricks of youth, the frolics of the  
 For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,  
 As all-forgotten in that watchful trance ;  
 And from his chief withdrawn, he wan-  
 dered lone,  
 Brief were his answers, and his questions  
 none ;  
 His walk the wood, his sport some foreign  
 book ;  
 His resting-place the bank that curbs the  
 brook :  
 He seemed, like him he served, to live  
 apart  
 For all that lures the eye, and fills the  
 heart ;  
 To know no brotherhood, and take from  
 earth  
 No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.  
 If aught he loved, 'twas Lara ; but was  
 shown  
 His faith in reverence and in deeds alone ;  
 In mute attention ; and his care, which  
 guessed  
 Each wish, fulfilled it ere the tongue ex-  
 pressed.  
 Still there was haughtiness in all he did,  
 A spirit deep that brooked not to be chid ;  
 His zeal, though more than that of servile  
 hands,  
 In act alone obeys, his air commands ;

As if 'twas Lara's less than his desire  
 That thus he served, but surely not for  
 hire.  
 Slight were the tasks enjoined him by his  
 lord,  
 To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword ;  
 To tune his lute, or, if he willed it more,  
 On tomes of other times and tongues to  
 pore ;  
 But ne'er to mingle with the menial train  
 To whom he showed nor deference nor  
 disdain,  
 But that well-worn reserve which proved  
 he knew  
 No sympathy with that familiar crew :  
 His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,  
 Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.  
 Of higher birth he seemed, and better  
 days,  
 Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays ;  
 So femininely white it might bespeak  
 Another sex, when matched with that  
 smooth cheek,  
 But for his garb, and something in his  
 gaze,  
 More wild and high than woman's eye  
 betrays ;  
 A latent fierceness that far more became  
 His fiery climate than his tender frame :  
 True, in his words it broke not from his  
 breast,  
 But from his aspect might be more than  
 guessed.  
 Kaled his name, though rumour said he  
 bore  
 Another ere he left his mountain shore ;  
 For sometimes he would hear, however  
 nigh,  
 That name repeated loud without reply,  
 As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,  
 Start to the sound, as but remembered  
 then ;  
 Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that  
 spake,  
 For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all  
 awake.

#### A BATTLE-FIELD.

DAY glimmers on the dying and the dead  
 The cloven cuirass, and the helmless  
 head ;

The war-horse masterless is on the earth,  
 And that last gasp hath burst his bloody  
 girth;  
 And near, yet quivering with what life re-  
 mained,  
 The heel that urged him and the hand  
 that reined;  
 And some too near that rolling torrent lie,  
 Whose waters mock the lip of those that  
 die;  
 That panting thirst which scorches in the  
 breath  
 Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,  
 In vain impels the burning mouth to crave  
 One drop—the last—to cool it for the  
 grave;  
 With feeble and convulsive effort swept  
 Their limbs along the crimsoned turf have  
 crept; [waste,  
 The faint remains of life such struggles  
 But yet they reach the stream, and bend  
 to taste : [take—  
 They feel its freshness, and almost par-  
 Why pause?—no further thirst have they  
 to slake—  
 It is unquenched, and yet they feel it not;  
 It was an agony—but now forgot!

## THE ISLES OF GREECE.

*Don Juan.*

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—  
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
 I have found the fame your shores refuse;  
 Their place of birth alone is mute  
 To sounds which echo further west  
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—  
 And Marathon looks on the sea;  
 And musing there an hour alone,  
 I dreamed that Greece might still be  
 free;  
 For standing on the Persians' grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow  
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
 And men in nations;—all were his!  
 He counted them at break of day—  
 And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,  
 My country? On thy voiceless shore  
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
 The heroic bosom beats no more!  
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
 Though linked among a fettered race,  
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
 For what is left the poet here?  
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?  
 Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled,  
 Earth! render back from out thy breast  
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
 Of the three hundred grant but three,  
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?  
 Ah! no;—the voices of the dead  
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
 And answer, "Let one living head,  
 But one arise,—we come, we come!"  
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;  
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine,  
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—  
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
 Oft two such lessons, why forget  
 The nobler and the manlier one?  
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 We will not think of themes like these.  
 It made Anacreon's song divine:  
 He served—but served Polycrates—  
 A tyrant; but our masters then  
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend  
That tyrant was Miltiades!

Oh! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind!  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—

They have a king who buys and sells:  
In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells;  
But Turkish force and Latin fraud  
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

#### THE DYING BOYS ON THE RAFT.

THERE were two fathers in this ghastly  
crew,  
And with them their two sons, of whom  
the one

Was more robust and hardy to the view,  
But he died early; and when he was  
gone,

His nearest messmate told his sire, who  
threw

One glance at him, and said, "Heaven's  
will be done?"

I can do nothing," and he saw him  
thrown

Into the deep without a tear or groan. |

The other father had a weaklier child,  
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;  
But the boy bore up long, and with a  
mild

And patient spirit held aloof his fate;  
Little he said, and now and then he  
smiled,

As if to win a heart from off the  
weight,

He saw increasing on his father's heart,  
With the deep deadly thought that they  
must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never  
raised

His eyes from off his face, but wiped  
the foam [gazed,

From his pale lips, and ever on him  
And when the wished-for shower at  
length was come,

And the boy's eyes, which the dull film  
half glazed,

Brightened, and for a moment seemed  
to roam,

He squeezed from out a rag some drops  
of rain

Into his dying child's mouth—but in

The boy expired—the father held the  
clay, [last

And looked upon it long, and when at  
Death left no doubt, and the dead bur-  
then lay

Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope  
were past,

He watched it wistfully, until away

'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein  
'twas cast;

Then he himself sunk down all dumb and  
shivering,

And gave no sign of life, save his limbs  
quivering.

#### A BUNCH OF SWEETS.

'TIS sweet to hear

At midnight on the blue and moonlit  
deep

The song and oar of Adria's gondoller,  
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters  
sweep;

'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;  
 'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep  
 From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high  
 The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark  
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;  
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come;  
 'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,  
 Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum  
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
 The hush of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes  
 In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,  
 Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes  
 From civic revelry to rural mirth;  
 Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,  
 Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,  
 Sweet is revenge—especially to women,  
 Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to sea-

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet  
 The unexpected death of some old lady,  
 Or gentleman of seventy years complete,  
 Who've made "us youth" wait too,  
 too long already,  
 For an estate, or cash, or country seat,  
 Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,  
 That all the Israelites are fit to mob its  
 Next owner for their double-damned post-  
 obits.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one laurel,  
 By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end  
 To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,  
 Particularly with a tiresome friend:  
 Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;  
 Dear is the helpless creature we defend  
 Against the world; and dear the school-boy spot  
 We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,  
 Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,  
 Like Adam's recollection of his fall;  
 The tree of knowledge has been plucked—  
 —all's known—  
 And life yields nothing further to recall  
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,  
 No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven  
 Fire which Prometheus filched for us  
 from heaven.

# MODERN CRITICS.

## *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

A MAN must serve his time to every trade  
 Save censure—critics all are ready-made.  
 Take hackneyed jokes from Miller, got by rote,  
 With just enough of learning to misquote;  
 A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault;  
 A turn for punning,—call it Attic salt;  
 To Jeffrey go; be silent and discreet,  
 His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet.

Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit;  
 Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;  
 Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,  
 And stand a critic, hated yet caressed.

THE MEMORY OF KIRKE  
WHITE.

UNHAPPY White! while life was in its  
spring,  
And thy young muse just waved her  
joyous wing,  
The spoiler came; and all thy promise  
fair  
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever  
there.  
Oh! what a noble heart was here un-  
done,  
When Science' self destroyed her favourite  
son!  
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pur-  
suit,  
She sowed the seeds, but Death has reaped  
the fruit.  
'Twas thine own genius gave the final  
blow,  
And helped to plant the wound that laid  
thee low:  
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the  
plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar  
again,  
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And winged the shaft that quivered in  
his heart;  
Keen were his pangs but keener far to  
feel,  
He nursed the pinion which impelled the  
steel;  
While the same plumage that had warmed  
his nest,  
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding  
breast.

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a  
dream.  
The bright sun was extinguished, and the  
stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moon-  
less air,  
Morn came and went—and came, and  
brought no day,

And men forgot their passions in the  
dread  
Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for  
light.  
And they did live by watchfires—and the  
thrones,  
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons; cities were con-  
sumed,  
And men were gathered round their  
blazing homes  
To look once more into each other's  
face;  
Happy were those who dwelt within the  
eye  
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-  
torch:  
A fearful hope was all the world con-  
tained;  
Forests were set on fire—but hour by  
hour  
They fell and faded—and the crackling  
trunks  
Extinguished with a crash—and all was  
black.  
The brows of men by the despairing  
light  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them; some lay  
down  
And hid their eyes and wept; and some  
did rest  
Their chins upon their clenched hands,  
and smiled;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked  
up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
The pall of a past world; and then  
again  
With curses cast them down upon the  
dust,  
And gnashed their teeth and howled; the  
wild birds shrieked,  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings; the wildest  
brutes  
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers  
crawled  
And twined themselves among the multi-  
tude,

Hissing, but stingless : they were slain  
 for food :  
 And War, which for a moment was no  
 more,  
 Did glut himself again. O meal was  
 bought  
 With blood, and each sate sullenly apart  
 Gorging himself in gloom : no love was  
 left ;  
 All earth was but one thought—and that  
 was death,  
 Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang  
 Of famine fed upon all entrails : men  
 Died, and their bones were tombless as  
 their flesh ;  
 The meagre by the meagre were de-  
 voured ;  
 Even dogs assailed their masters ; all save  
 one :  
 And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
 The birds and beasts and famished men  
 at bay,  
 Till hunger clung them, or the dropping  
 Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought  
 out no food,  
 But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
 And a quick desolate cry, licking the  
 hand  
 Which answered not with a caress—he  
 died.  
 The crowd was famished by degrees : but  
 two  
 Of an enormous city did survive,  
 And they were enemies : they met be-  
 side  
 The dying embers of an altar-place  
 Where had been heaped a mass of holy  
 things  
 For an unholy usage ; they raked up,  
 And shivering scraped with their cold  
 skeleton hands  
 The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
 Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
 Which was a mockery : then they lifted  
 up  
 Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
 Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked,  
 and died—  
 Even of their mutual hideousness they  
 died—  
 Unknowing who he was upon whose  
 brow

Famine had written Fiend. The world  
 was void,  
 The populous and the powerful was a  
 lump,  
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless,  
 lifeless—  
 A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.  
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood  
 still,  
 And nothing stirred within their silent  
 depths ;  
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
 And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as  
 they dropped  
 They slept on the abyss without a surge—  
 The waves were dead ; the tides were in  
 their grave,  
 The Moon, their mistress, had expired  
 before ;  
 The winds were withered in the stagnant  
 air,  
 And the clouds perished ! Darkness had  
 no need  
 Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

## ODE TO NAPOLEON.

'Tis done—but yesterday a King !  
 And armed with Kings to strive,  
 And now thou art a nameless thing ;  
 So abject—yet alive !  
 Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
 Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,  
 And can he thus survive ?  
 Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,  
 Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far,  
 Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind  
 Who bowed so low the knee ?  
 By gazing on thyself grown blind,  
 Thou taught'st the rest to see.  
 With might unquestioned—power to  
 save,—  
 Thine only gift hath been the grave,  
 To those that worshipped thee ;  
 Nor till thy fall could mortals guess  
 Ambition's less than littleness !  
 Thanks for that lesson—it will teach  
 To after warriors more  
 Than high Philosophy can preach,  
 And vainly preached before.



That spell upon the minds of men  
Breaks never to unite again,  
That led them to adore  
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,  
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph, and the vanity,  
The rapture of the strife—  
The earthquake voice of Victory,  
To thee the breath of life;  
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway  
Which man seemed made but to obey,  
Wherewith renown was rife—  
All quelled !—Dark Spirit ! what must be  
The madness of thy memory !

The Desolator desolate !  
The Victor overthrown !  
The arbiter of others' fate  
A suppliant for his own !  
Is it some yet imperial hope,  
That with such change can calmly cope ?  
Or dread of death alone ?  
To die a prince—or live a slave—  
Thy choice is most ignobly brave !

He who of old would rend the oak,  
Dreamed not of the rebound ;  
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke—  
Alone—how looked he round ?  
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,  
An equal deed hast done at length,  
And darker fate hast found :  
He fell, the forest prowler's prey ;  
But thou must eat thy heart away !

The Roman, when his burning heart  
Was slaked with blood of Rome,  
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,  
In savage grandeur, home—  
He dared depart in utter scorn  
Of men that such a yoke had borne,  
Yet left him such a doom !  
His only glory was that hour  
Of self-upheld abandoned power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway  
Had lost its quickening spell,  
Cast crowns for rosaries away,  
An empire for a cell ;  
A strict accountant of his beads,  
A subtle disputant on creeds,  
His dotage trifled well :

Yet better had he neither known  
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand  
The thunderbolt is wrung—  
Too late thou leav'st the high command  
To which thy weakness clung ;  
All Evil Spirit as thou art,  
It is enough to grieve the heart  
To see thine own unstrung ;  
To think that God's fair world hath been  
The footstool of a thing so mean !

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,  
Who thus can hoard his own !  
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,  
And thanked him for a throne !  
Fair Freedom ! may we hold thee dear,  
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear  
In humblest guise have shown.  
Oh ! ne'er may tyrant leave behind  
A brighter name to lure mankind !

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
Nor written thus in vain—  
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
Or deepen every stain :  
If thou hadst died as honour dies,  
Some new Napoleon might arise,  
To shame the world again—  
But who would soar the solar height,  
To set in such a starless night ?

Weighed in the balance, hero dust  
Is vile as vulgar clay ;  
Thy scales, Mortality ! are just  
To all that pass away :  
But yet methought the living great  
Some higher sparks should animate,  
To dazzle and dismay ; [mirth  
Nor deemed Contempt could thus make  
Of these the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,  
Thy still imperial bride ;  
How bears her breast the torturing hour !  
Still clings she to thy side ?  
Must she, too, bend,—must she, too,  
share,  
Thy late repentance, long despair,  
Thou throneless Homicide ?  
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem ;  
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem !

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,  
 And gaze upon the sea;  
 That element may meet thy smile—  
 It ne'er was ruled by thee!  
 Or trace with thine all idle hand,  
 In loitering mood upon the sand,  
 That Earth is now as free!  
 That Corinth's pedagogue hath now  
 Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage—  
 What thoughts will there be thine,  
 While brooding in thy prisoned rage?  
 But one—"The world *was* mine!"  
 Unless, like he of Babylon,  
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,  
 Life will not long confine  
 That spirit poured so widely forth—  
 So long obeyed—so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,  
 Wilt thou withstand the shock?  
 And share with him, the unforgiven,  
 His vulture and his rock!  
 Foredoomed by God—by man accurst,  
 And that last act, though not thy worst,  
 The very Fiend's arch mock;  
 He in his fall preserved his pride,  
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day—there was an hour,  
 While earth was Gaul's—Gaul's thine—  
 When that immeasurable power  
 Unsated to resign,  
 Had been an act of purer fame,  
 Than gathers round Marengo's name,  
 And gilded thy decline,  
 Through the long twilight of all time,  
 Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou, forsooth, must be a king,  
 And don the purple vest,  
 As if that foolish robe could wring  
 Remembrance from thy breast.  
 Where is the faded garment? where  
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,  
 The star—the string—the crest?  
 Vain froward child of empire! say,  
 Are all thy playthings snatched away?

Where may the wearied eye repose,  
 When gazing on the Great;  
 Where neither guilty glory glows,  
 Nor despicable state?

Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—  
 The Cincinnatus of the West,  
 Whom envy dared not hate,  
 Bequeath the name of Washington,  
 To make man blush there was but one!

### NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

FAREWELL to the land, where the gloom  
 of my glory  
 Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with  
 her name—  
 She abandons me now—but the page of  
 her story,  
 The brightest or blackest, is filled with  
 my fame.  
 I have warred with a world which van-  
 quished me only  
 When the meteor of conquest allured  
 me too far;  
 I have coped with the nations which dread  
 me thus lonely,  
 The last single Captive to millions in  
 war.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy  
 diadem crowned me,  
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of  
 earth,—  
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave  
 as I found thee,  
 Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy  
 worth  
 Oh! for the veteran hearts that were  
 wasted  
 In strife with the storm, when their  
 battles were won—  
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that mo-  
 ment was blasted,  
 Had still soared with eyes fixed on  
 victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France!—but when  
 Liberty rallies  
 Once more in thy regions, remember  
 me then—  
 The violet still grows in the depths of thy  
 valleys;  
 Though withered, thy tears will unfold  
 it again—

Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that sur-  
round us,  
And yet may thy heart leap awake to  
my voice—  
There are links which must break in the  
chain that has bound us,  
Then turn thee and call on the Chief o  
thy choice !

### TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,  
And say, what Truth might well have  
said,

By all, save one, perchance forgot,  
Ah ! wherefore art thou lowly laid ?

By many a shore and many a sea  
Divided, yet beloved in vain !  
The past, the future fled to thee,  
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again !

Could this have been—a word, a look,  
That softly said, "We part in peace,"  
Had taught my bosom how to brook,  
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee  
Prepared a light and pangsless dart,  
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,  
Who held, and holds thee in his heart ?

Oh ! who like him had watched thee  
here ?

Or sadly marked thy glazing eye,  
In that dread hour ere death appear,  
When silent sorrow fears to sigh.

Till all was past ! But when no more  
'Twas thine to reckon of human woe,  
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,  
Had flowed as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day  
In these, to me, deserted towers,  
Ere called but for a time away,  
Affection's mingling tears were ours ?

Ours too the glance none saw beside ;  
The smile none else might understand ;  
The whispered thought of hearts allied,  
The pressure of the thrilling hand ;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined,  
That Love each warmer wish forbore ;  
Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,  
Even passion blushed to plead for more,

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,  
When prone, unlike thee, to repine ;  
The song, celestial from thy voice,  
But sweet to me from none but thine ;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,  
But where is thine ?—Ah ! where art  
thou ?

Oh have I born the weight of ill,  
But never bent beneath till now !

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom  
The cup of woe for me to drain.  
If rest alone be in the tomb,  
I would not wish thee here again ;

But if in worlds more blest than this  
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,  
Impart some portion of thy bliss,  
To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—too early taught by thee !  
To bear, forgiving and forgiven :  
On earth thy love was such to me,  
It fain would form my hope in heaven !

### ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE.

ONE struggle more, and I am free  
From pangs that rend my heart in  
twain ;

One last long sigh to love and thee,  
Then back to busy life again.  
It suits me well to mingle now  
With things that never pleased before :  
Though every joy is fled below,  
What future grief can touch me more !

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring !  
Man was not formed to live alone ;  
I'll be that light, unmeaning thing,  
That smiles with all, and weeps with  
none.

It was not thus in days more dear,  
It never would have been, but thou  
Hast fled, and left me lonely here ;  
Thou'rt nothing—all are nothing now

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe !  
 The smile that sorrow fain would wear  
 But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,  
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre.

Though gay companions o'er the bowl  
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;  
 Though pleasure fires the maddening  
 soul,

The heart—the heart is lonely still !

On many a lone and lovely night  
 It soothed to gaze upon the sky ;  
 For then I deemed the heavenly light  
 Shone sweetly on the pensive eye :  
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,  
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,  
 " Now Thyrsa gazes on the moon "—  
 Alas, it gleamed upon her grave !

When stretched on fever's sleepless bed,  
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing  
 veins,

" 'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,  
 " That Thyrsa cannot know my pains : "

Like freedom to the time-worn slave  
 A boon 'tis idle then to give,

Relenting Nature vainly gave  
 My life, when Thyrsa ceased to live !

My Thyrsa's pledge in better days,  
 When love and life alike were new !

How different now thou meet'st my gaze !  
 How tinged by time with sorrows hue !

The heart that gave itself with thee  
 Is silent—ah, were mine as still !  
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,  
 It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge ! thou mournful token !  
 Though painful, welcome to my breast !  
 Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,  
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt  
 pressed !

Time tempers love, but not removes,  
 More hallowed when its hope is fled :

Oh ! what are thousand living loves  
 To that which cannot quit the dead !

#### EUTHANASIA.

WHEN Time, or soon or late, shall bring  
 The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,  
 Oblivion ! may thy languid wing  
 Wave gently o'er my dying bed !

No band of friends or heirs be there,  
 To weep or wish the coming blow ;  
 No maiden with dishevelled hair,  
 To feel or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,  
 With no officious mourners near ;  
 I would not mar one hour of mirth,  
 Nor startle friendship with a tear

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour  
 Could nobly check its useless sighs  
 Might then exert its latest power  
 In her who lives and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche ! to the last  
 Thy features still serene to see :  
 Forgetful of its struggles past,  
 E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish—for Beauty still  
 Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing  
 breath ;  
 And woman's tears, produced at will,  
 Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,  
 Without regret, without a groan ;  
 For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,  
 And pain been transient or unknown.

" Ay, but to die, and go," alas !  
 Where all have gone, and all must go !  
 To be the nothing that I was  
 Ere born to life and living woe.

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,  
 Count o'er thy days from anguish free,  
 And know, whatever thou hast been,  
 'Tis something better not to be.

#### AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AS FAIR.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair,  
 As aught of mortal birth ;  
 And form so soft, and charms so rare,  
 Too soon returned to Earth !  
 Though Earth received them in her bed,  
 And o'er the spot the crowd may tread  
 In carelessness or mirth,  
 There is an eye which could not brook  
 A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou hest low,  
 Nor gaze upon the spot ;  
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,  
 So I behold them not :  
 It is enough for me to prove  
 That what I loved, and long must love,  
 Like common earth can rot ;  
 To me there needs no stone to tell,  
 'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last  
 As fervently as thou,  
 Who d.d.st not change through all the  
     past,  
 And canst not alter now.  
 The love where Death has set his seal,  
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
 Nor falsehood disavow :  
 And, what were worse, thou canst not see  
 Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours ;  
 The worst can be but mine :  
 The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,  
 Shall never more be thine.  
 The silence of that dreamless sleep  
 I envy now too much to weep,  
 Nor need I to repine  
 That all those charms have  
     away ;  
 I might have watched through long  
     decay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched  
 Must fall the earliest prey ,  
 Though by no hand untimely snatched,  
 The leaves must drop away :  
 And yet it were a greater grief  
 To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
 Than see it plucked to-day ;  
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
 To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne  
 To see thy beauties fade ;  
 The night that followed such a morn  
 Had worn a deeper shade :  
 Thy day without a cloud hath passed,  
 And thou wert lovely to the last :  
 Extinguished, not decayed ;  
 As stars that shoot along the sky  
 Shone brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,  
 My tears might well be sned,  
 To think I was not near to keep  
 One vigil o'er thy bed ;  
 To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,  
 To fold thee in a faint embrace,  
 Uphold thy drooping head ,  
 And show that love, however vain,  
 Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,  
 Though thou hast left me free,  
 The loveliest things that still remain,  
 Than thus remember thee !  
 The all of thine that cannot die  
 Through dark and dread Eternity  
 Returns again to me,  
 And more thy burned love endears  
 Than aught, except its living years.

#### IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN.

If sometimes in the haunts of men  
 Thine image from my breast may fade,  
 The lonely hour presents again  
 The semblance of thy gentle shade :  
 And now that sad and silent hour  
 Thus much of thee can still restore,  
 And sorrow unobserved may pour  
 The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile  
 I waste one thought I owe to thee,  
 And, self-condemned, appear to smile,  
 Unfaithful to thy memory !  
 Nor deem that memory less dear,  
 That then I seem not to repine ;  
 I would not fools should overhear  
 One sigh that should be wholly thine.

If not the goblet pass unquaffed,  
 It is not drained to banish care ;  
 The cup must hold a deadlier draught,  
 That brings a Lethe for despair.  
 And could Oblivion set my soul  
 From all her troubled visions free,  
 I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl  
 That drowned a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanished from my  
mind,

Where could my vacant bosom turn ?  
And who would then remain behind  
To honour thine abandoned Urn ?  
No, no—it is my sorrow's pride  
That last dear duty to fulfil ;  
Though all the world forget beside,  
'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had  
been

Thy gentle care for him, who now  
Unmourned shall quit this mortal scene,  
Where none regarded him, but thou :  
And, oh ! I feel in that was given  
A blessing never meant for me ;  
Thou wert too like a dream of  
heaven,  
For earthly Love to merit thee.

### TO GENEVRA.

Thy cheek is pale with thought, but not  
from woe ;

And yet so lovely, that if mirth could  
flush

Its rose of whiteness with the brightest  
blush,

My heart would wish away that ruder  
glow :

And dazzle not thy deep blue eyes—but,  
oh !

While gazing on them sterner eyes will  
gush,

And into mine my mother's weakness  
rush,

Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy  
bow.

For, through thy long dark lashes low  
depending,

The soul of melancholy gentleness

Gleams like a seraph from the sky de-  
scending,

Above all pain, yet pitying all dis-  
tress ;

At once such majesty with sweetness  
blending,

I worship more, but cannot love thee  
less.

### ELEGIAC STANZAS

#### ON THE

DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.

THERE is a tear for all that die,  
A mourner o'er the humblest grave ;  
But nations swell the funeral cry,  
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is sorrow's purest sigh  
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent :  
In vain their bones unburied lie,  
All earth becomes their monument !

A tomb is theirs on every page,  
An epitaph on every tongue :  
The present hours, the future age,  
For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth  
Grows hushed, their name the only  
sound ;  
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth  
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,  
Lamented by admiring foes,  
Who would not share their glorious lot ?  
Who would not die the death they  
chose ?

And, gallant Parker ! thus enshrined  
Thy life, thy fall, the fame shall be ;  
And early valour, glowing, find  
A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee  
In woe, that glory cannot quell ;  
And shuddering hear of victory,  
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less ?  
When cease to hear thy cherished name ?  
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,  
While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas ! for them, though not for thee,  
They cannot choose but weep the more  
Deep for the dead the grief must be,  
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

## SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

*H. Brew Melodies.*

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes, and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace,  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
How pure, how dear their dwelling  
place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

THE HARP THE MONARCH  
MINSTREL SWEPT.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,  
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,  
Which Music hallowed while she wept  
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,  
Redoubled be her tears, its crowds are  
given!

It softened men of iron mould,  
It gave them virtues not their own;  
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,  
That felt not, fired not to the tone,  
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his  
throne!

It told the triumphs of our King,  
It wafted glory to our God;  
It made our gladdened valleys ring,  
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;  
Its sound aspired to heaven and there  
abode! [more,

Since then, though heard on earth no  
Devotion and her daughter Love,  
Still bid the bursting spirit soar  
To sounds that seem as from above,  
In dreams that day's broad light can  
not remove.

## IF THAT HIGH WORLD

IF that high world, which lies beyond  
Our own, surviving Love endears;  
If there the cherished heart be fond,  
The eye the same, except in tears—  
How welcome those untrodden spheres.  
How sweet this very hour to die!  
To soar from earth and find all fears,  
Lost in thy light—Eternity!

It must be so: 'tis not for self  
That we so tremble on the brink,  
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,  
Yet cling to Being's severing link.  
Oh! in that future let us think  
To hold each heart the heart that shares,  
With them the immortal waters drink,  
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs

## ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels  
stray,  
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries  
pray,  
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—  
Yet there—even there—O God! Thy  
thunders sleep:

There—where Thy finger scorched the  
tablet stone!

There—where Thy shadow to Thy people  
shone!

Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire;  
Thyself—none living see and not expire!

Oh! in the lightning let Thy glance  
appear;

Sweep from his shivered hand the op-  
pressor's spear;

How long by tyrants shall thy land be  
trod!

How long Thy temple worshipless, oh  
God!

## JEPHITHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our Country, our God—oh, my  
sure!  
Demand that thy daughter expire;

Since thy triumph was bought by thy  
 vow—  
 Strike the bosom that's bared for thee  
 now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
 And the mountains behold me no more:  
 If the hand that I love lay me low,  
 There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my father! be sure—  
 That the blood of thy child is as pure  
 As the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
 And the last thought that soothes me  
 below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,  
 Be the judge and the hero unbent!  
 I have won the great battle for thee,  
 And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath  
 gushed,  
 When the voice that thou lovest is hushed,  
 Let my memory still be thy pride,  
 And forget not I smiled as I died!

#### OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,  
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;  
 But on thy turf shall roses rear  
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year;  
 And the wild cypress wave in tender  
 gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream  
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,  
 And feed deep thought with many a  
 dream,  
 And lingering pause and lightly tread;  
 Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed  
 the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,  
 That death nor heeds nor hears distress:  
 Will this unteach us to complain?  
 Or make one mourner weep the less?  
 And thou—who tell'st me to forget,  
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

#### MY SOUL IS DARK.

My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string  
 The harp I yet can brook to hear;  
 And let thy gentle fingers fling  
 Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.  
 If in this heart a hope be dear,  
 That sound shall charm it forth again;  
 If in these eyes there lurk a tear,  
 'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,  
 Nor let thy notes of joy be first:  
 I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,  
 Or else this heavy heart will burst;  
 For it hath been by sorrow nursed,  
 And ached in sleepless silence long;  
 And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,  
 And break at once—or yield to song.

#### I SAW THEE WEEP.

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear  
 Came o'er that eye of blue:  
 And then methought it did appear  
 A violet dropping dew:  
 I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze  
 Beside thee ceased to shine;  
 It could not match the living rays  
 That filled that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive  
 A deep and mellow dye,  
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve  
 Can banish from the sky,  
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind  
 Their own pure joy impart;  
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind  
 That lightens o'er the heart.

#### WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,  
 Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?  
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,  
 But leaves its darkened dust behind.  
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace  
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?  
 Or fill at once the realms of space,  
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?



Eternal, boundless, undecayed,  
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,  
 All, all in earth, or skies displayed,  
 Shall it survey, shall it recall :  
 Each fainter trace that memory holds  
 So darkly of departed years,  
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
 And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,  
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back  
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,  
 The spirit trace its rising track,  
 And where the future mars or makes,  
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,  
 While sun is quenched or system breaks,  
 Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,  
 It lives all passionless and pure :  
 An age shall fleet like earthly year ;  
 Its years as moments shall endure.  
 Away, away, without a wing,  
 O'er all, through all, its thought shall  
 fly ;  
 A nameless and eternal thing,  
 Forgetting what it was to die.

### SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

SUN of the sleepless ! melancholy star !  
 Whose tearful beam glows tremulously  
 far,  
 That show'st the darkness thou canst not  
 dispel,  
 How like art thou to joy remembered  
 well ! [days,  
 So gleams the past, the light of other  
 Which shines, but warms not with its  
 powerless rays ;  
 A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to be-  
 hold,  
 Distinct, but distant—clear—but oh, how  
 cold !

### THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf  
 on the fold,  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple  
 and gold ;

And the sheen of their spears was like  
 stars on the sea,  
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep  
 Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Sum-  
 mer is green,  
 That host with their banners at sunset  
 were seen :  
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn  
 hath blown,  
 That host on the morrow lay withered  
 and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings  
 on the blast,  
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he  
 ho  
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly  
 and chill,  
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for  
 ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostrils  
 all wide,  
 But through it there rolled not the breath  
 of his pride :  
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on  
 the turf,  
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating  
 surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and  
 pale,  
 With the dew on his brow and the rust  
 on his mail ;  
 And the tents were all silent, the banners  
 alone,  
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet un-  
 blown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in  
 their wail,  
 And the idols are broke in the temple of  
 Baal ;  
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote  
 by the sword,  
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of  
 the Lord !

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

*Miscellaneous Poems.*

THERE'S not a joy the world can give  
like that it takes away,  
When the glow of early thought declines  
in feeling's dull decay.  
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the  
blush alone, which fades so fast,  
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere  
youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above  
the wreck of happiness, [of excess :  
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean  
The magnet of their course is gone, or  
only points in vain

The shore to which their shivered sail  
shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like  
death itself comes down ;

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not  
dream its own ;

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the foun-  
tain of our tears,

And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis  
where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips,  
and mirth distract the breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no  
more their former hope of rest ;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined  
turret wreath,

All green and wildly fresh without, but  
worn and gray beneath.

Oh ! could I feel as I have felt, or be  
what I have been,

Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er  
many a vanished scene ;

As springs in deserts found seem sweet,  
all brackish though they be,

So midst the withered waste of life, those  
tears would flow to me.

FAREWELL ! IF EVER FONDEST  
PRAYER.

FAREWELL ! if ever fondest prayer  
For other's weal availed on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air,  
But waft thy name beyond the sky.

'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh :  
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,  
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,  
Are in that word—Farewell !—Fare-  
well !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry ;  
But in my breast and in my brain,  
Awake the pangs that pass not by,  
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.  
My soul nor dreads nor dares complain,  
Though grief and passion there rebel :  
I only know we loved in vain—  
I only feel—Farewell !—Farewell !

## WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted  
To sever for years,  
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss ;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
Sank chill on my brow—  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame ;  
I hear thy name spoken,  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear ;  
A shudder comes o'er me—  
Why wert thou so dear ?  
They know not I knew thee,  
Who knew thee too well :—  
Long, long shall I rue thee,  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—  
In silence I grieve,  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee ?—  
With silence and tears.

## FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well ! and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare thee well ;  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before  
thee,  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er can'st know again :

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,  
Every inmost thought could show !  
Then thou wouldst at last discover  
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend  
thee—  
Though it smile upon the blow,  
Even its praises must offend thee,  
Founded on another's woe :

Although my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found,  
Than the one which once embraced me,  
To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not :  
Love may sink by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench, believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away ;

Still thine own life retaineth—  
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat ;  
And the undying thought which paineth  
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead ;  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou would'st solace gather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
Wilt thou teach her to say " Father !"  
Though his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee,  
When her lip to thine is pressed,  
Think of him whose prayer shall bless  
thee,  
Think of him thy love had blessed !

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou never more mayst see,  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
All my madness none can know ;  
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
Whither, yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken,  
Pride, which not a world could bow,  
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,  
Even my soul forsakes me now :

But 'tis done—all words are idle—  
Words from me are vainer still ;  
But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well !—thus disunited,  
Torn from every nearer tie ;  
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
More than this I scarce can die.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA (LORD  
BYRON'S SISTER).

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,  
And the star of my fate hath declined,  
Thy soft heart refused to discover  
The faults which so many could find ;  
Though thy soul with my grief was  
acquainted,  
It shrunk not to share it with me,  
And the love which my spirit hath  
painted  
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
The last smile which answers to mine,  
I do not believe it beguiling,  
Because it reminds me of thine ;  
And when winds are at war with the  
ocean,  
As the breasts I believed in with me,  
If their billows excite an emotion,  
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is  
shivered,

And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
Though I feel that my soul is delivered  
To pain—it shall not be its slave.

There is many a pang to pursue me :  
They may crush, but they shall not  
contemn— [me—

They may torture, but shall not subdue  
'Tis of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive  
me,

Though woman, thou didst not forsake,  
Though loved, thou forbores to grieve  
me,

Though slandered, thou never couldst  
shake,—

Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim  
me,

Though parted, it was not to fly,  
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame  
me,

Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
Nor the war of the many with one—

If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
'Twas folly not sooner to shun :

And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
And more than I once could foresee,  
I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath  
perished,

Thus much I at least may recall,  
It hath taught me that what I most  
cherished

Deserved to be dearest of all :

In the desert a fountain is springing,  
In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

#### MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart !  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest !

Hear my vow before I go,  
*Ζών μου σάς αγαπῶ.*

By those tresses unconfined,  
Wooed by each Ægean wind ;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Ζών μου σάς αγαπῶ.*

By that lip I long to taste ;  
By that zone-encircled waist ;  
By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well ;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Ζών μου σάς αγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens ! I am gone :  
Think of me, sweet ! when alone.  
Though I fly to Istambol,  
Athens holds my heart and soul :  
Can I cease to love thee ? No !  
*Ζών μου σάς αγαπῶ.*

#### LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.

DEAR object of defeated care !  
Though now of love and thee bereft,  
To reconcile me with despair,  
Thine image and my tears are left.  
'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope ;  
But this I feel can ne'er be true ;  
For by the death-blow of my Hope  
My Memory immortal grew.

#### BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !  
No lovelier spirit than thine  
E'er burst from its mortal control,  
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,  
As thy soul shall immortally be ;  
And our sorrow may cease to repine,  
When we know that thy God is with  
thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb !  
 May its verdure like emeralds be :  
 There should not be the shadow of gloom  
 In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree  
 May spring from the spot of thy rest :  
 But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;  
 For why should we mourn for the  
 blest ?

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. 1792—1822.]

### IANTHE SLEEPING.

*Queen Mab.*

How wonderful is Death,  
 Death and his brother, Sleep !  
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,  
 With lips of lurid blue ;  
 The other, rosy as the morn  
 When throned on ocean's wave,  
 It blushes o'er the world :  
 Yet both so passing wonderful !  
 Hath then the gloomy Power  
 Whose reign is in the taunted sepul-  
 chres  
 Seized on her sinless soul ;  
 Must then that peerless form  
 Which love and admiration cannot view  
 Without a beating heart, those azure  
 veins  
 Which steal like streams along a field of  
 snow,  
 That lovely outline, which is fair  
 As breathing marble, perish ?  
 Must putrefaction's breath  
 Leave nothing of this heavenly sight  
 But loathsomeness and ruin ?  
 Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,  
 On which the lightest heart might mo-  
 ralize ?  
 Or is it only a sweet slumber  
 Stealing o'er sensation,  
 Which the breath of roseate morning  
 Chaseth into darkness ?  
 Will Ianthé wake again,  
 And give that faithful bosom joy  
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch  
 Light, life, and rapture, from her  
 smile ?

### THE FAIRY AND IANTHE'S SOUL.

STARS ! your balmy influence  
 shed !  
 Elements ! your wrath suspend !  
 Sleep, Ocean, in the rocky bounds  
 That circle thy domain !  
 Let not a breath be seen to stir  
 Around yon grass-grown ruin's height,  
 Let even the restless gossamer  
 Sleep on the moveless air !  
 Soul of Ianthé ! thou,  
 Judged alone worthy of the envied  
 boon  
 That waits the good and the sincere ;  
 that waits  
 Those who have struggled, and with re-  
 solute will  
 Vanquished earth's pride and meanness,  
 burst the chains,  
 The icy chains of custom, and have  
 shone  
 The day-stars of their age ;—Soul o'  
 Ianthé !  
 Awake ! arise !

Sudden arose  
 Ianthé's Soul ; it stood  
 All beautiful in naked purity,  
 The perfect semblance of its bodily  
 frame.  
 Instinct with inexpressible beauty and  
 grace,  
 Each stain of earthliness  
 Had passed away, it reassumed  
 Its native dignity, and stood  
 Immortal amid ruin.

Upon the couch the body lay,  
 Wrapt in the depth of slumber :  
 Its features were fixed and meaningless,  
 Yet animal life was there,  
 And every organ yet performed  
 Its natural functions ; 'twas a sight  
 Of wonder to behold the body and  
 soul.  
 The self-same lineaments, the same  
 Marks of identity were there ;  
 Yet, oh how different ! One aspires to  
 heaven,  
 Pants for its sempiternal heritage,

And ever-changing, ever-rising still,  
 Wantons in endless being.  
 The other, for a time the unwilling  
 sport  
 Of circumstance and passion, struggles  
 on ;  
 Fleets through its sad duration rapidly ;  
 Then like a useless and worn-out ma-  
 chine,  
 Rots, perishes, and passes.

Nor is heard one voice of wail  
 But the sea-mews, as they sail  
 O'er the billows of the gale ;  
 Or the whirlwind up and down  
 Howling like a slaughtered town.  
 When a king in glory rides  
 Through the pomp of fratricides.  
 Those unburied bones around  
 There is many a mournful sound ;  
 There is no lament for him,  
 Like a sunless vapour, dim,  
 Who once clothed with life and thought  
 What now moves nor murmurs not.

## INVOCATION TO NATURE.

EARTH, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood !  
 If our great mother have imbued my soul  
 With aught of natural piety to feel  
 Your love, and recompense the boon  
 with mine ;  
 If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and  
 even,  
 With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,  
 And solemn midnight's tingling silent-  
 ness ;  
 If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere  
 wood,  
 And winter robing with pure snow and  
 crowns  
 Of starry ice the grey grass and bare  
 boughs ;  
 If spring's voluptuous pantings when she  
 breathes  
 Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to  
 me ;  
 If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast  
 I consciously have injured, but still loved  
 And cherished these my kindred ; then  
 forgive  
 This boast, beloved brethren, and with  
 draw  
 No portion of your wonted favour now !

## A SOLITARY GRAVE.

ON the beach of a northern sea  
 Which tempests shake eternally,  
 As once the wretch there lay to sleep,  
 Lies a solitary heap ;  
 One white skull and seven dry bones,  
 On the margin of the stones,  
 Where a few grey rushes stand,  
 Boundaries of the sea and land :

## ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

## I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of  
 Autumn's being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the  
 leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter  
 fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic  
 red,  
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,  
 Who chanostest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold  
 and low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall  
 blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and  
 fill  
 (Driving sweet birds like flocks to feed in  
 With living hues and odours plain and  
 hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving every-  
 where ;  
 Destroyer and preserver ; hear, oh hear !

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep  
 sky's commotion,  
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves  
 are shed,  
 Shook from the tangled boughs of  
 Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are  
spread

On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the  
head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the  
dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm.  
Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing  
night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst:  
Oh hear!

### III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer  
dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline  
streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and  
flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!  
Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level  
powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far  
below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods  
which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with  
fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves:  
Oh hear!

### IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and  
share

The impulse of thy strength, only less  
free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over  
heaven, [speed  
As then, when to outstrip the skiey  
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er  
have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore  
need.

Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and  
bowed

One too like thee: tameless, and swift,  
and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its  
own!

The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal  
tone,

Sweet though in sadness. Be thou,  
spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the uni-  
verse [birth;

Like withered leaves to quicken a new  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among  
mankind!

Be through my lips to unawakened eart

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far  
behind?

## TO THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

A SENSITIVE PLANT in a garden grew,  
 And the young winds fed it with silver  
 dew,  
 And it opened its fan-like leaves to the  
 light,  
 And closed them beneath the kisses of  
 night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,  
 And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere;  
 And each flower and herb on Earth's  
 dark breast  
 Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with  
 bliss  
 In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,  
 Like a doe in the noontide with love's  
 sweet want,  
 As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,  
 Arose from the ground with warm rain  
 wet,  
 And their breath was mixed with fresh  
 odour, sent  
 From the turf, like the voice and the  
 instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip  
 tall,  
 And narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
 Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's  
 recess,  
 Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the naiad-like lily of the vale,  
 Whom youth makes so fair and passion  
 so pale,  
 That the light of its tremulous bells is  
 seen  
 Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and  
 blue,  
 Which flung from its bells sweet peal  
 anew  
 Of music so delicate, soft and intense,  
 It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath  
 address,  
 Which unveiled the depth of her glowing  
 breast,  
 Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
 The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,  
 As a Maenad, its moonlight-coloured cup,  
 Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
 Gazed through the clear dew on the  
 tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet  
 tuberose,  
 The sweetest flower for scent that blows;  
 And all rare blossoms from every clime  
 Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant  
 bosom  
 Was pranked, under boughs of embowering  
 blossom,  
 With golden and green light, slanting  
 through  
 Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,  
 And starry river-buds glimmered by,  
 And around them the soft stream did  
 glide and dance  
 With a motion of sweet sound and  
 radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of  
 moss,  
 Which led through the garden along and  
 across,  
 Some open at once to the sun and the  
 breeze,  
 Some lost among bowers of blossoming  
 trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate  
 bells,  
 As fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
 And flowerets which drooping as day  
 drooped too,  
 Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and  
 blue,  
 To roof the glow-worm from the evening  
 dew.



And from this undefiled Paradise  
The flowers (as 'an infant's awakening  
eyes  
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet  
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it)

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,  
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,  
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one  
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun

For each one was interpenetrated  
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,  
Like young lovers whom youth and love  
make dear,  
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give  
small fruit  
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to  
the root,  
Received more than all, it loved more  
than ever,  
Where none wanted but it, could belong  
to the giver—

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright  
flower ;  
Radiance and odour are not its dower ;  
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is  
full,  
It desires what it has not, the beautiful !

The light winds, which from unsustaining  
wings  
Shed the music of many murmurings ;  
The beams which dart from many a star  
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;

The plumed insects, swift and free,  
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,  
Laden with light and odour, which pass  
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie  
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides  
high, [spheres,  
Then wander like spirits among the  
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it  
bears ;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide  
Which, like a sea, o'er the warm earth  
glide,  
In which every sound, and odour, and  
beam,  
Move, as reeds in a single stream ;

Each and all like ministering angels were  
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,  
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went  
by  
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven  
above,  
And the earth was all rest, and the air  
was all love,  
And delight, though less bright, was far  
more deep,  
And the day's veil fell from the world of  
sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the  
insects were drowned  
In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;  
Whose waves never mark, though they  
ever impress  
The light sand which paves it, consciousness ;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale  
Ever sang more sweet as the day might  
fail.  
And snatches of its elysian chant  
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest  
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest ;  
A sweet child weary of its delight,  
The feeblest, and yet the favourite,  
Cradled within the embrace of night,

### LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion ;  
Nothing in the world is single ;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle—  
Why not I with thine ?



And fed with true love tears instead of  
dew ;  
Most musical of mourners, weep  
anew !  
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and  
the last,  
The bloom, whose petals nipt before  
they blew,  
Died on the promise of the fruit, is  
waste ;  
The broken lily lies—the storm is over

# LINES TO A CRITIC.

HONEY from silkworms who can gather,  
Or silk from the yellow-bee ?  
The grass may grow in winter weather  
As soon as hate in me.

\* \* \* \* \*

A passion like the one I prove  
Cannot divided be ;  
I hate thy want of truth and love—  
How should I then hate thee ?

## TIME.

UNFATHOMABLE SEA ! whose waves are  
years,  
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep  
woe  
Are brackish with the salt of human  
tears !  
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb  
and flow  
Claspest the limits of mortality !  
And sick of prey, yet howling on for  
more,  
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable  
shore ;  
Treachorous in calm, and terrible in storm,  
Who shall put forth on thee,  
Unfathomable Sea ?

## A LAMENT.

O WORLD ! O life ! O time !  
On whose last steps I climb,  
Trembling at that where I had stood  
before ;  
When will return the glory of your  
prime ?  
No more—oh, never more !

Out of the day and night  
A joy has taken flight :  
Fresh spring, and summer, and win-  
ter hoar,  
Move my faint heart with grief, but  
with delight  
No more—oh, never more !

## ANARCHY SLAIN BY TRUE LIBERTY.

### *The Masque of Anarchy*

LAST came Anarchy ; he rode  
On a white horse splashed with blood ;  
He was pale even to the lips,  
Like death in the Apocalypse.

And he wore a kingly crown ;  
In his hand a sceptre shone ;  
On his brow this mark I saw—  
“ I am God, and King, and Law ! ”

With a pace stately and fast,  
Over English land he past,  
Trampling to a mire of blood  
The adoring multitude.

And a mighty troop around,  
With their trampling shook the ground,  
Waving each a bloody sword,  
For the service of their Lord.

And with glorious triumph, they  
Rode through England, proud and gay,  
Drunk as with intoxication  
Of the wine of desolation.

O'er fields and towns, from sea to sea,  
Passed the pageant swift and free,  
Tearing up and trampling down,  
Till they came to London town.

And each dweller, panic-stricken,  
Felt his heart with terror sicken,  
Hearing the tremendous cry  
Of the triumph of Anarchy.

For with pomp to meet him came,  
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,

The hired murderers who did sing,  
'Thou art God, and Law, and King.

"We have waited, weak and lone,  
For thy coming, Mighty One!  
Our purses are empty, our swords are  
cold,  
Give us glory, and blood, and gold."

Lawyers and priests, a motley crowd,  
To the earth their pale brows bowed,  
Like a bad prayer not over loud,  
Whispering—"Thou art Law and God."

Then all cried with one accord,  
"Thou art King, and Law, and Lord;  
Anarchy to thee we bow,  
Be thy name made holy now!"

And Anarchy, the skeleton,  
Bowed and grinned to every one,  
As well as if his education  
Had cost ten millions to the nation.

For he knew the palaces  
Of our kings were nightly his;  
His the sceptre, crown, and globe,  
And the gold-inwoven robe.

So he sent his slaves before  
To seize upon the Bank and Tower,  
And was proceeding with intent  
To meet his pensioned parliament,

When one fled past, a maniac maid,  
And her name was Hope, she said:  
But she looked more like Despair;  
And she cried out in the air:

"My father, Time, is weak and grey  
With waiting for a better day;  
See how idiot like he stands,  
Trembling with his palsied hands!

"He has had child after child,  
And the dust of death is piled  
Over every one but me—  
Misery! oh, misery!"

Then she lay down in the street,  
Right before the horses' feet,  
Expecting, with a patient eye,  
Murder, Fraud, and Anarchy.

When between her and her foes  
A mist, a light, an image rose,  
Small at first, and weak and frail  
Like the vapour of the vale:

Till as clouds grow on the blast,  
Like tower-crowned giants striding fast,  
And glare with lightnings as they fly,  
And speak in thunder to the sky,

It grew—a shape arrayed in mail  
Brighter than the viper's scale,  
And upborne on wings whose grain  
Was like the light of sunny rain.

On its helm, seen far away,  
A planet, like the morning's, lay;  
And those plumes it light rained through,  
Like a shower of crimson dew.

With step as soft as wind it passed  
O'er the heads of men—so fast  
That they knew the presence there,  
And looked—and all was empty air.

As flowers beneath May's footsteps waken,  
As stars from night's loose hair are  
shaken,  
As waves arise when loud winds call,  
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did  
fall.

And the prostrate multitude  
Looked—and ankle-deep in blood,  
Hope, that maiden most serene,  
Was walking with a quiet mien:

And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,  
Lay dead earth upon the earth;  
The Horse of Death, tameless as wind,  
Fled, and with his hoofs did grind  
To dust the murderers thronged behind.

### THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting  
flowers,  
From the sea and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when  
laid  
In their noon-day dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that  
waken

The sweet birds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's  
breast

As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast ;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skiey  
bowers,

Lightning my pilot sits,  
In a cavern under is fettered the thun'd'er,  
It struggles and howls at fits ;

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that  
move

In the depths of the purple sea ;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the  
hills,

Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or  
stream,

The Spirit he loves remains ;  
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue  
smile,

Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor  
eyes,

And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,

When the morning star shines dead.

As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit

In the light of its golden wings.  
And when sunset may breathe, from the  
lit sea beneath,

Its ardours of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall

From the depth of heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy  
nest,

As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like  
floor,

By the midnight breezes strewn ;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen  
feet,

Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's  
thin roof,

The stars peep behind her and peer ;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built  
tent,

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me  
on high,

Are each paved with the moon and  
these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning  
zone,

And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel  
and swim,

When the whirlwinds my banner un-  
furl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like  
shape,

Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I  
march

With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained  
to my chair,

Is the million-coloured bow ;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colours  
wove,

While the moist earth was laughing  
below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky ;

I pass through the pores of the ocean and  
shores ;

I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain when with never a  
stain  
The pavilion of heaven is bare,

And the winds and sunbeams with their  
 convex gleams,  
 Build up the blue dome of air,  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
 And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost  
 from the tomb,  
 I arise and unbuild it again.

## TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated air.

Higher still and higher,  
 From the earth thou springest,  
 Like a cloud of fire;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring  
 ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
 Of the sunken sun,  
 O'er which clouds are brightening,  
 Thou dost float and run;  
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just  
 begun.

The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight;  
 Like a star of heaven,  
 In the broad day-light  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill  
 delight.

Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear,  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is  
 there.

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 'The moon rains out her beams, and  
 heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;  
 What is most like thee?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see,  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of  
 melody.

Like a poet hidden,  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it  
 heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden  
 In a palace tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour  
 With music sweet as love, which over-  
 flows her bower:

Like a glow worm golden  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unbidden  
 Its aerial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass which screen  
 it from the view:

Like a rose embowered  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflowered,  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet these  
 heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awakened flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music  
 doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine;  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so  
 divine.

Chorus hymeneal,  
 Or triumphal chaunt,  
 Matched with thine would be all

But an empty vaunt,—  
A thing wherein we feel there is some  
hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? What  
ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be:  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee;  
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad  
satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a  
crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not:  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught:  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of  
saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever could  
come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delight and sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of  
the ground.

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am  
listening now.

## I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

I ARISE from dreams of thee,  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright;  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me—who knows how?  
To thy chamber-window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream,—  
The champetre odours fail,  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.  
The nightingale's complaint  
It dies upon her heart,  
As I must die on thine,  
O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!  
I die, I faint, I fail.  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
My heart beats loud and fast.  
Oh! press it close to thine again,  
Where it will break at last.

[SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. 1772—1832.]

## DEAD CALM IN THE TROPICS.

*The Ancient Mariner,*

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam flew  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt  
down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink ;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !  
That ever this should be !  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

#### THE ANCIENT MARINER AMONG THE DEAD BODIES OF THE SAILORS.

ALONE, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea !  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful !  
And they all dead did lie :  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on ; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away ;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my eyes and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat ;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and  
the sky,  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reck did they :  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high ;  
But oh ! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that  
curse,  
And yet I could not die.

#### THE ANCIENT MARINER FINDS A VOICE TO BLESS AND PRAY.

BEYOND the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes :  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire :  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam ; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare :  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware :  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray ;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

#### THE BREEZE AFTER THE CALM

Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole !  
To Mary Queen the praise be given !  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with dew  
And when I woke, it rained.



My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:  
I was so light—almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
To and fro they were hurried about!  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain poured down from one black  
cloud;  
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The Moon was at its side:  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

### THE BEST PRAYER.

HE prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

### CHRISTABEL AND THE LADY GERALDINE.

*Christabel.*

THE night is chill, the cloud is gray:  
'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the Spring comes slowly up this  
way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,  
Whom her father loves so well,  
What makes her in the wood so late,  
A furlong from the castle gate?  
She had dreams all yesternight  
Of her own betrothed knight;  
And she in the midnight wood will pray  
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,  
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,  
And naught was green upon the oak,  
But moss and rarest misletoe:  
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,  
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel!  
It moaned as near, as near can be,  
But what it is, she cannot tell.—  
On the other side it seems to be,  
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak  
tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;  
Is it in the wind that moaneth bleak?  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek—  
There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the  
sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!  
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!  
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak.  
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Drest in a silken robe of white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:  
The neck that made that white robe wan,  
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;  
Her blue-veined feet unsandaled were,  
And wildly glittered here and there  
The gems entangled in her hair.  
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she—  
Beautiful exceedingly!

"Mary mother, save me now!"  
(Said Christabel,) "And who art thou?"

The lady strange made answer meet,  
And her voice was faint and sweet :—  
"Have pity on my sore distress,  
I scarce can speak for weariness."  
"Stretch forth thy hand, and have no  
fear!"

Said Christabel, "How camest thou here?"  
And the lady, whose voice was faint and  
sweet,  
Did thus pursue her answer meet :—

"My sire is of a noble line,  
And my name is Geraldine :  
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,  
Me, even me, a maid forlorn :  
They choked my cries with force and fright,  
And tied me on a palfrey white.  
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,  
And they rode furiously behind.  
They spurred amain, their steeds were  
white :

And once we crossed the shade of night.  
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,  
I have no thought what men they be ;  
Nor do I know how long it is  
(For I have lain entranced, I wis)  
Since one, the tallest of the five,  
Took me from the palfrey's back,  
A weary woman, scarce alive.  
Some muttered words his comrade spoke :  
He placed me underneath this oak ;  
He swore they would return with haste ;  
Whither they went I cannot tell—  
I thought I heard, some minutes past,  
Sounds as of a castle bell.  
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she)  
And help a wretched maid to flee."

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand  
And comforted fair Geraldine :  
"O well, bright dame! may you command  
The service of Sir Leoline ;  
And gladly our stout chivalry  
Will he send forth and friends withal  
To guide and guard you safe and free  
Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose : and forth with steps they  
That strove to be, and were not, fast.

Her gracious stars the lady blest.  
And thus spake on sweet Christabel :  
"All our household are at rest,  
The hall as silent as the cell ;  
Sir Leoline is weak in health,  
And may not well awakened be,  
But we will move as if in stealth,  
And I beseech your courtesy,  
This night, to share your couch with me."

They crossed the moat, and Christabel  
Took the key that fitted well ;  
A little door she opened straight,  
All in the middle of the gate ;  
The gate that was ironed within and  
without,  
Where an army in battle array had  
marched out.  
The lady sank, belike through pain,  
And Christabel with might and main  
Lifted her up, a weary weight,  
Over the threshold of the gate :  
Then the lady rose again,  
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court : right glad they  
were.  
And Christabel devoutly cried  
To the Lady by her side ;  
"Praise we the Virgin all divine  
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!"  
"Alas, alas!" said Geraldine,  
"I cannot speak for weariness."  
So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court : right glad they  
were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old  
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.  
The mastiff old did not awake.  
Yet she an angry moan did make !  
And what can ail the mastiff bitch ?  
Never till now she uttered yell  
Beneath the eye of Christabel.  
Perhaps it is the owl's scritch :—  
Or what can ail the mastiff bitch ?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,  
Pass as lightly as they will !  
The brands were flat, the brands were  
dying,  
Amid their own white ashes lying ;  
Q 2

But when the lady passed, there came  
 A tongue of light, a fit of flame ;  
 And Christabel saw the lady's eye,  
 And nothing else saw she thereby,  
 Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline  
 tall,  
 Which hung in a murky old niche in the  
 wall.  
 "O softly tread," said Christabel,  
 "My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,  
 And, jealous of the listening air,  
 They steal their way from stair to stair,  
 Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,  
 And now they pass the Baron's room,  
 As still as death with stifled breath !  
 And now have reached her chamber door ;  
 And now doth Geraldine press down  
 The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,  
 And not a moonbeam enters here,  
 But they without its light can see  
 The chamber carved so curiously,  
 Carved with figures strange and sweet,  
 All made out of the carver's brain,  
 For a lady's chamber meet :  
 The lamp with twofold silver chain  
 Is fastened to an angel's feet.  
 The silver lamp burns dead and dim ;  
 But Christabel the lamp will trim.  
 She trimmed the lamp, and made it  
 bright,  
 And left it swinging to and fro,  
 While Geraldine, in wretched plight,  
 Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady Geraldine,  
 I pray you, drink this cordial wine !  
 It is a wine of virtuous powers ;  
 My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,  
 Who am a maiden most forlorn ?"  
 Christabel answered—"Woe is me !  
 She died the hour that I was born.  
 I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,  
 How on her death-bed she did say,  
 That she should hear the castle-bell  
 strike twelve upon my wedding-day.

O mother dear ! that thou wert here !"  
 "I would," said Geraldine, "she were !"  
 But soon with altered voice, said she—  
 "Off, wandering mother ! Peak and  
 pine !  
 I have power to bid thee flee."  
 Alas ! what ails poor Geraldine ?  
 Why stares she with unsettled eye ?  
 Can she the bodiless dead espy ?  
 And why with hollow voice cries she,  
 "Off, woman, off ! this hour is mine—  
 Though thou her guardian spirit be,  
 Off, woman, off ! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's  
 side,  
 And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—  
 "Alas !" said she, "this ghastly ride—  
 Dear lady ! it hath wildered you !"  
 The lady wiped her moist cold brow,  
 And faintly said, "'tis over now !"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank  
 Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,  
 And from the floor whereon she sank,  
 The lofty lady stood upright ;  
 She was most beautiful to see,  
 Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—  
 All they, who live in the upper sky,  
 Do love you, holy Christabel !  
 And you love them, and for their sake  
 And for the good which me befell,  
 Even I in my degree will try,  
 Fair maiden, to requite you well.  
 But now unrobe yourself ; for I  
 Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "so let it be !"  
 And as the lady bade, did she.  
 Her gentle limbs did she undress,  
 And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and  
 woe  
 So many thoughts moved to and fro,  
 That vain it were her lids to close ;  
 So half-way from the bed she rose  
 And on her elbow did recline  
 To look at the lady Geraldine.

## SEVERED FRIENDSHIP.

*Christabel.*

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;  
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;  
 And constancy lives in realms above ;  
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;  
 And to be wroth with one we love,  
 Doth work like madness in the brain.  
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
 Each spake words of high disdain  
 And insult to his heart's best brother :  
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
 But never either found another  
 To free the hollow heart from paining—  
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
 A dreary sea now flows between ;—  
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
 The marks of that which once hath been.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—  
 Both were mine ! Life went a-maying  
     With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
     When I was young !  
 When I was young ?—Ah, woful when !  
 Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and  
     Then !  
 This breathing house not built with  
     hands,  
 This body that does me grievous wrong,  
 O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,  
 How lightly then it flashed along :—  
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
 That fear no spite of wind or tide.  
 Nought cared this body for wind or  
     weather,  
 When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely ; love is flower-like ;  
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;  
 O ! the joys that came down shower-like  
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
     Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah woful ere,  
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !  
 O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,  
 'Tis known that thou and I were one ;  
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
 It cannot be that thou art gone !  
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled :  
 And thou wert aye a masker bold !  
 What strange disguise hast now put on,  
 To make believe that thou art gone ?  
 I see these locks in silvery slips,  
 This drooping gait, this altered size :  
 But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,  
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !  
 Life is but thought : so think I will  
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,  
 But the tears of mournful eve !  
 Where no hope is, life's a warning  
 That only serves to make us grieve,  
     When we are old :  
 That only serves to make us grieve  
 With oft and tedious taking leave,  
 Like some poor nigh-related guest,  
 That may not rudely be dismissed,  
 Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,  
 And tells the jest without the smile.

HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN  
THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning  
     star  
 In his steep course ? So long he seems to  
     pause  
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !  
 The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base  
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful  
     Form !  
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
 How silently ! Around thee and above  
 Deep is the air, and dark, substantial,  
     black,  
 An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it  
 As with a wedge ! But when I look  
     again,  
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal  
     shrine,  
 Thy habitation from eternity !  
 O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed upon  
     thee,

Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer  
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.  
 Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,  
 Thou, the meanwhile, wert blending with my thought,  
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,  
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,  
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven !  
 Awake my soul ! not only passive praise  
 Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,  
 Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy ! Awake,  
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !  
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.  
 Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale !  
 Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,  
 And visited all night by troops of stars,  
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink :  
 Companion of the morning star at dawn,  
 Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
 Co-herald : wake, oh wake, and utter praise !  
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?  
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?  
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?  
 And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !  
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
 For ever shattered and the same for ever ?  
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,

Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?  
 And who commanded (and the silence came),  
 Here let the billows stiffen and have rest ?  
 Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !  
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven  
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers  
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?—  
 God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !  
 God ! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice !  
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !  
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God ! [frost !  
 Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal  
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !  
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm !  
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !  
 Ye signs and wonders of the element !  
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !  
 Thou, too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,  
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—

Thou too again, stupendous Mountain !  
 thou [low

That as I raise my head, awhile bowed  
 In adoration, upward from thy base  
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused  
 with tears,

Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud  
 To rise before me—Rise, oh, ever rise,  
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the  
 Earth ! [hills,

Thou kingly Spirit throned among the  
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to  
 Heaven

Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,  
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises  
 God.

#### DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground  
 May Domestic Peace be found ?  
 Halcyon Daughter of the skies,  
 Far on fearful wings she flies,  
 From the pomp of sceptred state,  
 From the rebel's noisy hate.  
 In a cottaged vale she dwells,  
 Listening to the Sabbath bells !  
 Still around her steps are seen  
 Spotless Honour's meeker mien,  
 Love, the sire of pleasing fears,  
 Sorrow smiling through her tears,  
 And, conscious of the past employ  
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

#### GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my love, sweet Genevieve !  
 In beauty's light you glide along :  
 Your eye is like the star of eve,  
 And sweet your voice as seraph's song.  
 Yet not your heavenly beauty gives  
 This heart with passion soft to glow :  
 Within your soul a voice there lives !  
 It bids you hear the tale of woe :  
 When sinking low, the sufferer wan  
 Beholds no hand outstretched to save,  
 Fair as the bosom of the swan  
 That rises graceful o'er the wave,  
 I've seen your breast with pity heave,  
 And therefore love I you, sweet Gene-  
 vieve !

#### THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

OFt, oft methinks, the while with thee  
 I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear  
 And dedicated name, I hear  
 A promise and a mystery,  
 A pledge of more than passing life,  
 Yea, in that very name of wife !

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep !  
 A feeling that upbraids the heart  
 With happiness beyond desert,  
 That gladness half requests to weep !  
 Nor bless I not the keener sense  
 And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys that ask no sting  
 From jealous fears, or coy denying ;  
 But born beneath love's brooding wing  
 And into tenderness soon dying,  
 Wheel out their giddy moment, then  
 Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein  
 Of notes, that eddy in the flow  
 Of smoothest song, they come, they go  
 And leave their sweeter under-strain  
 Its own sweet self—a love of thee  
 That seems, yet cannot greater be !

#### A DAY DREAM.

My eyes make pictures when they're  
 shut :—  
 I see a fountain large and fair,  
 A willow and a ruined hut,  
 And thee, and me, and Mary there.  
 O Mary ! make thy gentle lap our pillow !  
 Bend o'er us like a bower, my beautiful  
 green willow !

A wild rose roofs the ruined shed,  
 And that and summer will agree ;  
 And lo ! where Mary leans her head  
 Two dear names carved upon the tree  
 And Mary's tears, they are not tears of  
 sorrow :  
 Our sister and our friends will both be  
 here to-morrow.

'Twas day ! But now, few, large, and  
bright,

The stars are round the crescent moon !  
And now it is a dark, warm night,  
The balmiest of the month of June.  
A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge  
remounting  
Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars  
for our sweet fountain !

Oh, ever, ever be thou blest !

For dearly, Nora, love I thee !  
This brooding warmth across my breast,  
This depth of tranquil bliss—ah, me !  
Fount, tree, and shed are gone—I know  
not whither ;  
But in one quiet room, we three are still  
together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,  
By the still-dancing fire-flames made ;  
And now they slumber, moveless all !

And now they melt to one deep shade !  
But not from me shall this mild darkness  
steal thee :

I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my  
heart I feel thee.

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play ;

'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow !

But let me check this tender lay,  
Which none may hear but she and  
thou !

Like the still hive at quiet midnight  
humming,

Murmur it to yourselves, ye twc beloved  
women !

## KUBLA KHAN ; OR, A VISION IN A DREAM.

### A FRAGMENT.

In the summer of the year 1797, the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in "Purchas's Pilgrimage":—"Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto: and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed

with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas ! without the after restoration of the latter.

Then all the charm  
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair  
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,  
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,  
Poor youth ! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine  
eyes—

The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon  
The visions will return ! And lo ! he stays,  
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms  
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more  
The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet, from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. *Αὐτίς ἄδιον ἄρα* : but the to-morrow is yet to come.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree :  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled  
round :

And there were gardens bright with  
sinuous rills

Where blossomed many an incense-bearing  
tree ;

And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which  
slanted

Down the green hill athwart a cedarn  
cover !

A savage place ! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was  
haunted

By woman wailing for her demon-lover !  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless  
turmoil seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were  
breathing,

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced ;  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding  
balls,

Or chafy grain beneath the thresher's  
flail :

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and  
ever

It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy  
motion

Through wood and dale the sacred river  
ran,

Then reached the caverns measureless to  
man,

And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from  
far

Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of plea-  
sure

Floated midway on the waves ;  
Where was heard the mingled  
measure

From the fountain and the caves,  
It was a miracle of rare device,

A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of  
ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw :

It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,

To such a deep delight 'twould win  
me,

That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,

That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !  
And all who heard should see them  
there,

And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !

Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

[SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746—1794.]

## THE IDEAL OF A STATE.

WHAT constitutes a state ?

Not high-raised battlement or laboured  
mound,

Thick wall, or moated gate ;  
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets  
crowned ;

Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies  
ride ;

Not starred and spangled courts,  
Where low-born baseness wafts perfume  
to pride :

No—men, high-minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes en-  
dued,

In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles  
rude ;

Men, who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and, knowing,  
dare maintain ;

Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the  
chain ;

These constitute a state ;  
And sovereign Law, that with collected  
will

O'er thrones and globes elate,  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing  
ill.

Smit by her sacred frown  
The fiend Dissension like a vapour sinks,  
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown

Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding  
shrinks.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL. 1777—1844.]

## HOPE.

PRIMEVAL Hope, the Aonian Muses say,  
When Man and Nature mourned their  
first decay,



When every form of Death and every woe  
Shot from malignant stars to Earth below,  
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant  
War

Yoked the red dragons of her iron car,  
When Peace and Mercy, banished from  
the plain,  
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven

All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind.  
But, Hope, the charmer, lingered still  
behind.

### THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF HOPE.

ETERNAL Hope! when yonder spheres  
sublime  
Pealed their first notes to sound the march  
of time,  
Their joyous youth began—but not to  
fade.—  
When all the sister planets have decayed;  
When rapt in fire the realms of ether  
glow,  
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the  
world below;  
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins  
smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral  
pile!

### THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
The sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume  
Its immortality!  
I saw a vision in my sleep  
That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulf of Time!  
I saw the last of human mould,  
That shall creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The earth with age was wan,  
The skeletons of nations were  
Around that lonely man!  
Some had expired in fight,—the brands  
Still rusted in their bony hands;

In plague and famine some!  
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;  
And ships were drifting with the dead  
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sere leaves from the wood  
As if a storm passed by— [sun,  
Saying, We are twins in death, proud  
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
'Tis mercy bids thee go;  
For thou ten thousand thousand years  
Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
That shalt no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth  
His pomp, his pride, his skill;  
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,  
The vassals of his will;—  
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
Thou dim discrowned king of day:  
For all those trophied arts  
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
Healed not a passion or a pang  
Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the stage of men,  
Nor with thy rising beams recall  
Life's tragedy again.  
Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh upon the rack  
Of pain anew to writhe;  
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire;  
Test of all sunless agonies,  
Behold not me expire.  
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
To see thou shalt not boast.  
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,—  
The majesty of darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him  
Who gave its heavenly spark,  
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,  
When thou thyself art dark!

No! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recalled to breath,  
Who captive led captivity,  
Who robbed the grave of victory,—  
And took the sting from death!

Go, sun, while mercy holds me up  
On nature's awful waste,  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that man shall taste—  
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
On earth's sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God!

#### LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"  
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together;  
For, should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spake the hardy island wight,  
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—  
It is not for your silver bright;  
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word, the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wrath was shrieking;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,—  
When, oh! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing;  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed through storm and  
shade,  
His child he did discover:  
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in  
grief,  
"Across this stormy water;  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter!—oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the  
shore,  
Return or aid preventing;  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting

#### THE LAMENT OF OUTALISSI.

*Gertrude of Wyoming.*

"AND I could weep;" th' Oneyda chief  
His descant wildly thus begun;  
"But that I may not stain with grief  
The death-song of my father's son!  
Or bow his head in woe;  
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!  
To-morrow Areouski's breath  
\*"

(That fires yon heav'n with storms of death,)  
 Shall light us to the foe :  
 And we shall share, my Christian boy !  
 The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy !

"But thee, my flower, whose breath  
 was given  
 By milder genii o'er the deep,  
 The spirits of the white man's heaven  
 Forbid not thee to weep :  
 Nor will the Christian host,  
 Nor will thy father's spirit grieve  
 To see thee, on the battle's eve,  
 Lamenting take a mournful leave  
 Of her who loved thee most :  
 She was the rainbow to thy sight !  
 Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight !

"To-morrow let us do or die !  
 But when the bolt of death is hurled,  
 Ah ! whither then with thee to fly,  
 Shall Outalissi roam the world ?  
 Seek we thy once loved home ?  
 The hand is gone that cropt its flowers :  
 Unheard their clock repeats its hours !  
 Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs !  
 And should we thither roam,  
 Its echoes and its empty tread  
 Would sound like voices from the dead !

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,  
 Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed ;  
 And by my side, in battle true,  
 A thousand warriors drew the shaft ?  
 Ah ! there, in desolation cold,  
 The desert serpent dwells alone,  
 Where grass o'ergrrows each mouldering  
 bone,  
 And stones themselves to ruin grown,  
 Like me, are death-like old.  
 Then seek we not their camp—for there  
 The silence dwells of my despair !

"But hark, the trump !—to-morrow thou  
 In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears :  
 Even from the land of shadows now  
 My father's awful ghost appears,  
 Amidst the clouds that round us roll ;  
 He bids my soul for battle thirst—  
 He bids me dry the last—the first—  
 The only tears that ever burst

From Outalissi's soul ;  
 Because I may not stain with grief  
 The death-song of an Indian chief."

### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night,  
 cloud had lowered  
 And the sentinel stars set their watch  
 in the sky ;  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground  
 overpowered,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded  
 to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of  
 straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded  
 the slain, [saw,  
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I  
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it  
 again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful  
 array,  
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate  
 track ; [way  
 'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the  
 To the home of my fathers, that wel-  
 come me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so  
 oft  
 In life's morning march, when my  
 bosom was young ; [aloft,  
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating,  
 And knew the sweet strain that the  
 corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and  
 fondly I swore  
 From my home and my weeping friends  
 never to part ; [o'er,  
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times  
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her full-  
 ness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary  
 and worn ;  
 And fain was their war-broken soldier  
 to stay ; [morn,  
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear  
 melted away.

## EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of  
Erin,

The dew on his thin robe was heavy  
and chill :

For his country he sighed, when at twilight  
repairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten  
hill.

But the day-star attracted his eye's sad  
devotion,

For it rose o'er his own native isle of the  
ocean,

Where once, in the fire of his youthful  
emotion,

He sang the bold anthem of Erin go  
bragh.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken  
stranger,

The wild deer and wolf to a covert can  
flee ;

But I have no refuge from famine and  
danger, [me.

A home and a country remain not to  
Never again in the green sunny bowers,

Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend  
the sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild woven  
flowers,

And strike to the numbers of Erin go  
bragh !

Erin my country ! though sad and for-  
saken,

In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;  
But alas ! in a fair foreign land I awaken,

And sigh for the friends who can meet  
me no more !

Oh cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace  
me

In a mansion of peace—where no perils  
can chase me ?

Never again, shall my brothers embrace  
me ?

They died to defend me, or live to  
deplora !

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild  
wood ?

Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its  
fall ?

Where is the mother that looked on my  
childhood ?

And where is the bosom friend, dearer  
than all ?

Oh ! my sad heart ! long abandoned by  
pleasure,

Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure !  
Tears like the rain-drop, may fall without

measure,  
But rapture and beauty they cannot

recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,  
One dying wish my lone bosom can

draw :

Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !  
Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !

Buried and cold, when my heart stills her  
motion,

Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the  
ocean !

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud  
with devotion—

Erin mavournin !—Erin go bragh !

# LINES WRITTEN ON REVISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

AT the silence of twilight's contemplative  
hour,

I have mused in a sorrowful mood,  
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom

the bower,

Where the home of my forefathers  
stood,

All ruined and wild is their roofless  
abode.

And lonely the dark raven's sheltering  
tree ;

And travelled by few is the grass-covered  
road,

Where the hunter of deer and the warrior  
trode

To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous  
walk,

By the dial-stone aged and green,  
One rose of the wilderness left on its

stalk,  
To mark where a garden had been .

Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its  
 race,  
 All wild in the silence of Nature, it  
 drew,  
 From each wandering sunbeam, a lonely  
 embrace ;  
 For the night-weed and thorn over-  
 shadowed the place  
 Where the flower of my forefathers  
 grew.  
 Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of  
 all  
 That remains in this desolate heart !  
 The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall ;  
 But patience shall never depart !  
 Though the wilds of enchantment, all  
 vernal and bright,  
 In the days of delusion by fancy com-  
 bined,  
 With the vanishing phantoms of love and  
 delight,  
 Abandon my soul like a dream of the  
 night,  
 And leave but a desert behind.  
 Be hushed, my dark spirit ! for wisdom  
 condemns  
 When the faint and the feeble deplore ;  
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that  
 stems  
 A thousand wild waves on the shore !  
 Through the perils of chance, and the  
 scowl of disdain,  
 May thy front be unaltered, thy courage  
 elate !  
 Yea ! even the name I have worshipped  
 in vain  
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance  
 To bear is to conquer our fate.

I love you for lulling me back into  
 dreams  
 Of the blue Highland mountains and  
 echoing streams,  
 And of broken glades breathing their  
 balm,  
 While the deer was seen glancing in sun-  
 shine remote,  
 And the deep mellow crush of the wood-  
 pigeon's note  
 Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
 Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings  
 of June :  
 Of old ruinous castles ye tell,  
 Where I thought it delightful your beauties  
 to find,  
 When the magic of Nature first breathed  
 on my mind,  
 And your blossoms were part of her  
 spell.

Even now what affections the violet  
 awakes ;  
 What loved little islands twice seen in  
 their lakes,  
 Can the wild water-lily restore ;  
 What landscapes I read in the primrose's  
 looks,  
 And what pictures of pebbled and min-  
 nowy brooks  
 In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye  
 were dear,  
 Ere the fever of passion or ague of fear  
 Had scathed my existence's bloom ;  
 Once I welcome you more, in life's pas-  
 sionless stage,  
 With the visions of youth to revisit my

I wish you to grow on my tomb.

#### FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse  
 you, 'tis true,  
 Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you ;  
 For ye waft me to summers of old,  
 When the earth teemed around me with  
 fairy delight,  
 And when daisies and buttercups glad-  
 dened my sight,  
 Like treasures of silver and gold.

#### MEN OF ENGLAND.

MEN of England ! who inherit  
 Rights that cost your sires their blood !  
 Men whose undegenerate spirit  
 Has been proved on land and flood .

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,  
 Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—  
 Martyrs in heroic story,  
 Worth a thousand Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled  
 Crowned and mitred tyranny :  
 They defied the field and scaffold,  
 For their birthright—so will we.

### YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England,  
 That guard our native seas ;  
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
 The battle and the breeze !  
 Your glorious standard launch again  
 To match another foe ;  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow !

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave ;  
 For the deck it was their field of fame  
 And Ocean was their grave :  
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow !

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
 No towers along the steep ;  
 Her march is o'er the mountain wave,  
 Her home is on the deep.  
 With thunders from her native oak  
 She quells the floods below,  
 As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy winds do blow ;  
 When the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow !

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn,  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return ;

Then, then, ye ocean warriors,  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

### THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North  
 Sing the glorious day's renown.  
 When to battle fierce came forth  
 All the might of Denmark's crown,  
 And her arms along the deep proudly  
 shone :  
 By each gun the lighted brand  
 In a bold, determined hand ;  
 And the prince of all the land  
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine,  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 O'er the lofty British line :  
 It was ten of April morn by the chime.  
 As they drifted on their path ;  
 There was silence deep as death,  
 And the boldest held his breath  
 For a time.

But the might of England flushed,  
 To anticipate the scene ;  
 And her van the fleetest rushed  
 O'er the deadly space between.  
 "Hearts of oak !" our captains cried  
 when each gun  
 From its adamant lips  
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
 Like the hurricane eclipse  
 Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back ;  
 Their shots along the deep slowly  
 boom :—  
 Then ceased, and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shattered sail ;  
 Or, in conflagration pale,  
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then.  
As he hail'd them o'er the wave:  
"Ye are brothers! we are men!"  
And we conquer but to save:  
So peace instead of death let us bring;  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose,  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose.  
As death withdrew his shades from the  
day;  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

Now joy, Old England raise,  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup sates in light,  
And yet amidst that joy and uproar  
Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died,  
With the gallant good Riou:  
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their  
grave;  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condones,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave.

#### HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight  
When the drum beat at dead of night.  
Commanding fires of death to light:  
The darkness of her scenery,

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven,  
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of Heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave!  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet;  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

#### THE MOTHER.

##### *The Pleasures of Hope.*

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty  
Her silent watch the mournful mother  
keeps;  
She, while the lovely babe unconscious  
lies,  
Smiles on her slumbering child with pen-  
sive eyes,  
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—  
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my  
boy.  
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be  
thine;  
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and  
mine;  
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be  
in form and soul, but ah! more blest  
than he!

Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at  
last,  
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the  
past—

With many a smile my solitude repay,  
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn  
away.

“And say, when summoned from the  
world and thee,

I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,  
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone  
appear,

And soothe my parted spirit lingering  
near? [shed

Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour, to  
The tears of memory o'er my narrow  
bed;

With aching temples on thy hand re-  
clined,

Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,  
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that mur-  
mur low,

And think on all my love, and all my  
woe?”

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye  
Can look regard, or brighten in reply.  
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to  
claim

A mother's ear by that endearing name;  
Soon as the playful innocent can prove  
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,  
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her  
care, [prayer,

Or lisps, with holy look, his evening  
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear  
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;  
How fondly looks admiring Hope the  
while,

At every artless tear, and every smile!  
How glows the joyous parent to descry  
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,  
The sweet south wind shall wander by,  
And with the music of his wing  
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,  
Thou spirit of a milder clime,  
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,  
Of mountain heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,  
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,  
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,  
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has played,  
Whatever isles of ocean fanned,  
Come to my blossom-woven shade,  
Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,  
Where Heaven and Love their Sabbath  
hold,

Where pure and happy spirits smile,  
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould:

From some green Eden of the deep,  
Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,  
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,  
Endeared, undoubting, undeceived:

From some sweet paradise afar,  
Thy music wanders, distant, lost—  
Where Nature lights her leading star,  
And love is never, never crossed.

Oh gentle gale of Eden bowers,  
If back thy rosy feet should roam,  
To revel with the cloudless Hours  
In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,  
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,  
A fairer form than cherub loves,  
And let the name be Caroline.

## CAROLINE.

### PART I.

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,  
I'll teach my grotto green to be;  
And sing my true love, all below  
The holly bower and myrtle tree.

## PART II.

### TO THE EVENING STAR.

GEM of the crimson-coloured even,  
Companion of retiring day,  
Why at the closing gates of heaven,  
Beloved star, dost thou delay?



So fair thy pensile beauty burns,  
When soft the tear of twilight flows,  
So due thy plighted love returns,  
To chambers brighter than the rose.

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,  
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,  
Sure some enamoured orb above  
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,  
When all unheavenly passions fly,  
Chased by the soul-subduing power  
Of Love's delicious witchery.

O ! sacred to the fall of day,  
Queen of propitious stars, appear,  
And early rise, and long delay,  
When Caroline herself is here !

Shine on her chosen green resort,  
Whose trees the sunward summit  
crown,  
And wanton flowers, that well may court  
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,  
Thou star of evening's purple dome,  
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,  
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath  
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,  
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath  
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue ;

Where, winnowed by the gentle air,  
Her silken tresses darkly flow,  
And fall upon her brow so fair,  
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,  
In converse sweet, to wander far,  
O bring with thee my Caroline,  
And thou shalt be my ruling star ?

### THE RAINBOW,

TRIUMPHAL arch that fill'st the sky,  
When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud philosophy  
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,  
A mid-way station given  
For happy spirits to alight,  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold  
Thy form to please me so,  
As when I dreamed of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant brow ?

When Science from Creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams  
But words of the Most High,  
Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth,  
Heaven's covenant thou did'st shine,  
How came the world's gray fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,  
The first made anthem rang  
On earth, delivered from the deep,  
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
Unraptured greet thy beam ;  
Theme of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the poet's theme :

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When, glittering in the freshened fields,  
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon heron's dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age  
That first spoke peace to man.

[ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS. 1789—1864.]

### MY OWN FIRESIDE.

LET others seek for empty joys,  
At ball or concert, rout or play ;  
Whilst, far from fashion's idle noise,  
Her gilded domes, and trappings gay,  
I while the wintry eve away,—  
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide,  
And marvel how I e'er could stray  
From thee—my own Fireside !

My own Fireside ! Those simple words  
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise !  
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,  
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes !  
What is there my wild heart can prize,  
That doth not in thy sphere abide,  
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,  
My own—my own Fireside !

A gentle form is near me now ;  
A small white hand is clasped in mine ;  
I gaze upon her placid brow,  
And ask what joys can equal thine !  
A babe whose beauty's half divine,  
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide ;  
Where may love seek a fitter shrine  
Than thou—my own Fireside ?

What care I for the sullen roar  
Of winds without that ravage earth ;  
It doth but bid me prize the more  
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth ;—  
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth :  
Then let the churlish tempest chide,  
It cannot check the blameless mirth  
That glads my own Fireside !

My refuge ever from the storm  
Of this world's passion, strife, and care,  
Though thunder-clouds the sky deform,  
Their fury cannot reach me there.  
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair :  
Wrath, Malice, Envy, Strife, or Pride  
Hath never made its hated lair  
By thee—my own Fireside !

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,  
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude ;  
Where life's vexations lose their sting ;  
Where even grief is half subdued :  
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.  
Then, let the pampered fool deride,  
I'll pay my debt of gratitude  
To thee—my own Fireside !

Shrine of my household deities !  
Fair scene of home's unsullied joys !  
To thee my burthened spirit flies,  
When fortune frowns, or care annoys :  
Thine is the bliss that never cloy ;  
The smile whose truth hath oft been  
tried ;  
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys  
To thee—my own Fireside !

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,  
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,  
Thus ever guide my wandering feet  
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary !  
Whate'er my future years may be :  
Let joy or grief my fate betide ;  
Be still an Eden bright to me  
My own—my own Fireside !

### THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears  
were in my eyes  
When first I clasped thee to my heart,  
and heard thy feeble cries ;  
For I thought of all that I had borne as I  
bent me down to kiss  
Thy cherry lips and sunny brow, my first-  
born bud of bliss !

- I turned to many a withered hope, to  
 years of grief and pain,  
 And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world  
 flashed o'er my bod'ing brain;  
 I thought of friends, grown worse than  
 cold—of persecuting foes,  
 And I asked of Heaven if ills like these  
 must mar thy youth's repose!
- I gazed upon thy quiet face, half-blinded  
 by my tears,  
 Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came  
 brightening on my fears;  
 Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid  
 the clouds of gloom that bound them,  
 As stars dart down their loveliest light  
 when midnight skies are 'round them.
- My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's  
 brief hour is o'er,  
 And a father's anxious fears for thee can  
 fever me no more!  
 And for the hopes, the sun-bright hopes,  
 that blossomed at thy birth.  
 They, too, have fled, to prove how frail  
 are cherished things of earth!
- 'Tis true that thou wert young, my child;  
 but though brief thy span below,  
 To me it was a little age of agony and  
 woe,  
 For, from thy first faint dawn of life, thy  
 cheek began to fade,  
 And my lips had scarce thy welcome  
 breathed, ere my hopes were wrapt  
 in shade.
- Oh! the child in its hours of health and  
 bloom, that is dear as thou wert  
 then,  
 Grows far more prized, more fondly  
 loved, in sickness and in pain!  
 And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe,  
 when every hope was lost,  
 Ten times more precious to my soul, for  
 all that thou hadst cost!
- Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we  
 watched thee day by day,  
 Pale like the second bow of heaven, as  
 gently waste away;  
 And, sick with dark foreboding fears, we  
 dared not breathe aloud,  
 Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief, to  
 wait death's coming cloud!
- It came at length: o'er thy bright blue  
 eye the film was gathering fast,  
 And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow,  
 the deepest and the last:  
 In thicker gushes strove thy breath—we  
 raised thy drooping head—  
 A moment more—the final pang—and  
 thou wert with the dead!
- Thy gentle mother turned away to hide  
 her face from me,  
 And murmured low of Heaven's behests,  
 and bliss attained by thee;  
 She would have chid me that I moaned  
 a doom so best as thine,  
 Had not her own deep grief burst forth in  
 tears as wild as mine!
- We laid thee down in sinless rest and  
 from thine infant brow  
 Coiled one soft lock of radiant hair our  
 only solace now;  
 Then placed around thy beautiful corse  
 flowers, not more fair and sweet—  
 Twin rosebuds in thy little hands, and  
 jasmine at thy feet.
- Though other offspring still be ours, as  
 fair perchance as thou,  
 With all the beauty of thy cheek, the  
 sunshine of thy brow,  
 They never can replace the bud our early  
 fondness nursed:  
 They may be lovely and beloved, but not  
 like thee, the first!
- The first! How many a memory bright  
 that one sweet word can bring,  
 Of hopes that blossomed, drooped, and  
 died, in life's delightful spring—  
 Of fervid feelings passed away—those  
 early seeds of bliss  
 That germinate in hearts unseared by such  
 a world as this!
- My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest  
 and my first!  
 When I think of what thou mightst have  
 been, my heart is like to burst,  
 But gleams of gladness through my gloom  
 their soothing radiance dart,  
 And my sighs are hushed, my tears are  
 dried, when I turn to what thou art

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and  
 takes the stain of earth,  
 With not a taint of mortal life, except thy  
 mortal birth,  
 God bade thee early taste the spring for  
 which so many thirst,  
 And bliss, eternal bliss is thine, my  
 fairest and my first!

## I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee—I think of thee,  
 And all that thou hast borne for me;  
 In hours of gloom, or heartless glee,  
 I think of thee—I think of thee!

When fiercest rage the storms of Fate,  
 And all around is desolate;  
 I pour on life's tempestuous sea  
 The oil of peace—with thoughts of thee!

When Fortune frowns and hopes deceive  
 me,  
 And summer-friends in sorrow leave me;  
 A Timon, from the world I flee—  
 My wreck of wealth—sweet dreams of  
 thee!

Or if I join the careless crowd,  
 Where laughter peals and mirth grows  
 loud!  
 Even in my hours of revelry,  
 I turn to thee—I turn to thee!

I think of thee—I think and sigh  
 O'er blighted years, and bliss gone by  
 And mourn the stern, severe decree,  
 That spared me only thoughts of thee!

In Youth's gay spring, 'mid Pleasure's  
 bowers,  
 Where all is sunshine, mirth, and flowers,  
 We met,—I bent the adoring knee,  
 And told a tender tale to thee!

'Twas summer's eve—the heavens above,  
 Earth—ocean—air—were full of love.  
 Nature around kept jubilee  
 When first I breathed that tale to thee!

The crystal clouds that hung on high  
 Were blue as thy delicious eye;—

The striesshore, and sleeping sea,  
 Seemed emblems of repose and thee!

I spoke of hope—I spoke of fear,—  
 Thy answer was a blush and tear:—  
 But this was eloquence to me,  
 And more than I had asked of thee!

I looked into thy dewy eye,  
 And echoed thy half-sung sigh;  
 I clasped thy hand—and vowed to be  
 The soul of love and truth to thee!

The scene and hour have passed—yet still  
 Remains a deep-impassioned thrill;  
 A sunset glow on memory,  
 That kindles at each thought of thee!

We loved—how wildly and how well,  
 'Twere worse than idle now to tell;  
 From love and life alike thou'rt free,  
 And I am left to think of thee!

Though years—long years have darkly  
 sped,  
 Since thou wert numbered with the dead  
 In fancy oft thy form I see;  
 In dreams, at least, I'm sull with thee!

Thy beauty, helplessness, and youth;  
 Thy hapless fate, untiring truth;  
 Are spells that often touch the key  
 Of sweet, harmonious thoughts of thee!

The bitter frown of friends estranged,  
 The chilling straits of fortunes changed;  
 All this—and more—thou'st borne for  
 me—  
 Then how can I be false to thee?

I never will.—I'll think of thee  
 Till fades the power of memory;  
 In weal or woe—in gloom or glee—  
 I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee!

[LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON 1802—1838]

## THE TROUBADOUR.

HE raised the golden cup from the brand  
 It sparkled with purple wealth,  
 He kissed the brim her lip had pressed,  
 And drank to his lady's health

Ladye, to-night I pledge thy name,  
To-morrow thou shalt pledge mine ;  
Ever the smile of beauty should light,  
The victor's blood-red wine.

There are some flowers of brightest bloom  
Amid thy beautiful hair,  
Give me those roses, they shall be  
The favour I will wear.

For ere their colour is wholly gone,  
Or the breath of their sweetness fled,  
They shall be placed in thy curls again,  
But dyed of a deeper red.

The warrior rode forth in the morning  
light  
And beside his snow-white plume  
Were the roses wet with the sparkling  
dew,  
Like pearls on their crimson bloom.

The maiden stood on her highest tower,  
And watched her knight depart ;  
She dashed her tear aside, but her hand  
Might not still her beating heart.

All day she watched the distant clouds  
Float on the distant air,  
A crucifix upon her neck,  
And on her lips a prayer.

The sun went down, and twilight came  
With her banner of pearly grey,  
And then afar she saw a band  
Wind down the vale their way.

They came like victors, for high o'er their  
ranks  
Were their crimson colours borne ;  
And a stranger pennon drooped beneath,  
But that was bowed and torn.

But she saw no white steed first in the  
ranks,  
No rider that spurred before ;  
But the evening shadows were closing  
fast,  
And she could see no more.

She turned from her watch on the lonely  
tower  
In haste to reach the hall,  
And as she sprang down the winding stair,  
She heard the drawbridge fall.

A hundred harps their welcome rung,  
Then paused, as if in fear ;  
The ladye entered the hall, and saw  
Her true knight stretched on his bier.

### THE DESERTER.

THE muffled drum is rolling, and the low  
Notes of the death-march float upon the  
wind,  
And stately steps are pacing round that  
square  
With slow and measured tread ; but every  
brow  
Is darkened with emotion, and stern eyes,  
That looked unshrinking on the face of  
death  
When met in battle, are now moist with  
tears.  
The silent ring is formed, and, in the  
midst  
Stands the deserter ! Can this be the  
same,  
The young, the gallant Edward ? and are  
these  
The laurels promised in his early dreams ?  
These fettered hands, this doom of open  
shame ?  
Alas ! for young and passionate spirits !  
Soon  
False lights will dazzle. He had madly  
joined  
The rebel banner ! Oh ! 'twas pride to  
link  
His fate with Erin's patriot few, to fight  
For liberty or the grave ! But he was now  
A prisoner ; yet there he stood as firm  
As though his feet were not upon the  
tomb :  
His cheek was pale as marble, and as  
cold ;  
But his lips trembled not, and his dark  
eyes  
Glanced proudly round. But when they  
bared his breast

For the death shot, and took a portrait  
thence,  
He clenched his hands, and gasped, and  
one deep sob  
Of agony burst from him, and he hid  
His face awhile,—his mother's look was  
there.  
He could not steel his soul when he re-  
called  
The bitterness of her despair. It passed—  
That moment of wild anguish; he knelt  
down;  
That sunbeam shed its glory over one,  
Young, proud, and brave, nerved in deep  
energy;  
The next fell over cold and bloody clay.

## THE MASK OF LOVE AND PRIDE.

'Tis strange to think, if we could fling  
aside  
The mask and mantle that love wears  
from pride,  
How much would be, we now so little  
guess,  
Deep in each heart's undreamed, unsought  
recess:  
The careless smile, like a gay banner  
borne,  
The laugh of merriment, the lip of scorn,—  
And, for a cloak, what is there that can  
be  
So difficult to pierce as gaiety?  
Too dazzling to be scanned, the haughty  
brow  
Seems to hide something it would not  
avow;  
But rainbow words, light laugh, and  
thoughtless jest,  
These are the bars, the curtain to the  
breast,  
That shuns a scrutiny.

YEARNINGS FOR IMMOR-  
TALITY.

I AM myself but a vile link  
Amid life's weary chain;  
But I have spoken hallowed words,  
Oh, do not say in vain!

My first, my last, my only wish,  
Say, will my charmed chords  
Wake to the morning light of fame,  
And breathe again my words?

Will the young maiden, when her tears  
Alone in moon-light shine—  
Tears for the absent and the loved—  
Murmur some song of mine?

Will the pale youth by his dim lamp,  
Himself a dying flame,  
From many an antique scroll beside,  
Choose that which bears my name?

Let music make less terrible  
The silence of the dead;  
I care not, so my spirit last  
Long after life has fled.

INTIMATIONS OF PREVIOUS  
EXISTENCE.

METHINKS we must have known some  
former state  
More glorious than our present, and the  
heart  
Is haunted with dim memories, shadows  
left  
By past magnificence; and hence we pine  
With vain aspirings, hopes that fill the  
eyes  
With bitter tears for their own vanity.  
Remembrance makes the poet: 'tis the  
past  
Lingering within him, with a keener sense  
Than is upon the thoughts of common  
men  
Of what has been, that fills the actual  
world  
With unreal likenesses of lovely shapes,  
That were and are not; and the fairer  
they,  
The more their contrast with existing  
things;  
The more his power, the greater is his  
grief.  
—Are we then fallen from some noble star,  
Whose consciousness is as an unknown  
curse,  
And we feel capable of happiness  
Only to know it is not of our sphere?

[ROBERT POLLOCK. 1790—1827.]

## THE GENIUS OF BYRON.

*The Course of Time.*

HE touched his harp, and nations heard,  
 entranced.  
 As some vast river of unfailing source,  
 Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers  
 flowed,  
 And oped new fountains in the human  
 heart.  
 Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight.  
 In other men, his, fresh as morning,  
 rose,  
 And soared untrodden heights, and seemed  
 at home,  
 Where angels bashful looked. Others,  
 though great,  
 Beneath their argument seemed struggling  
 whiles;  
 He from above descending, stooped to  
 touch  
 The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped,  
 as though  
 It scarce deserved his verse. With Na-  
 ture's self  
 He seemed an old acquaintance, free to  
 jest  
 At will with all her glorious majesty.  
 He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's  
 mane,"  
 And played familiar with his hoary locks:  
 Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apen-  
 nines,  
 And with the thunder talked as friend to  
 friend;  
 And wove his garland of the lightning's  
 wing,  
 In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery  
 wing,  
 Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful  
 God,  
 Marching upon the storm in vengeance,  
 seemed;  
 Then turned, and with the grasshopper,  
 who sung  
 His evening song beneath his feet, con-  
 versed.  
 Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his  
 sisters were;  
 Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and  
 winds, and storms;

His brothers, younger brothers, whom  
 scarce  
 As equals deemed. All passions of all  
 men,  
 The wild and tame, the gentle and  
 severe;  
 All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and  
 profane;  
 All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity;  
 All that was hated, and all that was  
 dear;  
 All that was hoped, all that was feared,  
 by man,  
 He tossed about, as tempest-withered  
 leaves;  
 Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck  
 he made.  
 With terror now he froze the cowering  
 blood,  
 And now dissolved the heart in tender-  
 ness;  
 Yet would not tremble, would not weep  
 himself;  
 But back into his soul retired, alone,  
 Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemp-  
 tuously  
 On hearts and passions prostrate at his  
 feet.  
 So Ocean, from the plains his waves had  
 late  
 To desolation swept, retired in pride,  
 Exulting in the glory of his might,  
 And seemed to mock the ruin he had  
 wrought.  
 As some fierce comet of tremendous  
 size,  
 To which the stars did reverence as it  
 passed,  
 So he, through learning and through  
 fancy, took  
 His flights sublime, and on the loftiest  
 top  
 Of Fame's dread mountain sat; not  
 soiled and worn,  
 As if he from the earth had laboured  
 up;  
 But, as some bird of heavenly plumage  
 fair,  
 He looked, which down from higher  
 regions came,  
 And perched it there, to see what lay  
 beneath.

[ISMAEL FITZADAM. DIED 1826.]

[MRS. JAMESON. 1795—1860.]

## LOVE.

## I.

WE met in secret, in the depth of night  
 When there was none to watch us; not  
 an eye  
 Save the lone dweller of the lonely sky  
 To gaze upon our love and pure delight;  
 And in that hour's unbroken solitude,  
 When the white moon had robed her in  
 its beam,  
 I've thought some vision of a blessed  
 dream,  
 Or spirit of the air before me stood,  
 And held communion with me. In mine  
 ear  
 Her voice's sweet notes breathed not of  
 the earth,  
 Her beauty seemed not of a mortal birth;  
 And in my heart there was an awful fear,  
 A thrill, like some deep warning from  
 above,  
 That soothed its passion to a Spirit's  
 love.

## II.

SHE stood before me; the pure lamps of  
 heaven  
 Lighted her charms, and those soft  
 eyes which turned  
 On me with dying fondness. My heart  
 burned,  
 As, tremblingly with hers, my vows were  
 given.  
 Then softly 'gainst my bosom beat her  
 heart;  
 These living arms around her form  
 were thrown,  
 Binding her heavenly beauty like a  
 While from her ruby warm lips, just apart  
 Like bursting roses, sighs of fragrance  
 stole,  
 And words of music whispering in mine  
 ear  
 Things pure and holy none but mine  
 should hear; [soul,  
 For they were accents uttered from the  
 For which no tongue her innocence  
 reproved,  
 And breathed for one who loved her  
 and was loved.

## TAKE ME, MOTHER EARTH.

TAKE me, Mother Earth, to thy cold  
 breast,  
 And fold me there in everlasting rest!  
 The long day is o'er:  
 I'm weary, I would sleep;  
 But deep, deep,  
 Never to waken more!

I have had joy and sorrow, I have prove  
 What life could give, have loved and been  
 beloved;  
 I am sick, and heartsore,  
 And weary; let me sleep;  
 But deep, deep,  
 Never to waken more!

To thy dark chamber, Mother Earth, I  
 come;  
 Prepare thy dreamless bed in my last  
 home;  
 Shut down the marble door,  
 And leave me! Let me sleep;  
 But deep, deep,  
 Never to waken more!

[LAMAR BLANCHARD. 1803—1845.]

## HIDDEN JOYS.

PLEASURES lie thickest, where no plea-  
 sures seem;  
 There's not a leaf that falls upon the  
 ground  
 But holds some joy, of silence or of  
 sound,  
 Some sprite begotten of a summer  
 dream.  
 The very meanest things are made  
 supreme  
 With innate ecstasy. No grain of  
 sand  
 But moves a bright and million-peopled  
 land,  
 And hath its Eden, and its Eves, I  
 deem.  
 For Love, though blind himself, a curious  
 eye  
 Hath lent me, to behold the hearts of  
 things.



And touched mine ear with power.  
 Thus far or nigh,  
 Minute or mighty, fixed, or free with  
 wings,  
 Delight from many a nameless covert  
 sly  
 Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar  
 sings.

[GERALD GRIFFIN. 1803—1840.]

### THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

My darling, my darling, while silence is  
 on the moor,  
 And love in the sunshine, I sit by our  
 cabin-door ;  
 When evening falls quiet and calm over  
 land and sea,  
 My darling, my darling, I think of past  
 times and thee !

Here, while on this cold shore I wear out  
 my lonely hours,  
 My child in the heavens is spreading my  
 bed with flowers ;  
 All weary my bosom is grown of this  
 friendless clime,  
 But I long not to leave it, for that were a  
 shame and crime.

They bear to the churchyard the youth in  
 their health away—  
 I know where a fruit hangs more ripe for  
 the grave than they ;  
 But I wish not for death, for my spirit is  
 all resigned,  
 And the hope that stays with me gives  
 peace to my aged mind.

My darling, my darling, God gave to my  
 feeble age  
 A prop for my faint heart, a stay in my  
 pilgrimage.  
 My darling, my darling, God takes back  
 his gift again,  
 And my heart may be broken, but ne'er  
 shall my will complain.

[THOMAS K. HERVEY. 1804—1830.]

### ADIEU, ADIEU, OUR DREAM OF LOVE !

ADIEU, adieu !—our dream of love  
 Was far too sweet to linger long ;  
 Such hopes may bloom in bowers above,  
 But here they mock the fond and  
 young.

We met in hope, we part in tears !  
 Yet, oh, 'tis sadly sweet to know  
 That life, in all its future years,  
 Can reach us with no heavier blow !

Our souls have drunk in early youth  
 The bitter dregs of earthly ill ;  
 Our bosoms, blighted in their truth,  
 Have learned to suffer and be still !

The hour is come, the spell is past ;  
 Far, far from thee, my only love,  
 Youth's earliest hope, and manhood's  
 last,  
 My darkened spirit turns to rove.

Adieu, adieu ! oh, dull and dread  
 Sinks on the ear that parting knell !  
 Hope and the dreams of hope, lie dead,—  
 To them and thee—farewell, farewell !

### I THINK ON THEE IN THE NIGHT.

I THINK on thee in the night,  
 When all beside is still,  
 And the moon comes out, with her pale,  
 sad light,  
 To sit on the lonely hill ;  
 When the stars are all like dreams,  
 And the breezes all like sighs,  
 And there comes a voice from the far-off  
 streams,  
 Like thy spirit's low replies.

I think on thee by day,  
 'Mid the cold and busy crowd,  
 When the laughter of the young and gay  
 Is far too glad and loud !  
 I hear thy soft, sad tone,  
 And thy young sweet smile I see :  
 My heart,—my heart were all a dream,  
 But for its dreams of thee !

[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL 1757—1835]

## WEARIE'S WELL.

IN a saft simmer g'loamin',  
 In yon dowie dell,  
 It was there we twa first met,  
 By Wearie's cauld well.  
 We sat on the broom bank,  
 And looked in the burn,  
 But sidelang we looked on  
 Ilk ither in turn.

The corncaik was chirring  
 His sad eerie cry,  
 And the wee stars were dreaming  
 Their path through the sky;  
 The burn babbled freely  
 Its love to ilk flower,  
 But we heard and we saw nought  
 In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought,  
 Above or around;  
 We felt that our luve lived,  
 And loathed idle sound.  
 I gazed on your sweet face  
 Till tears filled my e'e,  
 And they drapt on your wee loof—  
 A warld's wealth to me.

Now the winter snaw's fa'ing  
 On bare holm and lea,  
 And the cauld wind is strippin'  
 Ilk leaf aff the tree.  
 But the snaw fa's not faster,  
 Nor leaf disna part  
 Sae sune frae the bough, as  
 Faith fades in your heart.

You've waled out anither  
 Your bridegroom to be;  
 But can his heart luve sae  
 As mine luvit thee?  
 Ye'll get biggings and mallins,  
 And mony braw claes;  
 But they a' winna buy back  
 The peace o' past days.

Farewell, and for ever,  
 My first luve and last;  
 May thy joys be to come—  
 Mine live in the past.

It sorrow and sadness  
 This hour fa's on me;  
 But light, as thy luve, may  
 It fleet ever thee!

[JOHN CLARE 1793—1864.]

THE DAWNINGS OF YOUTHFUL  
GENIUS IN A PLOUGHBOY.

OFT will he stoop, inquisitive to trace  
 The opening beauties of a daisy's face;  
 Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,  
 The brook's sweet dimples o'er the  
 pebbles rise;  
 And often bent, as o'er some magic  
 spell,  
 He'll pause and pick his shapèd stone  
 and shell:  
 Raptures the while his inward powers  
 inflame,  
 And joys delight him which he cannot  
 name.  
 Thus pausing wild on all he saunters  
 by,  
 He feels enraptured, though he knows  
 not why;  
 And hums and mutters o'er his joys in  
 vain,  
 And dwells on something which he can't  
 explain.  
 The bursts of thought with which his  
 soul's perplexed,  
 Are bred one moment, and are gone the  
 next;  
 Yet still the heart will kindling sparks  
 retain,  
 And thoughts will rise, and Fancy strive  
 again.

[JOHN KEATS 1795—1820.]

THE ALL-PERVADING IN-  
FLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:  
 Its loveliness increases; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness; but still will  
 keep  
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and  
quiet breathing.

'Therefore, on every morrow, are we  
wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the  
earth,

Spite of despondence, of the inhuman  
dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened  
ways

Made for our searching: yes, in spite of  
all,

Some shape of beauty moves away the  
pall

From our dark spirits. Such the sun,  
the moon,

Trees old and young, sprouting a shady  
boon

For simple sheep; and such are daffodils  
With the green world they live in; and  
clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert  
make

'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest  
brake,

Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose  
blooms:

And such too is the grandeur of the  
dooms

We have imagined for the mighty  
dead;

All lovely tales that we have heard or  
read;

An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences  
For one short hour; no, even as the  
trees

That whisper round a temple become  
soon

Dear as the temple's self, so does the  
moon,

The passion poesy, glories infinite,  
Haunt us till they become a cheering  
light

Unto our souls, and bound to us so  
fast,

That, whether there be shine, or gloom  
o'er-cast,

They always must be with us, or we  
die.

## THE LATMIAN FOREST.

UPON the sides of Latmos was outspread  
A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed,  
So plenteously all weed-hidden roots  
Into o'erhanging boughs, and precious  
fruits.

And it had gloomy shades, sequestered  
deep,

Where no man went; and if from shep-  
herd's keep

A lamb strayed far a-down those inmost  
glens,

Never again saw he the happy pens  
Whither his brethren, bleating with con-  
tent,

Over the hills at every nightfall went.  
Among the shepherds 'twas believed ever,

That not one fleecy lamb which thus did  
sever

From the white flock, but passed un-  
worried

By any wolf, or pard with prying head,  
Until it came to some unfooted plains

Where fed the herds of Pan: ay, great  
his gains

Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths  
there were many,

Winding through palmy fern, and rushes  
fenny,

And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly  
To a wide lawn, whence one could only see

Stems thronging all around between the  
swell

Of tuft and slanting branches: who could  
tell

The freshness of the space of heaven  
above,

Edged round with dark tree-tops?  
through which a dove

Would often beat its wings, and often too  
A little cloud would move across the

blue.

Full in the middle of this pleasantness  
There stood a marble altar, with a tress

Of flowers budded newly; and the dew  
Had taken fairy fantasies to strew

Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,  
And so the dawnèd light in pomp receive

For 'twas the morn: Apollo's upward  
fire

Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre

Of brightness so unsullied that therein  
A melancholy spirit well might win  
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine  
Into the winds : rain-scented eglantine  
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wo-  
ing sun ;  
The lark was lost in him ; cold springs  
had run  
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the  
grass ;  
Man's voice was on the mountains ; and  
the mass  
Of nature's lives and wonders pulsed ten-  
fold,  
To feel this sun-rise, and its glories old.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never  
known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,  
Here, where men sit and hear each  
other groan ;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey  
hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-  
thin, and dies ;  
Where but to think is to be full of  
sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs ;  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous  
eyes,  
Or new Love pine at them beyond  
to-morrow.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness  
pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I had  
drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the  
drains

One minute past, and Lethe-wards had  
sunk :

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happiness—  
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the  
trees,

In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,

Singest of summer in full-throated  
ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath  
been

Cooled a long age in the deep-delved  
earth.

Tasting of Flora and the country-green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-  
burnt mirth !

O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippo-  
crene, [brim,

With beaded bubbles winking at the  
And purple-stained mouth ;

That I might drink, and leave the world  
unseen,

And with thee fade away into the  
forest dim :

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,  
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his  
   pards,  
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
 Though the dull brain perplexes and  
   retards :  
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,  
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her  
   throne,  
 Clustered around by all her starry  
   Fays ;  
       But here there is no light,  
 Save what from heaven is with the  
   breezes blown  
 Through verdurous glooms and wind-  
   ing mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the  
boughs,

But, in embalmed darkness, guess each  
sweet

Wherewith the seasonable month  
endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree  
wild ;

White hawthorn, and the pastoral  
eglantine ;

Fast-fading violets covered up in  
leaves ;

And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy

The murmurous haunt of flies on  
summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a  
time

I have been half in love with easeful  
Death,  
Called him soft names in many a mused  
rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no  
pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul  
abroad

In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears  
in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal  
Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee  
down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was  
heard

In ancient days by emperor and  
clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a  
path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when  
sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien  
corn;

The same that oft-times hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on  
the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands  
forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole  
self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem  
fades

Past the near meadows, over the still  
stream,  
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried  
deep

In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music:—do I wake or  
sleep?

## AUTUMNAL MUSIC.

WHERE are the songs of Spring? Ay,  
where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music  
too,—  
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft dying  
day,

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy  
hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats  
mourn

Among the river shallows, borne aloft,  
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or  
dies;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from  
hilly bourn;

Hedge-crickets sing; and now, with  
treble soft,

The red-breast whistles from a garden-  
croft;

And gathering swallows twitter in  
the skies.

## HYMN TO PAN.

*Endymion.*

O THOU, whose mighty palace roof  
doth hang

From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth  
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life,  
death

Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;  
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress  
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels  
darken;

And through whole solemn hours dost  
sit, and hearken

The dreary melody of bedded reeds—  
In desolate places, where dank moisture  
breeds

The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;  
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth  
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou  
now,

By thy love's milky brow!  
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,  
Hear us, great Pan!

Thou, to whom every faun and satyr  
flies  
For willing service; whether to surprise

The squatted hare, while in half-sleeping' fit;  
 Or upward ragged precipices flit  
 To save poor lambskins from the eagle's  
 maw;  
 Or by mysterious enticement draw  
 Bewildered shepherds to their path again;  
 Or to tread breathless round the frothy  
 main,  
 And gather up all fancifullest shells,  
 For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,  
 And, being hidden, laugh at their out-  
 peeping;  
 Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,  
 The while they poit each other on the  
 crown  
 With silvery oak-apples and fir-cones  
 brown,—  
 By all the echoes that about thee ring,  
 Hear us, O satyr king!

And gather up all fancifullest shells,  
 For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,  
 And, being hidden, laugh at their out-  
 peeping;

Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,  
 The while they poit each other on the  
 crown

With silvery oak-apples and fir-cones  
 brown,—

By all the echoes that about thee ring,  
 Hear us, O satyr king!

O hearkener to the loud-clapping shears,  
 While ever and anon to his shorn peers,  
 A ram goes bleating: Winder of the  
 horn,

When snouted wild-boars, routing tender  
 corn,

Anger our huntsman: Breather round  
 our farms,

To keep off mildews, and all weather  
 harms:

Strange ministrant of undescrib'd sounds,  
 That come a-swooning over hollow  
 grounds,

And wither drearily on barren moors:

Dread opener of the mysterious doors

Leading to universal knowledge—see,

Great son of Dryope,

The many that are come to pay their  
 vows,

With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge  
 For solitary thinkings; such as dodge  
 Conception to the very bourne of heaven,  
 Then leave the naked brain: be still the  
 leaven,

That, spreading in this dull and clodded  
 earth,

Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:

Be still a symbol of immensity;

A firmament reflected in a sea;

An element filling the space between;

An unknown—but no more: we humbly  
 screen

With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly  
 bending,

And giving out a shout most heaven-  
 rending,

Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,  
 Upon thy Mount Lycean!

### MOONLIGHT.

ETERNE Apollo! that thy sister fair

Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest.

When thy gold breath is musting in the  
 west,

She unobserved steals unto her throne,  
 And there she sits most meek and most  
 alone;

As if she had not pomp subservient;

As if thine eye, high Poet! was not  
 bent

Towards her with the muses in thine  
 heart;

As if the ministering stars kept not apart,  
 Waiting for silver-footed messages.

O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest  
 trees

Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:

O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier  
 din

The while they feel thine airy fellowship.  
 Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver  
 lip

Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping  
 kine,

Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields  
 divine:

Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,  
 Ambitious for the hallowing of thine  
 eyes;

And yet thy benediction passeth not

One obscure hiding-place, one little spot  
 Where pleasure may be sent: the nested  
 wren

Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,  
 And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf

Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief  
 To the poor patient oyster, where it  
 sleeps

Within its pearly house.—The mighty  
 deeps,

The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad  
 sea !  
 O Moon ! far spooming Ocean bows to  
 thee,  
 And Tellus feels her forehead's cumbrous  
 load.

### THE POET'S HOPES.

WHAT though I leave this dull  
 earthly mould ;  
 Yet shall my spirit lofty converse hold  
 With after-times. The patriot shall feel  
 My stern alarm, and unsheathe his steel  
 Or in the senate thunder out my numbers.  
 To startle princes from their easy  
 slumbers.  
 The sage will mingle with each moral  
 theme  
 My happy thoughts sententious ; he will  
 teem  
 With lofty periods when my verses fire  
 him,  
 And then I'll stoop from heaven to  
 inspire him.  
 Lays have I left, of such a dear delight,  
 That maids will sing them on their bridal-  
 night.  
 Gay villagers, upon a morn in May,  
 When they have tired their gentle limbs  
 with play,  
 And formed a snowy circle on the grass,  
 And placed in midst of all that lovely  
 lass,  
 Who chosen is their queen—with her fine  
 head [red :  
 Crowned with flowers, purple, white, and  
 For there the lily and the musk-rose,  
 sighing,  
 Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying ;  
 Between her breasts that never yet felt  
 trouble,  
 A bunch of violets full blown and double  
 Serenely sleep : she from a casket takes  
 A little book,—and then a joy awakes  
 About each youthful heart,—with stifled  
 cries,  
 And rubbing of white hands and sparkling  
 eyes,  
 For she's to read a tale of hopes and  
 fears—  
 One that I fostered in my youthful years.

The pearls that on each glistening circlet  
 sleep  
 Gush ever and anon with silent creep,  
 Lured by the innocent dimples. To sweet  
 rest [breast  
 Shall the dear babe upon its mother's  
 Be lulled with songs of mine. Fair  
 world, adieu !  
 Thy dales and hills are fading from my  
 view :  
 Swiftly I mount upon wide-spreading  
 pinions,  
 Far from the narrow bounds of thy  
 dominions ;  
 Full joy I feel while thus I cleave the air,  
 That my soft verse will charm thy  
 daughters fair,  
 And warm thy sons !—

### ENGLAND.

HAPPY is England ! I could be content  
 To see no other verdure than its own ;  
 To feel no other breezes than are blown  
 Through its tall woods with high ro-  
 mances blent ;  
 Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment  
 For skies Italian, and an inward groan  
 To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,  
 And half forget what world or worldling  
 meant.  
 Happy is England, sweet her artless  
 daughters ;  
 Enough their simple loveliness for me,  
 Enough their whitest arms in silence  
 clinging :  
 Yet do I often warmly burn to see  
 Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their  
 singing,  
 And float with them about the summer  
 waters.

### ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S "HOMER."

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of  
 gold, [seen ;  
 And many goodly states and kingdoms  
 Round many western islands have I  
 been,  
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his  
demesne :

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and  
bold ;

Then felt I like some watcher of the  
skies

When a new planet swims into his ken ;  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle  
eyes

He stared at the Pacific—and all his  
Looked at each other with a wild sur-  
mise—

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

### THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the  
hot sun,

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will  
run

From hedge to hedge about the new-  
mown mead ;

That is the grasshopper's—he takes the  
lead

In summer luxury,—he has never done  
With his delights, for when tired out  
with fun,

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant  
weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove  
there shrills

The cricket's song, in warmth increasing  
ever,

And seems to one in drowsiness half  
The grasshopper's among some grassy  
hills.

### THE HUMAN SEASONS.

FOUR seasons fill the measure of the year ;  
There are four seasons in the mind of  
man :

He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear  
Takes in all beauty with an easy span :

He has his Summer, when luxuriously  
Spring's honeyed cud of youthful  
thought he loves

To ruminate, and by such dreaming high  
Is nearest unto heaven ; quiet coves

His soul has in its Autumn, when his  
wings

He furieth close ; contented so to look  
On mists in idleness—to let fair things

Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.  
He has his Winter, too, of pale mis-  
feature,

Or else he would forego his moral  
[nature.

### IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER.

In a drear-nighted December,

Too happy, nappy tree,

Thy branches ne'er remember

Their green felicity :

The north cannot undo them,

With a sleety whistle through them ;

Nor frozen thawings glue them

From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,

Too happy, happy brook,

Thy bubble's ne'er remember

Apollo's summer look ;

But with a sweet forgetting,

They stay their crystal fretting,

Never, never petting

About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many

A gentle girl and boy !

But were there ever any

Writhe'd not at passed joy ?

To know the change and feel it,

When there is none to heal it,

Nor numbed sense to steal it,

Was never said in rhyme.

### \* TO SLEEP.

COME, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of  
peace,

The baiting-place of wit, the balm of  
woe,

The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's re-  
lease,

\* By Sir Philip Sidney. Erroneously placed.



Th' indifferent judge between the high  
and low !  
With shield of proof, shield me from out  
the prease  
Of those fierce darts Despair at me  
doth throw ;  
O make me in those civil wars to cease !  
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.  
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest  
bed,  
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to  
light ;  
A rosy garland and a weary head ;  
And if these things, as being thine by  
right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in  
me,  
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image

[W. T. MONCRIEFF. 1790—1856]

## LOVE'S FOLLIES.

WHEN lulled in passion's dream my  
senses slept,  
How did I act?—e'en as a wayward  
child ;  
I smiled with pleasure when I should  
have wept,  
And wept with sorrow when I should  
have smiled.

When Gracia, beautiful but faithless fair,  
Who long in passion's bonds my heart  
had kept,  
First with false blushes pined my de-  
spair,  
I smiled with pleasure!—should I not  
have wept?

And when, to gratify some wealthier  
wight,  
She left to grief the heart she had be-  
stowed,  
The heart grew sick, and saddening at  
the sight,  
I wept with sorrow!—should I not  
have smiled?

[T. L. POCOCK DIED 1866.]

OH ! SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART  
IS BOUGHT.

OH ! say not woman's heart is bought  
With vain and empty treasure ;  
Oh ! say not woman's heart is caught  
By every idle pleasure.

When first her gentle bosom knows  
Love's flame, it wanders never ;  
Deep in her heart the passion glows,—  
She loves, and loves for ever.

Oh ! say not woman's false as fair,  
That like the bee she ranges ;  
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,  
As fickle fancy changes.

Ah, no ! the love that first can warm  
Will leave her bosom never ;  
No second passion e'er can charm,—  
She loves, and loves for ever.

[ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING DIED 1861.]

## THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my  
brothers,

Ere the sorrow comes with years?

They are leaning their young heads  
against their mothers,—

And *that* cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the  
meadows, [nest,

The young birds are chirping in the

The young fawns are playing with the  
shadows,

The young flowers are blowing toward  
the west—

But the young, young children, O my  
brothers,

They are weeping bitterly !—

They are weeping in the playtime of the  
others,

In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in  
the sorrow,

Why their tears are falling so ?—

The old man may weep for his to-  
morrow

Which is lost in Long Ago—

The old tree is leafless in the forest—  
The old year is ending in the frost—  
The old wound, if stricken, is the  
sorest—

The old hope is hardest to be lost :  
But the young, young children, O my  
brothers,

Do you ask them why they stand  
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their  
mothers,  
In our happy Fatherland ?

They look up with their pale and sunken  
faces,

And their looks are sad to see,  
For the man's hoary anguish draws and  
presses

Down the cheeks of infancy—  
"Your old earth," they say "is very  
dreary ;"

"Our young feet," they say, "are very  
weak ! [weary—

Few paces have we taken, yet are  
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.

Ask the aged why they weep, and not  
the children,

For the outside earth is cold,  
And we young ones stand without, in our  
bewildering,  
And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may hap-  
pen

That we die before our time.  
Little Alice died last year—the grave is  
shapen

Like a snowball, in the rime.  
We looked into the pit prepared to take  
her— [clay :

Was no room for any work in the close  
From the sleep wherein she lieth none  
will wake her,

Crying, "Get up, little Alice ! it is  
day."

If you listen by that grave, in sun and  
shower,

With your ear down, little Alice never  
cries !—

Could we see her face, be sure we should  
not know her,

For the smile has time for growing in  
her eyes !

And m...o her moments, lulled and  
stunned in

The shroud, by the kirk-chime !  
It is good when it happens," say the  
children,  
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children ! they are seeking  
Death in life, as best to have !

They are binding up their hearts away  
from breaking,

With a cerement from the grave.  
Go out, children, from the mine and  
from the city— [do—

Sing out, children, as the little thrushes  
Pluck you handfuls of the meadow-cow-  
slips pretty—

Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let  
them through !

But they answer, "Are your cowslips of  
the meadows

Like our weeds anear the mine ?  
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-  
shadows,

From your pleasures fair and fine !

"For oh," say the children, "we are  
weary,

And we cannot run or leap—  
If we cared for any meadows, it were  
merely

To drop down in them and sleep.  
Our knees tremble sorely in the stoop-  
ing—

We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;  
And, underneath our heavy eyelids droop-  
ing, [as snow.

The reddest flower would look as pale  
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring  
Through the coal-dark under-  
ground—

Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning,  
turning,—

Their wind comes in our faces,—  
Till our hearts turn,—our heads, with  
pulses burning,

And the walls turn in their places—  
Turns the sky in the high window blank  
and reeling—

Turns the long light that drops adown  
the wall—

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—  
 All are turning, all the day, and we with all.—  
 And all day, the iron wheels are droning ;  
 And sometimes we could pray,  
 ‘O ye wheels,’ (breaking out in a mad moaning)  
 ‘Stop ! be silent for to-day !’  
 Ay ! be silent ! Let them hear each other breathing  
 For a moment, mouth to mouth—  
 Let them touch each other’s hands, in a fresh wreathing  
 Of their tender human youth !  
 Let them feel that this cold metallic motion [veals—  
 Is not all the life God fashions or re-  
 Let them prove their living souls against the notion [wheels !—  
 That they live in you, or under you, O Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,  
 Grinding life down from its mark ;  
 And the children’s souls, which God is calling sunward,  
 Spin on blindly in the dark.  
 Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,  
 To look up to him and pray—  
 So the Blessed One, who bleaseth all the others,  
 Will bless them another day.  
 They answer, “Who is God that He Should hear us,  
 While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred ?  
 When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us [word ;  
 Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a  
 And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)  
 Strangers speaking at the door :  
 Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,  
 Hears our weeping any more ?  
 “Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,  
 And at midnight’s hour of harm,  
 ‘Our Father,’ looking upward in the chamber,  
 We say softly for a charm,  
 We know no other words, except ‘Our Father,’  
 And we think that, in some pause of angel’s song,  
 God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,  
 And hold both within His right hand which is strong.  
 ‘Our Father !’ If He heard us, He would surely  
 (For they call Him good and mild)  
 Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,  
 ‘Come and rest with me, my child.’  
 “But, no !” say the children, weeping faster,  
 “He is speechless as a stone ;  
 And they tell us, of His image is the master  
 Who commands us to work on.  
 Go to !” say the children,—“up in Heaven,  
 Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.  
 Do not mock us ; grief has made us un-believing—  
 We look up for God, but tears have made us blind.”  
 Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,  
 O my brothers, what ye preach ?  
 For God’s possible is taught by his world’s loving—  
 And the children doubt of each.  
 And well may the children weep before you !  
 They are weary ere they run ;  
 They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory  
 Which is brighter than the sun :  
 They know the grief of man, without his wisdom ;  
 They sink in man’s despair, without his calm—  
 Are slaves, without the liberty in Christ-  
 dom,—  
 Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—  
 Are worn, as if with age, yet unretriev-  
 ingly

The blessing of its memory cannot keep,—  
 Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:  
 Let them weep ! let them weep !

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,  
 And their look is dread to see,  
 For they mind you of their angels in their places,  
 With eyes turned on Deity ;—  
 "How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,  
 Will you stand to move the world, on a child's heart,—  
 Stifle down with a mailed heel its pal-pitation,  
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart ?  
 Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,  
 And your purple shows your path !  
 But the child's sob curses deeper in the silence  
 Than the strong man in his wrath !"

And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds  
 and wandering lights departed,  
 He wore no less a loving face because so  
 broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's  
 high vocation ;  
 And bow the meekest Christian down in  
 meeker adoration ;  
 Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise  
 or good forsaken,  
 Named softly as the household name of  
 one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn  
 to think upon him,  
 With meekness that is gratefulness to God  
 whose heaven hath won him—  
 Who suffered once the madness-cloud to  
 His own love to blind him,  
 But gently led the blind along where  
 breath and bird could find him ;

And wrought within his shattered brain,  
 such quick poetic senses  
 As hills have language for, and stars,  
 harmonious influences !  
 The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his  
 within its number,  
 And silent shadow from the trees re-  
 freshed him like a slumber.

## COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may  
 feel the hearts' decaying—  
 It is a place where happy saints may weep  
 amid their praying :  
 Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low  
 as silence, languish !  
 Earth surely now may give her calm to  
 whom she gave her anguish.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods  
 to share his home-caresses,  
 Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan  
 tenderesses ;  
 The very world, by God's constraint,  
 from falsehood's ways removing,  
 Its women and its men became beside  
 him true and loving.

But while in blindness he remained un-  
 conscious of the guiding,  
 And things provided came without the  
 sweet sense of providing,  
 He testified this solemn truth though  
 phrenzy desolated—  
 Nor man nor nature satisfy, whom only  
 God created !

And now, what time ye all may read  
 through dimming tears his story,  
 How discord on the music fell, and dark-  
 ness on the glory,

Like a sick child that knoweth not his  
 mother whilst she blesses,  
 And drops upon his burning ! now the  
 coolness of her kisses ;

That turns his fevered eyes around—"My  
mother! where's my mother?"—  
As if such tender words and looks could  
come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he  
sees her bending o'er him,  
Her face all pale from watchful love, the  
unweary love she bore him!—  
Thus woke the poet from the dream his  
life's long fever gave him,  
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which  
closed in death to save him!

Thus? oh, not thus! no type of earth  
could image that awaking,  
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of  
seraphs round him breaking,  
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul  
from body parted,  
But felt those eyes alone, and knew, "My  
Saviour! not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when  
the cross in darkness rested  
Upon the Victim's hidden face no love  
was manifested!  
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er  
the atoning drops averted?  
What tears have washed them from the  
soul, that one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His  
own essence rather,  
And Adam's sins have swept between the  
righteous Son and Father;  
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his  
universe hath shaken—  
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I  
am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his  
lost creation,  
That, of the lost, no son should use those  
words of desolation,  
That earth's worst phrenzies, marring  
hope, should mar not hope's fruition,  
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his  
rapture in a vision!

## LOVE—A SONNET.

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had  
sung  
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-  
for years,  
Who each one, in a gracious hand, appears  
To bear a gift for mortals, old and young;  
And as I mused it in his antique tongue,  
I saw a gradual vision through my tears,  
The sweet sad years, the melancholy  
years,  
Those of my own life, who by turns had  
flung  
A shadow across me. Straightway I was  
'ware,  
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move  
Behind me, and drew me backwards by  
the hair,  
And a voice said in mastery, while I  
strove,  
"Guess now who holds thee?" "Death,"  
I said; but there  
The silver answer rang,—“Not Death,  
but Love.”

## A DEAD ROSE.

O ROSE! who dares to name thee?  
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor  
sweet;  
But barren, and hard, and dry as stubble-  
wheat,  
Kept seven years in a drawer—thy  
titles shame thee.

The breeze that used to blow thee  
Between the hedge-row thorns, and take  
away  
An odour up the lane, to last all day—  
If breathing now—unsweetened would  
forego thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,  
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,  
Till beam appeared to bloom and flower  
to burn—  
If shining now—with not a hue would  
light thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,  
And white first, grew incarnated, be-  
cause

It lay upon thee where the crimson was—  
If dropping now—would darken where  
it met thee.

The fly that lit upon thee,  
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet  
Along the leaf's pure edges after heat,—  
If lighting now—would coldly overrun  
thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,  
And build thy perfumed ambers up his  
hive,  
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce  
alive—  
If passing now—would blindly overlook  
thee.

The heart doth recognise thee,  
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee  
sweet,  
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most  
complete—  
Though seeing now those changes that  
disguise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee  
More love, dead rose! than to such roses  
bold  
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!—  
Lie still upon this heart, which breaks  
below thee!

### LOVED ONCE.

I CLASSED, appraising once,  
Earth's lamentable sounds; the "well-  
a-day,"

The jarring "yea" and "nay,"  
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,  
The sobbed "farewell," the "welcome"  
mournfuller;—

But all did leaven the air  
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair,  
Than these words—"I loved once."

And who saith, "I loved once?"  
Not angels, whose clear eyes love, love  
foresee,

Love through eternity!  
Who, by to love, do apprehend to be.  
Not God, called Love, his noble crown-  
name,—casting  
A light too broad for blasting!  
The Great God, changing not from ever  
lasting,  
Saith never, "I loved once."

Oh, never is "Loved once"  
Thy word, thou Victim-Christ, misprized  
friend?

Thy cross and curse may rend;  
But, having loved, Thou lovest to the  
end!  
It is man's saying—man's! Too weak to  
move  
One sphered star above,  
Man desecrates the eternal God-word,  
love,  
With his "no more," and "once."

How say ye, "We loved once,"  
Bashphemers? Is your earth not cold  
enow,  
Mourners, without that snow?  
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each  
other so?

And could ye say of some, whose love is  
known,  
Whose prayers have met your own,  
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose  
smiles have shone,  
Such words, "We loved them once?"

Could ye "We loved her once"  
Say calm of me, sweet friends, when out  
of sight?

When hearts of better right  
Stand in between me and your happy  
light?

And when, as flowers kept too long in  
shade,

Ye find my colours fade,  
And all that is not love in me, decayed?  
Such words, "Ye loved me once!"

Could ye "We loved her once"  
Say cold of me, when further put away  
In earth's sepulchral clay?  
When mute the lips which deprecate to  
day?—

Not so! not then—least then! When  
 life is shriven,  
 And death's full joy is given;  
 Of those who sit and love you up in  
 heaven

Say not, "We loved them once."

Say never, ye loved once!

God is too near above, the grave beneath,  
 And all our moments breathe  
 Too quick in mysteries of life and death,  
 For such a word. The eternities avenge  
 Affections light of range—

There comes no change to justify that  
 change,

Whatever comes—loved once!

And yet that same word "once"  
 Is humanly acceptive! Kings have said,  
 Shaking a disrowned head,  
 "We ruled once;"—dotards, "We once  
 taught and led;"—

Cripples once danced i' the vines; and  
 bards approved

Were once by scornings moved;  
 But love strikes one hour—love. Those  
 never loved

Who dream that they loved once.

[LORD MACAULAY. 1800—1859.]

### HENRY OF NAVARRE.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from  
 whom all glories are!

And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King  
 Henry of Navarre!

Now let there be the merry sound of  
 music and of dance,

Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny  
 vines, oh pleasant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle,  
 proud city of the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy  
 mourning daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be  
 joyous in our joy,

For cold, and stiff, and still are they who  
 wrought thy walls annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned  
 the chance of war,

Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King  
 Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when  
 at the dawn of day

We saw the army of the League drawn out  
 in long array;

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its  
 rebel peers,

And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Eg-  
 mont's Flemish spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine,  
 the curses of our land!

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a  
 truncheon in his hand!

And as we looked on them, we thought of  
 Seine's empurpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled  
 with his blood;

And we cried unto the living God, who  
 rules the fate of war,

To fight for his own holy name, and  
 Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his  
 armour drest,

And he has bound a snow-white plume  
 upon his gallant crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear  
 was in his eye;

He looked upon the traitors, and his  
 glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as  
 rolled from wing to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout,  
 "God save our Lord the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall  
 full well he may,

For never saw I promise yet of such a  
 bloody fray,

Press where ye see my white plume shine,  
 amidst the ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet  
 of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to  
 the mingled din

Of fife, and steed, and trump and drum,  
 and roaring culverin!

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across  
 Saint André's plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Gueiders  
 and Almayne.

Now by the lips of those ye love, fair  
 gentlemen of France,

Charge for the Golden Lilies now—upon  
them with the lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a  
thousand spears in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close  
behind the snow-white crest;  
And in they burst, and on they rushed,  
while, like a guiding star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the  
helmet of Navarre.

### THE ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our  
noble England's praise:  
I sing of the thrice famous deeds she  
wrought in ancient days,  
When that great fleet invincible, against  
her bore, in vain,  
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest  
hearts in Spain.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours!  
Mayenne hath turned his rein.  
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The  
Flemish Count is slain.  
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds  
before a Biscay gale;  
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds,  
and flags, and cloven mail;  
And then, we thought on vengeance, and,  
all along our van.  
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was  
passed from man to man;  
But out spake gentle Henry, "No French-  
man is my foe:  
Down, down with every foreigner, but let  
your brethren go."  
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in  
friendship or in war,  
As our Sovereign Lord King Henry, the  
soldier of Navarre!

It was about the lovely close of a warm  
summer's day,  
There came a gallant merchant ship full  
sail to Plymouth bay;  
The crew had seen Castile's black fleet,  
beyond Aurigny's isle,  
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie  
heaving many a mile.  
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's  
especial grace;  
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held  
her close in chase.  
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was  
placed along the wall;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edge-  
combe's lofty hall;  
Many a light fishing bark put out, to pry  
along the coast;  
And with loose rein, and bloody spur,  
rode inland many a post.

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons  
of Lucerne!  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those  
who never shall return.  
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy mexican  
pistolet,  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for  
thy poor spearmen's souls!  
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look  
that your arms be bright!  
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep  
watch and ward to-night!  
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our  
God hath raised the slave,  
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and  
the valour of the brave.  
Then glory to His holy name, from whom  
all glories are;  
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King  
Henry of Navarre!

With his white hair, unbonnetted, the  
stout old sheriff comes,  
Behind him march the halberdiers, before  
him sound the drums:  
The yeomen, round the market cross,  
make clear and ample space,  
For there behoves him to set up the  
standard of her grace:  
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and  
gaily dance the bells,  
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal  
blazon swells.  
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his  
ancient crown,  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the  
gay lilies down!  
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on  
that famed Picard field,  
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and  
Cæsar's eagle shield:



So glared he when, at Agincourt, in  
 wrath he turned to bay,  
 And crushed and torn, beneath his claws,  
 the princely hunters lay.  
 Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight  
 ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids !  
 Ho, gunners ! fire a loud salute ! ho,  
 gallants ! draw your blades !  
 Thou, sun, shine on her joyously ! ye  
 breezes, waft her wide !  
 Our glorious *semper eadem* ! the banner o  
 our pride !

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled  
 that banner's massy fold—  
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that  
 haughty scroll of gold :  
 Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on  
 the purple sea ;  
 Such night in England ne'er had been,  
 nor ne'er again shall be.  
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds,  
 from Lynn to Milford bay,  
 That time of slumber was as bright, as  
 busy as the day ;  
 For swift to east, and swift to west, the  
 warning radiance spread—  
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it  
 shone on Beachy Head :  
 Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along  
 each southern shire,  
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range,  
 those twinkling points of fire.  
 The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's  
 glittering waves,  
 The rugged miners poured to war, from  
 Mendip's sunless caves ;  
 O'er Longleat's towers, or Cranbourne's  
 oaks, the fiery herald flew,  
 And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge  
 —the rangers of Beaulieu.  
 Right sharp and quick the bells rang out  
 all night from Bristol town ;  
 And, ere the day, three hundred horse  
 had met on Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked  
 forth into the night,  
 And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill,  
 that streak of blood-red light :  
 The bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the  
 death-like silence broke,

And with one start, and with one cry, the  
 royal city woke ;  
 At once, on all her stately gates, arose the  
 answering fires ;  
 At once the wild alarm clashed from all  
 her reeling spires ;  
 From all the batteries of the Tower pealed  
 loud the voice of fear,  
 And all the thousand masts of Thames  
 sent back a louder cheer :  
 And from the farthest wards was heard  
 the rush of hurrying feet,  
 And the broad streams of flags and pikes  
 dashed down each rousing street :  
 And broader still became the blaze, and  
 louder still the din,  
 As fast from every village round the horse  
 came spurring in ;  
 And eastward straight, for wild Black-  
 heath, the warlike errand went ;  
 And roused, in many an ancient hall, the  
 gallant squires of Kent :  
 Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills,  
 flew those bright coursers forth ;  
 High on black Hampstead's swarthy  
 moor, they started for the north ;  
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired  
 they bounded still ;  
 All night from tower to tower they sprang,  
 all night from hill to hill ;  
 Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er  
 Derwent's rocky dales ;  
 Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the  
 stormy hills of Wales ;  
 Till, twelve fair counties saw the blaze on  
 Malvern's lonely height ;  
 Till streamed in crimson, on the wind,  
 the Wrekin's crest of light ;  
 Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth,  
 on Ely's stately fane,  
 And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er  
 all the boundless plain ;  
 Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to  
 Lincoln sent,  
 And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er  
 the wide vale of Trent ;  
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on  
 Gaunt's embattled pile,  
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the  
 burghers of Carlisle.

[F. W. N. BAYLEY. 1810—1853.]

## CHELSEA PENSIONERS READING THE GAZETTE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE golden gleam of a summer sun  
Is lighting the elm-decked grove,  
And the leaves of the old trees—every  
one—  
Are stirred with a song they love ;  
For there bloweth a light breeze, whisper-  
ing true,  
Of the deeds they are doing at Waterloo !

The Chelsea veteran gathereth there.  
Under the ancient sign ;  
His meteor sword hath a stain of blood,  
And his cheek is warm with wine.  
Fame he had wooed as a glorious bride,  
When she waved with his white plume,  
and clung to his side !

His comrades flock to their favourite  
seat,  
And their tale is of days gone by ;  
But their words—as weak as broken  
hearts—  
Are stifled by many a sigh !  
For they drink to those true friends who  
scorned to yield,  
And were left behind on the battle field !

But many a brighter say and song  
Are gladdening all that scene ;  
And joy comes, like a singing bird,  
To light the village green !  
And groups are gathered 'neath those  
trees,  
Round summer flowers—like summer  
bees !

The soldier ! with his mark of war—  
The medal on his breast !—  
Star of the brave that decks him now,  
When his sword is laid to rest !  
And the iron sheath is worn away,  
That was tenantless on the battle day !

The stripling too, that hath not sinned  
And so can laugh and sing !

Child, whom the world hath not yet  
touched,  
Like a serpent, with its sting !  
The young in hope—the conscience-free ;  
The beautiful in infancy !

And mothers too, whose measured  
love  
Blends all the pure and mild,  
And pours itself from one deep fount  
On father and on child !  
And ancient grandames just as glad,  
And proud of charms their daughters  
had !

The young and old—the fair and  
brave—  
Are congregated here ;  
And they all look out with an anxious  
gaze  
Of mingled hope and fear !  
As the wearied sailor looks for land,  
When the bark speeds on and the gales  
are bland.

Now gaze again !—A lancer comes  
With a spur in his courser's side,  
That speeds towards th' expecting  
group  
As a lover bounds to his bride !  
He bringeth the news, and their hearts  
beat high—  
The news of a glorious victory !

Father and brother, and betrothed—  
The husband and the son !  
That lancer bold hath a tale to tell  
To the friends of every one.  
“ Their swords were bright—their hearts  
were true—  
They have won the field of Waterloo ! ”

Oh ! when the heart is very glad,  
It leaps like a little child  
That is just released from a weary task,  
With a spirit free and wild.  
It fluttereth like a prisoned bird,  
When tidings such as these are heard !

A low sound—like a murmured prayer !  
Then, a cheer that rends the sky !  
A loud huzza—like a people's shout  
When a good king passeth by !—

As the roar of waves on an angry main  
Breaks forth, and then all is mute again !

The lancer looks in the veteran's face,  
And hands him the written scroll ;  
And the old man reads with a quiv'ring  
voice,

The words of that muster-roll,  
As they wake a smile, or force a sigh,  
From many an anxious stander-by.

If the father's boy be laurel-crowned,  
He glories in his name ;  
If the mother hath lost her only son,  
She little heeds his fame !  
And the lonely girl, whose lover sleeps,  
Droops in her beauty, and only weeps !

But if a few have blighted hopes,  
And hearts forlorn and sad !  
How many of that mingled group  
Doth that great victory glad ?  
Who bless—for *their* dear sakes—the day  
Whom toil and war kept far away ?

If parting words—like arrows—fixed  
In their breasts the barb of pain,  
Now fancy—like a painter—draws  
The welcome home again !  
And some who ne'er held cup of bliss,  
Sup full of happiness from this !

The Highland pipe is pouring out  
Its music like a stream !  
And the sound of its startling revelry  
Wakes many from a dream !  
And now breaks forth another cry  
Of overwhelming ecstasy !

The cup is filled, and the wine goes  
round,  
And it foameth to the brim ;  
And young and old, and grave and gay,  
All shout a health to him  
Who brings these tidings glad and true—  
Then—"Wellington and Waterloo !"

"And those who fought, and those  
who fell,  
And those who bravely died !  
And those who bore our banners high,  
And battled side by side ! [true  
And those whose hearts and swords were  
With Wellington and Waterloo !"

[ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. 1812—1861.]

## GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND

GREEN fields of England ! wheresoe'er  
Across this watery waste we fare,  
Gone image at our hearts we bear,  
Green fields of England, everywhere

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee  
Past where the waves' last confines be  
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,  
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast  
If but in thee my lot lie cast,  
The past shall seem a nothing past  
To thee, dear home, if won at last ;  
Dear home in England, won at last.

## O STREAM DESCENDING TO THE SEA.

O STREAM descending to the sea,  
Thy mossy banks between,  
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,  
Thy leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,  
The fields the labourers till,  
And houses stand on either hand,  
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,  
Our waking eyes behold,  
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,  
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our minds possess,  
Our hearts affections fill,  
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,  
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,  
Inevitable sea,  
To which we flow, what do we know  
What shall we guess of thee ?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,  
As we our course fulfil ;  
Scarce we divine a sun will shine,  
And be above us still.

[ ROBERT BROWNING ]

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE  
GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT  
TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and  
he ;  
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped  
all three ;  
“ Good speed ! ” cried the watch, as the  
gate-bolts undrew ;  
“ Speed ! ” echoed the wall to us galloping  
through ;  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank  
to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped  
abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the  
great pace  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never  
changing our place ;  
I turned in my saddle and made its girths  
tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the  
pi  
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained  
slacker the bit,  
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a  
whit.

’Twas moonset at starting ; but while we  
drew near  
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight  
dawned clear ;  
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to  
see ;  
At Duffeld, ’twas morning as plain as  
could be ;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we  
heard the half chime,  
So Joris broke silence with “ Yet there  
is time ! ”

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the  
sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black  
every one,  
To stare through the mist at us galloping  
past,  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at  
last,

With resolute shoulders, each butting  
away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its  
spray.

And his low head and crest, just one  
sharp ear bent back  
For my voice, and the other pricked out  
on his track ;  
And one eye’s black intelligence—ever  
that glance  
O’er its white edge at me, his own master,  
askance !  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which  
aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried  
Joris, “ Stay spur !  
Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault’s  
not in her,  
We’ll remember at Aix ”—for one heard  
the quick wheeze  
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and  
staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the  
flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered  
and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in  
the sky ;  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless  
laugh,  
’Neath our feet broke the brittle bright  
stubble like chaff ;  
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang  
white,  
And “ Gallop ” gasped Joris, “ for Aix  
is in sight ! ”

“ How they’ll greet us ! ” and all in a  
moment his roan  
Rolled neck and crop over ; lay dead as a  
stone ;  
And there was my Roland to bear the  
whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix  
from her fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to  
the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-  
socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each  
holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt  
and all,  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted  
his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet-name, my  
horse without peer ;  
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,  
any noise, bad or good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped  
and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking  
round  
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on  
the ground,  
And no voice but was praising this Ro-  
land of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last  
measure of wine,  
Which (the burghesses voted by common  
consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought  
good news from Ghent.

### THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,  
By famous Hanover city ;  
The river Weser, deep and wide,  
Washes its wall on the southern side ;  
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;  
But, when begins my ditty,  
Almost five hundred years ago,  
To see the townfolk suffer so  
From vermin was a pity.

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the  
cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cook's  
own ladles,  
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,

And even spoiled the woman's chais,  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body  
To the Town Hall came flocking :  
" 'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's  
a noddy ;  
And as for our Corporation—shock-  
ing  
To think we buy gowns lined with  
ermine  
For dolts that can't or won't determine  
What's best to rid us of our vermin !  
You hope, because you're old and  
obese,  
To find in the furry civic robe ease ?  
Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a  
racking  
To find the remedy we're lacking,  
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you pack-  
ing ! "

At this the Mayor and Corporation  
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,  
At length the Mayor broke silence :  
" For a guilder I'd my ermine gown  
sell ;

I wish I were a mile hence !  
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—  
I'm sure my poor head aches again  
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,  
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap ! "  
Just as he said this, what should hap  
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?  
" Bless us," cried the Mayor, " what's  
that ? "

(With the Corporation as he sat,  
Looking little though wondrous fat ;  
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,  
Than a too-long-opened oyster,  
Save when at noon his paunch grew mu-  
tinous

For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),  
" Only a scraping of shoes on the  
mat ?

Anything like the sound of a rat  
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat ! "  
" Come in ! "—the Mayor cried, look-  
ing bigger :  
And in did come the strangest figure.

His queer long coat from heel to head  
Was half of yellow and half of red ;  
And he himself was tall and thin,  
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,  
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,  
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
But lips where smiles went out and in—  
There was no guessing his kith and  
kin !

And nobody could enough admire  
The tall man and his quaint attire.  
Quoth one : " It's as my great grand-  
sire,  
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's  
tone,  
Had walked this way from his painted  
tombstone."

He advanced to the council-table :

And, " Please your honours," said he,  
" I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw  
All creatures living beneath the sun,  
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,  
After me so as you never saw !  
And I chiefly use my charm  
On creatures that do people harm,  
The mole, and toad, and newt, and  
viper ;

And people call me the Pied Piper."  
(And here they noticed round his neck  
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
To match with his coat of the self same  
cheque ;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;  
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever  
straying

As if impatient to be playing  
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled  
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

" Yet," said he, " poor piper as I am,  
In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
Last June, from his huge swarms of  
gnats ;

I eased in Asia the Nizam [bats :  
Of a monstrous brood of vampire  
And, as for what your brain bewilders,  
If I can rid your town of rats

Will you give me a thousand guilders ? "

" One ? fifty thousand ! "—was the ex-  
clamation

Of the astonished Mayor and Corpora-  
tion.

Into the street the Piper stopt,

Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept

In his quiet pipe the while ;  
Then, like a musical adept,  
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
And green and blue his sharp eyes  
twinkled

Like a candle flame where salt is  
sprinkled ;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe  
uttered,

You heard as if an army muttered ;  
And the muttering grew to a grum-  
bling ;

And the grumbling grew to a mighty  
rumbling ;

And out of the house the rats came  
tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny  
rats,

Brown rats, black rats, gray rats,  
tawny rats,

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,

Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—  
Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advan-  
cing,

And step by step they followed dan-  
cing,

Until they came to the river Weser  
Wherein all plunged and perished

—Save one, who, stout as Julius  
Cæsar,

Swam across and lived to carry  
(As he the manuscript he cherished)

To Rat-land home his commentary,  
Which was, " At the first shrill notes  
of the pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,

Into a cider-press's gripe ;  
And a moving away of pickle-tub-  
boards,

And a leaving ajar of conserve cup-  
boards,

And a drawing the corks of train-oil-  
flasks,

And a breaking the hoops of butter  
casks ;

And it seemed as if a voice  
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psal-  
 tery  
 Is breathed) called out, Oh! rats, re-  
 joice!  
 The world is grown to one vast dry-  
 saltery!  
 To munch on, crunch on, take your  
 nunccheon,  
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!  
 And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,  
 All ready staved, like a great sun  
 shone  
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,  
 Just as methought it said, come, bore  
 me!  
 —I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin  
 people  
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the  
 steeple.  
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get  
 long poles!  
 Poke out the nests and block up the  
 holes!  
 Consult with carpenters and builders,  
 And leave in our town not even a  
 trace  
 Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the  
 face  
 Of the Piper perked in the market-  
 place,  
 With a, "First, if you please, my thou-  
 sand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked  
 blue;  
 So did the Corporation too.  
 For council dinners made rare havock  
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Graive,  
 Hock;  
 And half the money would replenish  
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.  
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow  
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!  
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a  
 knowing wink,  
 "Our business was done at the river"  
 brink;  
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
 And what's dead can't come to life, I  
 think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink  
 From the duty of giving you some-  
 thing to drink,  
 And a matter of money to put in your  
 poke;  
 But, as for the guilders, what we  
 spoke  
 Of them, as you very well know, was  
 in joke.  
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;  
 A thousand guilders! Come, take  
 fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,  
 "No trifling! I can't wait, beside!  
 I've promised to visit by dinner-time  
 Bagdad, and accepted the prime  
 Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's  
 rich in,  
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—  
 With him I proved no bargain-driver,  
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!  
 And folks who put me in a passion  
 May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d ye  
 think I'll brook  
 Being worse treated than a Cook?  
 Insulted by a lazy ribald  
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald?  
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your  
 worst,  
 Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he steped into the street;  
 And to his lips again  
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight  
 cane;  
 And ere he blew three notes (such  
 sweet  
 Soft notes as yet musicians cunning  
 Never gave the enraptured air),  
 There was a rustling, that seemed like a  
 bustling  
 Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and  
 hustling,  
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes  
 clattering,  
 Little hands clapping, and little tongues  
 chattering,  
 And, like fowls in a farm-yard when  
 barley is scattering,

Out came the children running,  
All the little boys and girls,  
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council  
stood  
As if they were changed into blocks of  
wood,

Unable to move a step, or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by—  
And could only follow with the eye  
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.  
But how the Mayor was on the rack,  
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
As the Piper turned from the High  
Street

To where the Weser rolled its waters  
Right in the way of their sons and  
daughters!

However he turned from South to West,  
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps ad-  
dressed,

And after him the children pressed;  
Great was the joy in every breast.

"He never can cross that mighty top!  
He's forced to let the piping drop,  
And we shall see our children stop!"

When lo! as they reached the mountain's  
side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;  
And the Piper advanced and the children  
followed,

And when all were in to the very last,  
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.  
Did I say all? No! one was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the  
way;

And in after years, if you would blame  
His sadness, he was used to say,—

"It's dull in our town since my play-  
mates left;

I can't forget that I'm bereft  
Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
Which the Piper also promised me;  
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit trees  
grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And everything was strange and new;  
The sparrows were brighter than pea-  
cocks here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,  
And honey-bees had lost their stings;  
And horses were born with eagle's wings;  
And just as I became assured

My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
The music stopped, and I stood still,  
And found myself outside the Hill,  
Left alone against my will,  
To go now limping as before,  
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a bougher's path  
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate  
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate

As the needle's eye takes a camel in!  
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and  
South,

To offer the Piper by word of mouth,  
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,  
Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
If he'd only return the way he went,  
And bring the children all behind him.  
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,  
And Piper and dancers were gone for  
ever,

They made a decree that lawyers never  
Should think their records dated daily  
If, after the day of the month and year,  
These words did not as well appear,

"And so long after what happened  
here

On the twenty-second of July,  
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"

And the better in memory to fix  
The place of the Children's last retreat,  
They called it, the Pied Piper's street—  
Where any one playing on pipe or  
tabor,

Was sure for the future to lose his labour  
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern  
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;

But opposite the place of the cavern  
They wrote the story on a column,  
And on the great church window painted  
The same, to make the world acquainted  
How their children were stolen away;  
And there it stands to this very day.  
And I must not omit to say



That in Transylvania there's a tribe  
Of alien people that ascribe  
The outlandish ways and dress,  
On which their neighbours lay such stress,  
To their fathers and mothers having risen  
Out of some subterraneous prison,  
Into which they were trepanned  
Long time ago in a mighty band  
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,  
But how or why they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers  
Of scores out with all men—especially  
pipers :  
And, whether they pipe us free from rats  
or from mice,  
If we've promised them aught, let us keep  
our promise.

### EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead—  
Sit and watch by her side an hour,  
That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;  
She plucked that piece of geranium  
flower,  
beginning to die, too, in the glass.  
Little has yet been changed, I think—  
The shutters are shut, no light may pass,  
Save two long rays through the hinge's  
chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !  
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my  
name—  
It was not her time to love : beside,  
Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough and little cares,  
And now was quiet, now astir—  
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope ?  
What, your soul was pure and true,  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—  
And just because I was thrice as old,  
And our paths in the world diverged so  
wide,  
Each was nought to each, must I be to d ?  
We were fellow-mortals, nought oc-  
side ?

No, indeed ! for God above  
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the  
love,—  
I claim you still, for my own love's  
sake !  
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a  
few—  
Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you,

But the time will come,—at last it  
will,  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I  
shall say,  
In the lower earth, in the years long  
still,  
That body and soul so pure and  
gay ?  
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own gera-  
nium's red—  
And what you would do with me, in  
fine,  
In the new life come in the old one's  
stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since  
then,  
Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various men,  
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;  
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full  
scope,  
Either I missed or itself missed me—  
And I want and find you, Evelyn  
Hope !  
What is the issue ? let us see !

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while ;  
My heart seemed full as it could hold—  
There was space and to spare for the  
frank young smile,  
And the red young mouth, and the  
hair's young gold.  
So hush,—I will give you this leaf to  
keep,—  
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold  
hand.  
There, that is our secret ! go to sleep ;  
You will wake, and remember, and  
understand.

[R. CHARLES KINGSLEY.]

## THE SANDS OF DEE.

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle  
home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
Across the sands of Dee."  
The western wind was wild and dark  
with foam,  
And all alone went she.  
The western tide crept up along the  
sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see.  
The rolling mist came down and hid the  
land :  
And never home came she.  
"Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating  
hair—  
A tress of golden hair,  
A drowned maiden's hair,  
Above the nets at sea ?"  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
Among the stakes of Dee.  
They rowed her in across the rolling  
foam,  
The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea.  
But still the boatmen hear her call the  
cattle home,  
Across the sands of Dee.

## THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the  
west,  
Out into the west, as the sun went  
down,  
Each thought of the woman who loved  
him best,  
And the children stood watching them  
out of the town ;  
For men must work, and women must  
weep,  
And there's little to earn, and many to  
keep,  
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse  
tower,  
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun  
went down ;  
They looked at the squall, and they  
looked at the shower,  
And the night-rack came rolling up  
ragged and brown ;  
But men must work, and women must  
weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters  
deep,  
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out in the shining  
sands,  
In the morning gleam, as the tide goes  
down,  
And the women are weeping and wring-  
ing their hands,  
For those who will never come home  
to the town.  
For men must work, and women must  
weep,  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to  
sleep,  
And good-bye to the bar and its  
moaning.

[CHARLES SWAIN.]

## WHAT IS NOBLE ?

WHAT is noble ?—to inherit  
Wealth, estate, and proud degree ?—  
There must be some other merit  
Higher yet than these for me !—  
Something greater far must enter  
Into life's majestic span,  
Fitted to create and centre  
True nobility in man.

What is noble ?—'tis the finer  
Portion of our mind and heart,  
Linked to something still diviner  
Than mere language can impart :  
Ever prompting—ever seeing  
Some improvement yet to plan ;  
To uplift our fellow being,  
And, like man, to feel for Man !

What is noble?—is the sabre  
 Nobler than the humble spade?—  
 There's a dignity in labour  
 Truer than e'er pomp arrayed !  
 He who seeks the mind's improvement  
 Aids the world, in aiding mind !  
 Every great commanding movement  
 Serves not one, but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes,—  
 O'er the engine's iron head,—  
 Where the rapid shuttle flashes,  
 And the spindle whirls its thread :  
 There is labour, lowly tending  
 Each requirement of the hour,—  
 There is genius, still extending  
 Science, and its world of power !

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamour,  
 Of the loom-shed and the mill ;  
 'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,  
 Great results are growing still !  
 Though too oft, by fashion's creatures,  
 Work and workers may be blamed,  
 Commerce need not hide its features,—  
 Industry is not ashamed !

What is noble?—that which places  
 Truth in its enfranchised will,  
 Leaving steps, like angel-traces,  
 That mankind may follow still !  
 E'en though scorn's malignant glances  
 Prove him poorest of his clan,  
 He's the Noble—who advances  
 Freedom, and the Cause of Man !

[B. W. PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).]

### THE BEST OF ALL GOOD COMPANY.

SING !—Who sings  
 To her who weareth a hundred rings ?  
 Ah ! who is this lady fine ?  
 The vine, boys, the vine !  
 The mother of mighty wine.  
 A roamer is she  
 O'er wall and tree,  
 And sometimes very good company.

Drink !—who drinks  
 To her who blusheth and never thinks ?

Ah ! who is this maid of thine ?  
 The grape, boys, the grape !  
 Oh, never let her escape  
 Until she be turned to wine  
 For better is she  
 Than vine can be,  
 And very, very good company.

Dream !—who dreams  
 Of the god who governs a thousand  
 streams ?

Ah ! who is this spirit fine ?  
 'Tis wine, boys, 'tis wine !  
 God Bacchus, a friend of mine.  
 Oh, better is he  
 Than grape or tree,  
 And the best of all good company.

### KING DEATH.

KING DEATH was a rare old fellow,  
 He sat where no sun could shine,  
 And he lifted his hand so yellow,  
 And poured out his coal-black wine.  
 Hurrah ! for the coal-black wine !

There came to him many a maiden  
 Whose eyes had forgot to shine,  
 And widows with grief o'erladen,  
 For a draught of his coal-black wine.  
 Hurrah ! for the coal-black wine !

The scholar left all his learning,  
 The poet his fancied woes,  
 And the beauty her bloom returning,  
 Like life to the fading rose.  
 Hurrah ! for the coal-black wine !

All came to the rare old fellow,  
 Who laughed till his eyes dropped  
 brine,  
 And he gave them his hand so yellow,  
 And pledged them in Death's black  
 wine.  
 Hurrah ! for the coal-black wine !

### THE NIGHTS.

OH, the Summer night  
 Has a smile of light,  
 And she sits on a sapphire throne .

Whilst the sweet winds load her  
With garlands of odour,  
From the bud to the rose o'er-blown !

But the Autumn night  
Has a piercing sight,  
And a step both strong and free;  
And a voice for wonder,  
Like the wrath of the thunder,  
When he shouts to the stormy sea !

And the Winter night  
Is all cold and white,  
And she singeth a song of pain ;  
Till the wild bee hummeth,  
And the warm Spring cometh,  
When she dies in a dream of rain !

Oh, the night brings sleep  
To the greenwoods deep,  
To the birds of the woods its nest ;  
To care soft hours,  
To life new powers,  
To the sick and the weary—rest !

#### SONG FOR TWILIGHT.

HIDE me, O twilight air !  
Hide me from thought, from care,  
From all things foul or fair,  
Until to-morrow !  
To-night I strive no more ;  
No more my soul shall soar :  
Come, sleep, and shut the door  
'Gainst pain and sorrow !

If I must see through dreams,  
Be mine Elysian gleams,  
Be mine by morning streams  
To watch and wander ;  
So may my spirit cast  
(Serpent-like) off the past,  
And my free soul at last  
Have leave to ponder.

And should'st thou 'scape contral,  
Ponder on love, sweet soul ;  
On joy, the end and goal  
Of all endeavour :  
But if earth's pains will rise,  
(As damps will seek the skies,)   
Then, night, seal thou mine eyes,  
In sleep for ever.

[HON. MRS. NORTON.]

#### LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of  
clay !  
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of  
earthly flowers—  
Things that are made to fade and fall  
away,  
When they have blossomed but a few  
short hours.

Love not, love not ! The thing you love  
may die—  
May perish from the gay and glad some  
earth ;  
The silent stars, the blue and smiling  
sky,  
Beam on its grave as once upon its  
birth.

Love not, love not ! The thing you love  
may change,  
The rosy lip may cease to smile on  
you ;  
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and  
strange,  
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be  
true.

Love not, love not ! Oh warning vainly  
said  
In present years as in the years gone  
by ;  
Love flings a halo round the dear one's  
head,  
Faultless, immortal—till they change  
or die.

#### NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,  
The memory of the day,  
When icy Death hath sealed the breath  
Of some dear form of clay.

When pale, unmoved, the face we loved,  
The face we thought so fair,  
And the hand lies cold, whose fervent  
hold  
Once charmed away despair.

Oh, what could heal the grief we feel  
 For hopes that come no more,  
 Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word,  
 "Not lost, but gone before."

Oh sadly yet with vain regret  
 The widowed heart must yearn ;  
 And mothers weep their babes asleep  
 In the sunlight's vain return.

The brother's heart shall rue to part  
 From the one through childhood known ;  
 And the orphan's tears lament for years  
 A friend and father gone.

For death and life, with ceaseless strife,  
 Beat wild on this world's shore,  
 And all our calm is in that balm,  
 "Not lost, but gone before."

Oh ! world wherein nor death, nor sin,  
 Nor weary warfare dwells ;  
 Their blessed home we parted from  
 With sobs and sad farewells.

Where eyes awake, for whose dear sake  
 Our own with tears grow dim,  
 And faint accords of dying words  
 Are changed for heaven's sweet hymn .

Oh ! there at last, life's trials past,  
 We'll meet our loved once more,  
 Whose feet have trod the path to God—  
 "Not lost, but gone before."

#### NONE REMEMBER THEE.

NONE remember thee ! thou whose heart  
 Poured love on all around ;  
 Thy name no anguish can impart—  
 'Tis a forgotten sound.  
 Thy old companions pass me by  
 With a cold bright smile, and a vacant  
 eye,  
 And none remember thee  
 Save me !

None remember thee ! thou wert not  
 Beauteous as some things are ;  
 My glory beamed upon thy lot,  
 My pale and quiet star !

Like a winter bud that too soon hath  
 burst,  
 Thy cheek was fading from the first—  
 And none remember thee  
 Save me !

None remember thee ! they could spy  
 Nought when they gazed on thee,  
 But thy soul's deep love in thy quiet  
 eye—  
 It hath passed from their memory.  
 The gifts of genius were not thine,  
 Proudly before the world to shine—  
 And none remember thee  
 Save me !

None remember thee now thou'rt gone !  
 Or they could not choose but weep,  
 When they thought of thee, my gentle  
 one,  
 In thy long and lonely sleep.  
 Fain would I murmur thy name, and tell  
 How fondly together we used to dwell—  
 But none remember thee  
 Save me !

#### SONG OF THE PEASANT WIFE,

COME, Patrick, clear up the storms on  
 your brow ;  
 You were kind to me once—will you  
 frown on me now ?—  
 Shall the storm settle here, when from  
 heaven it departs,  
 And the cold from without find its way  
 to our hearts ?  
 No, Patrick, no ! sure the wintriest  
 weather  
 Is easily borne when we bear it together.  
 Though the rain's dropping through, from  
 the roof to the floor,  
 And the wind whistles free where there  
 once was a door,  
 Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm  
 wash away  
 All the warm vows we made in our love's  
 early day ?  
 No, Patrick, no ! sure the dark storm  
 weather  
 Is easily borne, if we bear it together.

When you stole out to woo me when  
labour was done,  
And the day that was closing to us seemed  
begun,  
Did we care if the sunset was bright on  
the flowers,  
Or if we crept out amid darkness and  
showers?  
No, Patrick! we talked, while we braved  
the wild weather,  
Of all we could bear, if we bore it to-  
gether.

Soon, soon, will these dark dreary days  
be gone by,  
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from  
the sky!  
Oh, let not our spirits, embittered with  
pain,  
Be dead to the sunshine that came to us  
then!  
Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us wel-  
come the weather,  
And, sunshine or storm, we will bear it  
together.

### OH! DISTANT STARS.

OH! distant stars, whose tranquil light  
Looks down on all the world at rest,  
From new-born babes, whose welcome  
night  
Is cradled on the mother's breast,  
To many a long-neglected grave  
In many a churchyard's narrow bound,  
And many a ship on trackless waves  
Whose course by that sweet light is  
found;  
Clear gleaming stars! clear gleaming  
stars!  
Emblem of God's protecting love,  
Ye watch us from your realms above.

Your light is on the Northern snow  
Where never trod the foot of man;  
Ye shine where lonely rivers flow  
On white wings of the sleeping swan.  
Ye guide (with trembling rays and dim)  
The beggar who dejected roams  
Past fires that glow, but not for him  
The household smile of happy homes.

Oh, steadfast stars! oh, steadfast  
stars!  
Emblem of God's all-seeing eye,  
Ye watch him from your world on  
high.

Oh, stars! memorial of the night,  
When first to simple shepherds beamed  
That glory, past your common light,  
The portent of a world redeemed;  
Still watch our living and our dead,  
And link the thoughts of sinful earth  
With that sweet light whose radiance shed  
A halo round the Saviour's birth.  
Pure, holy stars! Pure, holy stars!  
Emblem of hope and sins forgiven,  
Still watch us from your distant  
Heaven!

[PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.]

### LOVE OF GOD AND MAN.

LOVE is the happy privilege of the mind—  
Love is the reason of all living things.  
A Trinity there seems of principles,  
Which represent and rule created life—  
The love of self, our fellows, and our  
God.  
In all throughout one common feeling  
reigns:  
Each doth maintain, and is maintained by  
the other:  
All are compatible—all needful; one  
To life,—to virtue one,—and one to bliss:  
Which thus together make the power, the  
end,  
And the perfection of created Being.  
From these three principles doth every  
deed,  
Desire, and will, and reasoning, good or  
bad, come; [scheme:  
To these they all determine—sum and  
The three are one in centre and in round,  
Wrapping the world of life as do the skies  
Our world. Hail! air of love, by which  
we live!  
How sweet, how fragrant! Spirit, though  
unseen—  
Void of gross sign—is scarce a simp-  
essence,  
Immortal, immaterial, though it be.

One only simple essence liveth—God,—  
 Creator, uncreate. The brutes beneath,  
 The angels high above us, with ourselves,  
 Are but compounded things of mind and  
 form.

In all things animate is therefore cored  
 An elemental sameness of existence ;  
 For God, being Love, in love created all,  
 As he contains the whole and penetrates,  
 Seraphs love God, and angels love the  
 good :

We love each other ; and these lower  
 lives,  
 Which walk the earth in thousand diverse  
 shapes,

According to their reason, love us too :  
 The most intelligent affect us most.  
 Nay, man's chief wisdom's love—the love  
 of God.

The new religion—final, perfect, pure—  
 Was that of Christ and love. His great  
 command—

His all-sufficing precept—was't not love ?  
 Truly to love ourselves we must love  
 God,—

To love God we must all his creatures  
 love,—

To love his creatures, both ourselves and  
 Him.

Thus love is all that's wise, fair, good,  
 and happy !

[ELEANORA LOUISA HERVEY.]

### BE STILL, BE STILL, POOR HUMAN HEART.

BE still, be still, poor human heart,  
 What fitful fever shakes thee now ?  
 The earth's most lovely things depart—  
 And what art thou ?

Thy spring than earth's doth sooner fade,  
 Thy blossoms first with poison fill ;  
 To sorrow born, for suffering made,  
 Poor heart ! be still.

Thou lookest to the clouds,—they fleet ;  
 Thou turnest to the waves,—they falter ;  
 The flower that decks the shrine, though  
 sweet,  
 Dies on its altar :

And thou, more changeful than the cloud  
 More restless than the wandering rill,  
 Like that lone flower in silence bowed,  
 Poor heart ! be still.

### LOVE AND MAY.

WITH buds and thorns about her brow,  
 I met her in the woods of May  
 Bending beneath a loaded bough.  
 She seemed so young, and was so fair,  
 A rosy freshness in her air  
 Spoke morning gliding into day.

Wild as an untamed bird of Spring,  
 She sported 'mid the forest ways,  
 Whose blossoms pale did round her cling  
 Blithe was she as the banks of June,  
 Where humming-bees kept sweetest tune  
 The soul of love was in her lays.

Her words fell soft upon my ear,  
 Like dropping dew from leafy spray :  
 She knew no shame, and felt no fear ;  
 She told me how her childhood grew—  
 Her joys how keen, her cares how few :  
 She smiled, and said her name was  
 May.

May of my heart ! Oh, darling May !  
 Thy form is with the shows that fleet ;  
 And I am weak, and worn, and grey !  
 I see no more the things I loved :  
 The paths wherein their beauty moved  
 Do seem to fail beneath my feet.

I marked her for a little space ;  
 And soon she seemed to heed me not,  
 But gathered flowers before my face.  
 Oh, sweet to me her untaught ways !  
 The love I bore her all my days  
 Was born of that wild woodland spot.

I never called her bride nor wife,  
 I watched her bloom a little more,  
 And then she faded out of life :  
 She quaffed the wave I might not drink,  
 And I stood thirsting on the brink !  
 Oh, hurrying tide !—Oh, dreary shore !

They knew not that my heart was torn ;  
 They said a fever left me mad,  
 And I had babbled of a thorn,  
 A withered May, and scattered bloom,  
 A well of tears, and wayside tomb—  
 Alas! 'twas all the lore I had!

And to this day I am not clear ;  
 My stricken mind doth grope its way,  
 Like those who walk where woods are  
 sere :

I cannot see to set apart  
 Two things so crushed into my heart  
 As May and Love—and Love and May!

Still, shouting 'neath the greenwood tree,  
 Glad children called upon her name ;  
 But life and time are changed to me :  
 The grass is growing where she trod,  
 Above her head a bladeless sod—  
 The very earth is not the same.

Oh, heavy years, grow swift and brief!  
 Death, lay thine hand upon my brow!  
 I wither as a shrunk-up leaf.  
 I perished while my days were young :  
 The thoughts to which my spirit clung  
 Consumed me, like a sapless bough.

And now, O May! my vanished May!  
 Our thorns are gathered one by one,  
 And all their bloom is borne away.  
 The corn is reaped, the sheaf is bound,  
 The gleaner's foot is on the ground,  
 And pain is past—and life is done!

[ALFRED TENNYSON.]

### LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT time the mighty moon was gather-  
 ing light,  
 Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,  
 And all about him rolled his lustrous  
 eyes ;  
 When, turning round a cassia, full in  
 view,  
 Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,  
 And talking to himself, first met his  
 sight :  
 "You must begone," said Death, "these  
 walks are mine."

Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for  
 flight ;  
 Yet, ere he parted, said,—"This hour is  
 thine :  
 Thou art the shadow of life ; and as the  
 tree  
 Stands in the sun and shadows all  
 beneath,  
 So in the light of great eternity  
 Life eminent creates the shade of death ;  
 The shadow passeth when the tree shall  
 fall,  
 But I shall reign for ever over all."

### THE BUGLE SONG.

THE splendour falls on castle walls  
 And snowy summits, old in story :  
 The long light shakes across the lakes,  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes  
 flying,  
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,  
 dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !  
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
 The horns of Elfand faintly blowing!  
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens re-  
 playing :  
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,  
 dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
 They faint on hill or field or river :  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow for ever and for ever.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes  
 flying,  
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,  
 dying.

### GODIVA.

*I waited for the train at Coventry ;  
 I hung with grooms and porters on the  
 bridge,  
 To watch the three tall spires ; and there I  
 shaped  
 The city's ancient legend into this :—*



Not only we, the latest seed of Time,  
 New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
 Cry down the past, not only we, that  
 Of rights and wrongs, have loved the  
 people well,  
 And loathed to see them overtaxed, but  
 she  
 Did more, and underwent, and overcame,  
 The woman of a thousand summers back,  
 Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who  
 ruled  
 In Coventry : for when he laid a tax  
 Upon his town, and all the mothers  
 brought  
 Their children, clamouring, "If we pay,  
 we starve!"  
 She sought her lord, and found him,  
 where he strode  
 About the hall, among his dogs, alone,  
 His beard a foot before him, and his  
 hair  
 A yard behind. She told him of their  
 tears,  
 And prayed him, "If they pay this tax,  
 they starve."  
 Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,  
 "You would not let your little finger  
 ache  
 For such as *these*?"—"But I would die,"  
 said she.  
 He laughed, and swore by Peter and by  
 Paul.  
 Then filleted at the diamond in her ear;  
 "O ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she  
 said,  
 "But prove me what it is I would no  
 do"  
 And from a heart as rough as Esau's  
 hand,  
 He answered, "Ride you naked thro' the  
 town,  
 And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in  
 scorn,  
 He parted, with great strides among his  
 dogs.  
 So left alone, the passions of her mind,  
 As winds from all the compass shift and  
 blow,  
 Made war upon each other for an hour,  
 Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,  
 And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet  
 all  
 The hard condition; but that she would  
 loose  
 The people: therefore, as they loved her  
<sup>well,</sup>  
 From then till noon no foot should pace  
 the street,  
 No eye look down she passing, but  
 that all  
 Should keep within, door shut, and window  
 barred.  
 Then fled she to her inmost bower, and  
 there  
 Unclassed the wedded eagles of her belt,  
 The grim Earl's gift, but ever at a  
 breath  
 She lingered, looking like a summer  
 moon  
 Half dipt in cloud: anon she shook her  
 head,  
 And showered the rippled ringlets to her  
 knee;  
 Unclad herself in haste, adown the stair  
 Stole on, and, like a creeping sunbeam,  
 slid  
 From pillar unto pillar, until she reached  
 The gateway, there she found her palfrey  
 trapt  
 In purple, blazoned with armorial gold.  
 When she rode forth, clothed on with  
 chastity.  
 The deep air listened round her as she  
 rode,  
 And all the low wind hardly breathed for  
 fear.  
 The little wide-mouthed heads upon the  
 spout  
 Had cunning eyes to see: the barking  
 cur  
 Made her cheek flame. her palfrey's foot-  
 fall shot  
 Light horrors thro' her pulses; the blind  
 walls  
 Were full of chinks and holes, and over-  
 head [she  
 Fantastic gables, crowding, stared; but  
 Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she  
 saw  
 The white-flowered elder-thicket from the  
 field  
 Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the  
 wall.  
 Then she rode **back**, clothed on with  
 chastity:



EDWARD GRAY (TENNYSON)

"Sweet Fanny Moreland spoke to me,  
Bitterly weeping I turned away  
"Sweet Fanny Moreland, love no more  
Can't touch the heart of Edward Gray." —P. 501.



And one low churl, compact of thankless  
 earth,  
 The fatal byword of all years to come,  
 Boring a little auger-hole in fear,  
 Peeped—but his eyes, before they had  
 their will,  
 Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,  
 And dropt before him. So the Powers,  
 who wait  
 On noble deeds, cancelled a sense mis-  
 used; [at once,  
 And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all  
 With twelve great shocks of sound, the  
 shameless noon  
 Was clashed and hammered from a  
 hundred towers,  
 One after one: but even then she gained  
 Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and  
 crowned,  
 To meet her lord, she took the tax away,  
 And built herself an everlasting name.

## EDWARD GRAY.

SWEET Emma Moreland, of yonder  
 town,  
 Met me walking on yonder way,  
 "And have you lost your heart?" she  
 said;  
 "And are you married yet, Edward  
 Gray?"

Sweet Emma Moreland spake to me:  
 Bitterly weeping I turned away:  
 "Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more  
 Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

"Ellen Adair she loved me well,  
 Against her father's and mother's will:  
 To-day I sat for an hour and wept  
 By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold;  
 Thought her proud, and fled over the  
 sea;  
 Filled I was with folly and spite,  
 When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

"Cruel, cruel, the words I said!  
 Cruelly came they back to-day:  
 "You're too slight and fickle," I said,  
 'To trouble the heart of Edward Gray.'

"There I put my face in the grass—  
 Whispered, 'Listen to my despair:  
 I repent me of all I did:  
 Speak a little, Ellen Adair!'

"Then I took a pencil, and wrote  
 On the mossy stone, as I lay,  
 'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair;  
 And here the heart of Edward Gray!'

"Love may come, and love may go,  
 And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree!  
 But I will love no more, no more,  
 Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

"Bitterly wept I over the stone:  
 Bitterly weeping I turned away:  
 There lies the body of Ellen Adair!  
 And there the heart of Edward Gray!"

AS THROUGH THE LAND AT  
EVE WE WENT.

AS thro' the land at eve we went,  
 And plucked the ripened ears,  
 We fell out, my wife and I,  
 We fell out, I know not why,  
 And kissed again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out  
 That all the more endears,  
 When we fall out with those we love,  
 And kiss again with tears!

For when we came where lies the child  
 We lost in other years,  
 There above the little grave,  
 O there above the little grave,  
 We kissed again with tears.

## VIVIEN'S SONG.

IN love. if love be love, if love be ours,  
 Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal  
 powers:  
 Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,  
 That by and by will make the music  
 mute,  
 And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,  
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,  
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping : let it go :  
But shall it ? answer, darling, answer, no.  
And trust me not at all, or all in all.

[SYDNEY DOBELL.]

### TOMMY'S DEAD.

You may give over plough, boys,  
You may take the gear to the stead ;  
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,  
Will never get beer and bread  
The seed's waste, I know, boys ;  
There's not a blade will grow boys ;  
'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to the fair, boys—  
He's going blind, as I said,  
My old eyes can't bear, boys,  
To see him in the shed ;  
The cow's dry and spare, boys,  
She's neither here nor there, boys,  
I doubt she's badly bred ;  
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,  
There'll be no more corn, boys,  
Neither white nor red ;  
There's no sign of grass, boys,  
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,  
The land's not what it was, boys,  
And the beasts must be fed .  
You may turn Peg away, boys,  
You may pay off old Ned,  
We've had a dull day, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,  
Let me turn my head :  
She's standing there in the door, boys,  
Your sister Winifred !  
Take her away from me, boys,  
Your sister Winifred !  
Move me round in my place, boys,  
Let me turn my head,  
Take her away from me, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed—  
The bones of her thin face, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed !

I don't know how it be, boys,  
When all's done and said,  
But I see her looking at me, boys,  
Wherever I turn my head ;  
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,  
Out of the garden-bed,  
And the lily as pale as she, boys,  
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,  
But I think it's not in my head ;  
I've kept my precious sight, boys—  
The Lord be hallowed.  
Outside and in  
The ground is cold to my tread,  
The hills are wizen and thin,  
The sky is shrivelled and shred ;  
The hedges down by the loan  
I can count them bone by bone.  
The leaves are open and spread.  
But I see the teeth of the land,  
And hands like a dead man's hand,  
And the eyes of a dead man's head  
There's nothing but cinders and sand,  
The rat and the mouse have fled,  
And the summer's empty and cold ;  
Over valley and wold,  
Wherever I turn my head,  
There's a mildew and a mould ;  
The sun's going out overhead,  
And I'm very old,  
And Tommy's dead

What am I staying for, boys ?  
You're all born and bred—  
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,  
Since wile and I were wed ;  
And she's gone before, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,  
Upon his curly head,  
She knew she'd never see't, boys,  
And she stole off to bed ;  
I've been siting up alone, boys,  
For he'd come home, he said,  
But it's time I was gone, boys,  
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,  
Bring out the beer and bread,  
Make haste and sup, boys,  
For my eyes are heavy as lead .

There's something wrong 't the cup, boys,  
There's something ill w'th the bread;  
I don't care to sup, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,  
I've such a sleepy head;  
I shall never more be stout, boys,  
You may carry me to bed.  
What are you about, boys?  
The prayers are all said,  
The fire's raked out, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,  
You may carry me to the head,  
The night's dark and deep, boys,  
Your mother's long in bed;  
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys;  
You may shake my hand instead.  
All things go amiss, boys,  
You may lay me where she is, boys,  
And I'll rest my old head;  
'Tis a poor world, this, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

[ELIZA COOK.]

## THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I LOVE it—I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm  
chair!  
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize—  
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed  
it with sighs;  
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my  
heart,  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.  
Would you learn the spell? a mother sat  
there;  
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
The hallowed seat with listening ear,  
And gentle words that mother would  
give,  
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.

She told me shame would never lettle,  
With truth for my creed, and God for my  
guide;  
She taught me to hsp my earliest prayer,  
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,  
When her eyes grew dim and her locks  
were grey,  
And I almost worshipped her when she  
smiled  
And turned from her Bible to bless her  
child.  
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—  
My 'dol was shattered—my earth star  
fled:

I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
When I saw her die in that old arm chair

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on a brow  
With quivering breath and throbbing  
brow:

'Twas there she nursed me—'twas there  
she died,  
And memory flows with lava tide—  
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
While the scalding tears run down my  
cheek.

But I love it—I love it, and cannot tear  
My soul from my mother's old arm chair.

[THOMAS MILLER.]

## EVENING SONG.

How many days with mute adieu  
Have gone down yon untrodden sky;  
And still it looks as clear and blue  
As when it first was hung on high  
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud  
That drew the lightning in its rear,  
The thunder tramping deep and loud,  
Have left no foot-mark there.

The village-bells, with silver chime,  
Come softened by the distant shore,  
Though I have heard them many a time,  
They never rung so sweet before.  
A silence rests upon the hill,  
A listening awe pervades the air;  
The very flowers are shut and still,  
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,  
O'er earth and air and sky and sea,  
A still low voice in silence goes,  
Which speaks alone, great God, of Thee.  
The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,  
The linnets' warble fainter grown,  
The hive-bound bee, the building rook,—  
All these their Maker own.

Now Nature sinks in soft repose,  
A living semblance of the grave;  
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,  
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;  
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,  
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,  
All tell from whom they had their birth,  
And cry, "Behold a God!"

It rose in harmonious rushing  
Of mingled voices and strings,  
And I tenderly laid my message  
On music's outspread wings.

And I heard it float farther and farther,  
In sound more perfect than speech,  
Farther than sight can follow,  
Farther than soul can reach.  
And I know that at last my message  
Has passed through the golden gate;  
So my heart is no longer restless,  
And I am content to wait.

[JULIAN FANE.]

#### AD MATREM.

[ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER. DIED 1864.]

#### THE MESSAGE.

I HAD a message to send her,  
To her whom my soul loves best;  
But I had my task to finish,  
And she had gone to rest:  
To rest in the far bright Heaven—  
Oh! so far away from here!  
It was vain to speak to my darling,  
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,  
So tender, and true, and sweet,  
I longed for an angel to hear it,  
And lay it down at her feet.  
I placed it, one summer's evening  
On a little white cloud's breast;  
But it faded in golden splendour,  
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark next morning,  
And I watched it soar and soar;  
But its pinions grew faint and weary,  
And it fluttered to earth once more.  
I cried, in my passionate longing,  
Has the earth no angel friend  
Who will carry my love the message  
My heart desires to send?

Then I heard a strain of music,  
So mighty, so pure, so dear,  
That my very sorrow was silent,  
And my heart stood still to hear.

If those dear eyes that watch me now,  
With looks that teach my heart content,  
That smile which o'er that placid brow  
Spreads with delight in pure consent;  
And that clear voice whose rise and fall  
Alternate, in a silver chime;  
If these fair tokens false were all  
That told the tale of fleeting Time,  
I scarce should mark his swift career:  
So little change hath o'er thee passed,  
So much thy present doth appear,  
Like all my memory holds most dear,  
When she recalls thy perfect past.  
Unchanged thou seem'st in mind and  
frame,  
Thy bright smile brightens still the same.  
In thy fair face is nothing strange.  
And when from out thy pure lips flow  
Thy earnest words with grace, I know  
Thy wisdom hath not suffered change.  
And in thy presence, bland and glad,  
Wherein no trace of change appears,  
Proclaims not that this day will add  
A fresh sheaf to thy garnered years;  
But Time himself proclaims his power,  
And will not pass unheeded by;  
At every turn his ruins lie;—  
I track his steps at every door.  
Or, musing with myself, I find  
His signet borne by every thought,  
From many a moral blemish wrought  
By more of commerce with mankind,

Who can tell the brunt of life,  
To battle with the foes of truth,  
And issue scarless from the strife.  
Not pure as thou to pass unscarred,  
Where knives and fools infest the ways—  
By their rank censure unimpaired,  
And spotless from their ranker praise  
And thus the slow year circling round,  
Mars with no change thy soul serene;  
While I, though changed, alas ! am found  
Far other than I should have been;  
And only not at heart unsound,  
Because thy love still keeps it green.  
Oh ! therefore from that worst Decay,  
To save me with love's holiest dew,  
Heaven guard thee, dear, and oft renew  
Return of this thy natal day;  
And teach me with each rolling year,  
That leaves us on a heedless earth.  
To love thee, so that love may bear  
Fruits worthier of thy perfect worth.  
And so whatever ills befall,  
Whatever storms about me lower,  
Though broken by the bolts of pride,  
And scorched by envy's lightning power,  
I shall not perish in the blast,  
But prosper while thou still art nigh,  
By thy pure love preserved, and by  
My guardian spirit saved at last.

[D. F. MCCARTHY.]

## THE WINDOW.

At my window, late and early,  
In the sunshine and the rain,  
When the jocund beams of morning  
Come to wake me from my napping  
With their golden fingers tapping  
At my window-pane :  
From my troubled slumbers fitting—  
From my dreamings fond and vain,  
From the fever intermitting,  
Up I start, and take my sitting  
At my window-pane.

Through the morning, through the noon  
tide,  
Fettered by a diamond chain,  
Through the early hours of evening,

When the stars began to tremble,  
As the evening ranks assemble  
Over the azure plain :  
When the thousand lamps are blazing,  
Through the street and lane—  
Mirac stars of man's upraising—  
Till I larger, fondly gaze  
From my window-pane !

For, amid the crowds slow passing,  
Surging like the main,  
Like a sunbeam among shadows,  
Through the storm-swept cloudy mass,  
Sometimes one bright being passes  
'Neath my window-pane :  
Thus a moment's joy I borrow  
From a day of pain.  
See, she comes ! but, bitter sorrow,  
Not until the slow to-morrow  
Will she come again.

[CHARLES KENT.]

## LOVE'S CALENDER.

TALK of love in vernal hours,  
When the landscape blushes  
With the dawning glow of flowers,  
While the early thrushes  
Warble in the apple-tree ;  
When the primrose springing  
From the green bank, lulls the bee,  
On its blossom swinging.

Talk of love in summer-tide  
When through bosky shallows  
Trills the streamlet—all its side  
Pranked with freckled mallows ;—  
When in mossy lair of wrens  
Tiny eggs are warming ;  
When above the reedy fens  
Dragon-gnats are swarming.

Talk of love in autumn days,  
When the fruit, all mellow,  
Drops amid the ripening rays,  
While the leaflets yellow  
Circle in the sluggish breeze  
With their portents bitter ;  
When between the fading trees  
Broader sunbeams glitter.



Talk of love in winter time,  
When the hailstorm hurtles.  
While the robin sparks of rime  
Snakes from hardy myrtles.  
Never speak of love with scorn,  
Such were direst treason ;  
Love was made for eve and morn,  
And for every season.

### THE BALLAD.

SING to me some homely ballad,  
Plaintive with the tones of love ;  
Harp and voice together blending,  
Like the doling of the dove.

Let each cadence melt in languor  
Softly on my ravished ears,  
Till my half-closed eyes are brimming  
With a rapture of sweet tears.

Summon back fond recollections,  
Such as gentle sounds prolong ;  
Flies of memory embalming  
In the amber of a song.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

### THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock  
In all the fairy dells,  
And if I find the charmed leaf,  
Oh, how I'll weave my spells !  
I would not waste my magic might  
On diamond, pearl, or gold,  
For treasure tires the weary sense—  
Such triumph is but cold ;  
But I will play the enchanter's part  
In casting bliss around ;  
Oh ! not a tear, nor aching heart,  
Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honour,  
I'd dry the mourner's tears,  
And to the pallid lip recall  
The smile of happier years ;  
And hearts that had been long estranged,  
And friends that had grown cold,  
Should meet again like parted streams,  
And mingle as of old.

Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's  
part  
In casting bliss around ;  
Oh ! not a tear, nor aching heart,  
Should in the world be found.

The heart that had been mourning  
O'er vanished dreams of love,  
Should see them all returning,  
Like Noah's faithful dove.  
And Hope should launch her blessed bark  
On Sorrow's darkening sea,  
And Misery's children have an ark,  
And saved from sinking be.  
Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's  
part  
In casting bliss around ;  
Oh ! not a tear, nor aching heart,  
Should in the world be found.

### THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was  
weeping,  
For her husband was far on the wild  
raging sea ;  
And the tempest was swelling, round the  
fisherman's dwelling,  
And she cried, " Dermot darling, oh !  
come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby  
still slumbered,  
And smiled in her face, while she  
bended her knee.  
" Oh ! blessed be that warning, my child,  
thy sleep adorning,  
For I know that the angels are whis-  
pering with thee.

" And while they are keeping bright  
watch o'er thy sleeping,  
Oh ! pray to them softly, my baby, with  
me ;  
And say thou wouldst rather they'd  
watched o'er thy father,  
For I know that the angels are whis-  
pering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot,  
returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's  
father to see,  
And closely caressing her child, with a  
blessing,  
Said, "I knew that the angels were  
whispering with thee."

[LORD LYTON.]

## ABSENT, YET PRESENT.

As the flight of a river  
That flows to the sea,  
My soul rushes ever  
In tumult to thee.

A twofold existence  
I am where thou art ;  
My heart in the distance  
Beats close to thy heart.

Look up, I am near thee,  
I gaze on thy face ;  
I see thee, I hear thee,  
I feel thine embrace.

As a magnet's control on  
The steel it draws to it,  
Is the charm of thy soul on  
The thoughts that pursue it.

And absence but brightens  
The eyes that I miss,  
And custom but heightens  
The spell of thy kiss.

It is not from duty,  
Though that may be owed,—  
It is not from beauty,  
Though that be bestowed ;

But all that I care for,  
And all that I know,  
Is that, without wherefore,  
I worship thee so.

Through granite as breaketh  
A tree to the ray,  
As a dreamer forsaketh  
The grief of the day,

My soul in its fever  
Escapes unto thee :  
O dream to the griever,  
O light to the tree !

A twofold existence  
I am where thou art ;  
Hark, hear in the distance  
The beat of my heart !

## LOVE AND FAME.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

It was the May when I was born,  
Soft moonlight through the casement  
streamed,  
And still, as it were yesternorn,  
I dream the dream I dreamed.  
I saw two forms from fairy land,  
Along the moonbeam gently glide,  
Until they halted, hand in hand,  
My infant couch beside.

## II.

With smiles, the cradle bending o'er,  
I heard their whispered voices breathe—  
The one a crown of diamond wore,  
The one a myrtle wreath ;  
"Twin brothers from the better clime,  
A poet's spell hath lured to thee ;  
Say which shall, in the coming time,  
Thy chosen fairy be ?"

## III.

I stretched my hand, as if my grasp  
Could snatch the toy from either brow  
And found a leaf within my clasp,  
One leaf—as fragrant now !  
If both in life may not be won,  
Be mine, at least, the gentler brother—  
For he whose life deserves the one,  
In death may gain the other.

## THE DESIRE OF FAME.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTY.

I DO confess that I have wished to give  
My land the gift of no ignoble name.

And in that holier air have sought to live,  
 Turned with the hope of Fame.  
 Do I lament that I have seen the bays  
 Denied my own, not worthier brows  
 above,—  
 Foes quick to scoff, and friends afraid to  
 praise,—  
 More active hate than love?  
 Do I lament that roseate youth has flown  
 In the hard labour grudged its niggard  
 meed,  
 And cull from far and juster lands alone  
 Few flowers from many a seed?  
 No! for whoever with an earnest soul  
 Strives for some end from this low  
 world afar,  
 Still upward travels, though he miss the  
 goal,  
 And strays—but towards a star.  
 Better than fame is still the wish for fame,  
 The constant training for a glorious  
 strife :  
 The athlete nurtured for the Olympian  
 Game  
 Gains strength at least for life.  
 The wish for Fame is faith in holy  
 things  
 That soothe the life, and shall outlive  
 the tomb—  
 A reverent listening for some angel wings  
 That cower above the gloom.

If vain for others, not in vain for me.—  
 Who builds an altar let him worship  
 there ;  
 What needs the crowd? though lone the  
 shrine may be,  
 Not hallowed less the prayer.  
 Eno' if haply in the after days,  
 When by the altar sleeps the funeral  
 stone,  
 When gone the mists our human passions  
 raise,  
 And Truth is seen alone :  
 When causeless Hate can wound its prey  
 no more,  
 And fawns its late repentance o'er the  
 dead,  
 If gentle footsteps from some kindlier  
 shore  
 Pause by the narrow bed.  
 Or if yon children, whose young sounds  
 of glee  
 Float to mine ear the evening gales  
 along,  
 Recall some echo, in their years to be,  
 Of not all-perished song!  
 Taking some spark to glad the hearth, or  
 light  
 The student lamp, from now neglected  
 fires,—  
 And one sad memory in the sons requite  
 What—I forgive the sires.

To gladden earth with beauty, or men's  
 lives

To serve with action, or their souls  
 with truth,—

These are the ends for which the hope  
 survives

The ignobler thirsts of youth.

No, I lament not, though these leaves  
 may fall

From the sered branches on the desert  
 plain,

Mocked by the idle winds that waft; and  
 all

Life's blooms, its last, in vain!

### THE INFANT-BURIAL.

To and fro the bells are swinging,  
 Heavily heaving to and fro ;

Sadly go the mourners, bringing  
 Dust to join the dust below.

Through the church-aisle, lighted dim,  
 Chanted knells the ghostly hymn,

*Dies iræ, dies illa,  
 Solvet sæculum in favilla!*

Mother! flowers that bloomed and pe-  
 rished,

Strewed thy path the bridal day;  
 Now the bud thy grief has cherished,  
 With the rest has passed away!

Leaf that fadeth—bud that bloometh,  
Mingled there, must wait the day  
When the seed the grave entombeth  
Bursts to glory from the clay.

*Dies ira, dies illa,  
Solvat sæclum in favillâ!*

Happy are the old that die,  
With the sins of life repented;  
Happier he whose parting sigh  
Breaks a heart, from sin prevented!  
Let the earth thine infant cover  
From the cares the living know;  
Happier than the guilty lover—  
Memory is at rest below!  
Memory, like a fiend, shall follow,  
Night and day, the steps of Crime;  
Hark! the church-bell, dull and hollow,  
Shakes another sand from time!  
Through the church-aisle, lighted dim,  
Chanted kneels the ghostly hymn,  
Hear it, False One, where thou fleest,  
Shriek to hear it when thou diest—

*Dies ira, dies illa,  
Solvat sæclum in favillâ!*

### LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

WHEN earth is fair, and winds are still,  
When sunset gilds the western hill,  
Oft by the porch, with jasmine sweet,  
Or by the brook, with noiseless feet,  
Two silent forms are seen;  
So silent they—the place so lone—  
They seem like souls when life is gone,  
That haunt where life has been:  
And his to watch, as in the past  
Her soul had watched his soul.  
Alas! her darkness waits the last,  
The grave the only goal!  
It is not what the leech can cure—  
An erring chord, a jarring madness:  
A calm so deep, it must endure—  
So deep, thou scarce canst call it sad-  
ness;  
A summer night, whose shadow falls  
On silent hearths in ruined halls.  
Yet, through the gloom, she seemed to  
feel  
His presence like a happier air,  
Close by his side she loved to steal,  
As if no ill could harm her there!

And when her looks his own would seek,  
Some memory seemed to wake the  
sigh,  
Strive for kind words she could not  
speak,  
And bless him in the tearful eye.  
O sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,  
In mornings soft with May,  
And silver-clear the waves that flow  
To shoreless deeps away;  
But heavenward from the faithful heart  
A sweeter incense stole;—  
The onward waves their source desert,  
But Soul returns to Soul!

### KING ARTHUR'S HOLIDAY.

NOW is the time when, after sparkling  
showers,  
Her starry wreaths the virgin jasmine  
weaves;  
Now murmurous bees return with sunny  
hours;  
And light wings rustle quick through  
glinting leaves;  
Music in every bough; on mead and  
lawn  
May lifts her fragrant altars to the dawn.

Now life, with every moment, seems to  
start  
In air, in wave, on earth;—above,  
below;  
And o'er her new-born children, Nature's  
heart  
Heaves with the gladness mothers only  
know;  
On poet times the month of poets  
shone—  
May decked the world, and Arthur filled  
the throne.

Hard by a stream, amidst a pleasant vale,  
King Arthur held his careless holi-  
day:—  
The stream was blithe with many a silken  
sail, [gay;  
The vale with many a proud pavilion  
While Cymri's dragon, from the Roman's  
hold,  
Spread with calm wing o'er Carduel's  
domes of gold.

Dark, to the right, thick forests mantled o'er  
 A gradual mountain sloping to the plain ;  
 Whose gloom but lent to light a charm the more,  
 As pleasure pleases most when neighbouring pain ;  
 And all our human joys most sweet and holy,  
 Sport in the shadows cast from Meian-choly.

Below that mount, along the glossy sward  
 Were gentle groups, discoursing gentle things ;  
 Or listening idly where the skilful bard  
 Woke the sweet tempest of melodious strings ;  
 Or whispering love—I ween, less idle they,  
 For love's the honey in the flowers of May.

Some plied in lusty race the glist'ning oar ;  
 Some, noiseless, snared the silver-scaled prey ;  
 Some wreathed the dance along the level shore ;  
 And each was happy in his chosen way.  
 Not by one shaft is Care, the hydra killed,  
 So Mirth, determined, had his quiver filled.

Bright 'mid his blooming Court, like royal Morn  
 Girt with the Hours that lead the jocund Spring,  
 When to its smile delight and flowers are born,  
 And clouds are rose-hued,—shone the Cymrian King.  
 Above that group, o'er-arched from tree to tree,  
 Thick garlands hung their odorous canopy ;

And in the midst of that delicious shade  
 Up sprang a sparkling fountain, silver-voiced,  
 And the bee murmured and the breezes played :  
 In their gay youth, the youth of May rejoiced—  
 And they in hers—as though that leafy hall  
 Chimed the heart's laughter with the fountain's fall.

Propped on his easy arm, the King reclined,  
 And glancing gaily round the ring, quoth he—  
 “‘Man,’ say our sages, ‘hath a fickle mind,  
 And pleasures pall, if long enjoyed they be.’  
 But I, methinks, like this soft summer-day,  
 ‘Mid blooms and sweets could wear the hours away ;—  
 “‘Feel, in the eyes of Love, a cloudless sun,  
 Taste, in the breath of Love, eternal spring ;  
 Could age but keep the joys that youth has won,  
 The human heart would fold its idle wing !  
 If change there be in Fate and Nature's plan,  
 Wherefore blame us ?—it is in Time, not Man.”

#### THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

UPON a barren steep,  
 Above a stormy deep,  
 I saw an Angel watching the wild sea ;  
 Earth was that barren steep,  
 Time was that stormy deep,  
 And the opposing shore—Eternity !

“Why dost thou watch the wave ?  
 Thy feet the waters lave,  
 The tide engulfs thee if thou dost delay.”  
 “Unscathed I watch the wave,  
 Time not the Angel's grave,  
 I wait until the ocean ebbs away.”

Hushed on the Angel's breast  
 I saw an Infant rest,  
 Smiling upon the gloomy hell below.  
 "What is the Infant pressed,  
 O Angel, to thy breast?"  
 "The child God gave me, in The Long  
 Ago.

"Mine all upon the earth,  
 The Angel's angel-birth,  
 Smiling each terror from the howling  
 wild."

Never may I forget  
 The dream that haunts me yet,  
 OF PATIENCE NURSING HOPE—THE  
 ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

### TO THE KING ON THE AWAKENING OF THE PEOPLE.

*Duchers de la Vallière.*

GREAT though thou art, awake thee from  
 the dream  
 That earth was made for kings—mankind  
 for slaughter—  
 Woman for lust—the People for the  
 Palace!  
 Dark warnings have gone forth; along  
 the air  
 Lingers the crash of the first Charles's  
 throne.  
 Behold the young, the fair, the haughty  
 king,  
 The ruling courtiers, and the flattering  
 priests!  
 Lo! where the palace rose, behold the  
 scaffold—  
 The crowd—the axe—the headsman—  
 and the victim!  
 Lord of the Silver Lilies, canst thou tell  
 If the same fate await not thy descen-  
 dant!  
 If some meek son of thine imperial line  
 May make no brother to yon headless  
 spectre!  
 And when the sage who saddens o'er the  
 end  
 Tracks back the causes, tremble, lest he  
 finds  
 The seeds, thy wars, thy pomp, and thy  
 profusion,

Sowed in a heartless court and breadless  
 people,  
 Grew to the tree from which men shaped  
 the scaffold,—  
 And the long glare of thy funereal glories  
 Light unborn monarchs to a ghastly  
 grave?  
 Beware, proud King! the Present cries  
 aloud,  
 A prophet to the Future! Wake!—  
 beware!

### A LOVER'S DREAM OF HOME.

*Lady of Lyons.*

A PALACE lifting to eternal summer  
 Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower  
 Of coolest foliage musical with birds,  
 Whose songs should syllable thy name!  
 At noon  
 We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and  
 wonder  
 Why Earth could be unhappy, while the  
 Heaven  
 Still left us youth and love; we'd have  
 no friends  
 That were not lovers; no ambition, save  
 To excel them all in love; we'd read no  
 books  
 That were not tales of love—that we  
 might smile  
 To think how poorly eloquence of  
 words  
 Translates the poetry of hearts like  
 ours!  
 And when night came, amidst the breath-  
 less heavens  
 We'd guess what star should be our home  
 when love  
 Becomes immortal; while the perfumed  
 light  
 Stole through the mists of alabaster  
 lamps,  
 And every air was heavy with the sighs  
 Of orange groves and music from sweet  
 lutes,  
 And murmurs of low fountains that gush  
 forth  
 'T' the midst of roses! Dost thou like the  
 picture?

## INVOCATION TO LOVE.

*King Arthur*

HAIL thou, the ever young, albeit of night  
 And of primeval chaos, eldest born ;  
 Thou, at whose birth broke forth the  
 Founts of Light,  
 And o'er Creation flushed the earliest  
 morn !

Life, in thy life, suffused the conscience  
 whole ;  
 And formless matter took the harmonious  
 soul.

Hail, Love ! the Death-defyer ! age to

Linking, with flowers, in the still heart  
 of man !

Dream to the Bard, and marvel to the  
 Sage,  
 Glory and mystery since the world  
 began.

Shadowing the cradle, bright'ning at the  
 tomb,  
 Soft as our joys, and solemn as our  
 doom !

Ghost-like amidst the unfamiliar Past,  
 Dim shadows flit along the streams of  
 Time ;

Vainly our learning trifles with the vast  
 Unknown of ages ! Like the wizard's  
 rhyme

We call the dead, and from the Tar-  
 tarus

'Tis but the dead that rise to answer  
 us !

Voiceless and wan, we question them in  
 vain ;

They leave unsolved earth's mighty  
 yesterday.

But wave thy wand—they bloom, they  
 breathe again !

The link is found !—as *we* love, so  
 loved they !

Warm to our clasp our human brothers  
 start,

Man smiles on man, and heart speaks out  
 to heart.

Arch power, of every power most dread  
 most sweet,

Ope at thy touch the far celestial  
 gates ;

Yet Terror flies with Joy before thy feet,  
 And, with the Graces, glide unseen the  
 Fates ;

Eos and Hesperus,—one, with twofold  
 light,

Bringer of day, and herald of the night.

## THE HOLLOW OAK.

HOLLOW is the oak beside the sunny  
 waters drooping ;

Thither came, when I was young, happy  
 children trooping ;

Dream I now, or hear I now—far, their  
 mellow whooping ?

Gay below the cowslip bank, see the  
 billow dances,

There I lay, beguiling time—when I  
 lived romances ;

Dropping pebbles in the wave, fancies  
 into fancies ;—

Farther, where the river glides by the  
 wooded cover,

Where the merlin singeth low, with the  
 hawk above her,

Came a foot and shone a smile—woe is  
 me, the lover !

Leaflets on the hollow oak still as greenly  
 quiver, [river ;

Musical amid the reeds murmurs on the  
 But the footstep and the smile !—woe is  
 me for ever !

## JEALOUSY.

I HAVE thy love—I know no fear

Of that divine possession ;

Yet draw more close, and thou shalt hear

A jealous heart's confession.

I nurse no pang, lest fairer youth

Of loftier hopes should win thee ;

There blows no wind to chill the truth,

Whose amaranth blooms within thee.

Unworthier thee if I could grow  
 (The love that lured thee perished),  
 Thy woman heart could ne'er forego  
 The earliest dream it cherished.

I do not think that doubt and love  
 Are one—whate'er they tell us ;  
 Yet—nay—lift not thy looks above,  
 A star can make me jealous.

If thou art mine, all mine at last,  
 I covet so the treasure,  
 No glance that thou canst elsewhere cast,  
 But robs me of a pleasure.

I am so much a miser grown,  
 That I could wish to hide thee,  
 Where never breath but mine alone  
 Could drink delight beside thee.

Then say not, with that soothing air,  
 I have no rival nigh thee ;  
 The sunbeam lingering in thy hair—  
 The breeze that trembles by thee—

The very herb beneath thy feet—  
 The rose whose odours woo thee—  
 In all things, rivals he must meet,  
 Who would be all things to thee !

If sunlight from the dial be  
 But for one moment banished,  
 Turn to the silenced plate and see  
 The hours themselves are vanished.

In aught that from me lures thine eyes,  
 My jealousy has trial ;  
 The lightest cloud across the skies  
 Has darkness for the dial.

[LORD HOUGHTON (RICHARD MONCKTON  
 MILNES).]

#### WHEN LONG UPON THE SCALES OF FATE.

WHEN long upon the scales of fate  
 The issue of my passion hung,  
 And on your eyes I laid in wait,  
 And on your brow, and on your  
 tongue,

High-frowning Nature pleased me not :  
 Strange pleasure was it to discern  
 Sharp rock and mountains peaked with  
 frost,  
 Through gorges thick with fir and fern.

The flowerless walk, the vapoury shrouds  
 Could comfort me ; though, best of all,  
 I loved the daughter of the clouds,  
 The wild capricious waterfall.

But now that you and I repose  
 On one affection's certain store,  
 Serener charms take place of those,  
 Plenty and Peace and little more ;

The hill that lends its mother-breast  
 To patient flocks and gentle kine ;  
 The vale that spreads its royal vest  
 Of golden corn and purple vine ;

The streams that bubble out their mirth  
 In humble nooks, or calmly flow,  
 The crystal life-blood of our earth,  
 Are now the dearest sights I know.

[ALEXANDER SMITH. DIED 1867.]

#### DESIRES AND ANTICIPATIONS OF THE YOUNG HEART.

*The Life Drama.*

ON balcony, all summer roofed with  
 vines,  
 A lady half-reclined amid the light,  
 Golden and green, soft-showering through  
 the leaves.  
 Silent she sat one-half the silent noon ;  
 At last she sank luxurious in her couch,  
 Purple and golden-fringed, like the sun's,  
 And stretched her white arms on the  
 warmed air,  
 As if to take some object wherewithal  
 To ease the empty aching of her heart.  
 "Oh, what a weariness of life is mine !"  
 The lady said, "soothing myself to sleep  
 With my own lute, floating about the lake  
 To feed my swans, with nought to stir my  
 blood,  
 Unless I scold my women thrice a day.



Unwrought yet in the tapestry of my life,  
 And princely suitors kneeling evermore ;  
 I, in my beauty, standing in the midst,  
 Touching them, careless, with most  
     stately eyes.  
 Oh, I could love, methinks, with all my  
     soul !  
 But I see nought to love ; nought save  
     some score  
 Of lisping, curled gallants, with words I'  
     their mouths [heart !  
 Soft as their mother's milk. Oh, empty  
 Oh, palace, rich and purple-chambered !  
 When will thy lord come home ? ”

### BARBARA.

ON the Sabbath-day,  
 Through the churchyard old and grey,  
 Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held  
     my rustling way ;  
 And amid the words of mercy, falling on  
     my soul like balms ;  
 'Mong the gorgeous storms of music—in  
     the mellow organ-calms,  
 'Mong the upward-streaming prayers, and  
     the rich and solemn psalms,  
 I stood heedless, Barbara !

My heart was elsewhere  
 While the organ filled the air,  
 And the priest, with outspread hands,  
     blessed the people with a prayer ;  
 But, when rising to go homeward, with a  
     mild and saint-like shine  
 Gleamed a face of airy beauty with its  
     heavenly eyes on mine—  
 Gleamed and vanished in a moment. Oh,  
     the face was like to thine,  
 Ere you perished, Barbara !

Oh, that pallid face !  
 Those sweet, earnest eyes of grace !  
 When last I saw them, dearest, it was in  
     another place ;  
 You came running forth to meet me with  
     my love-gift on your wrist,  
 And a cursed river killed thee, aided by  
     a murderous mist.  
 Oh, a purple mark of agony was on the  
     mouth I kissed,  
 When last I saw thee, Barbara !

These dreary years eleven  
 Have you pined within your heaven,  
 And is this the only glimpse of earth that  
     in that time was given ?  
 And have you passed unheeded all the  
     fortunes of your race—  
 Your father's grave, your sister's child,  
     your mother's quiet face—  
 To gaze on one who worshipped not  
     within a kneeling place ?  
 Are you happy, Barbara ?

'Mong angels, do you think  
 Of the precious golden link  
 I bound around your happy arm while  
     sitting on yon brink ?  
 Or when that night of wit and wine, of  
     laughter and guitars,  
 Was emptied of its music, and we  
     watched, through lattice-bars,  
 The silent midnight heaven moving o'er  
     us with its stars,  
 Till the morn broke, Barbara ?

In the years I've changed ;  
 Wild and far my heart has ranged,  
 And many sins and errors deep have been  
     on me avenged ;  
 But to you I have been faithful, whatso-  
     ever good I've lacked :  
 I loved you, and above my life still hangs  
     that love intact—  
 Like a mild consoling rainbow, or a  
     savage cataract.  
 Love has saved me, Barbara !

O Love ! I am unblest ;  
 With monstrous doubts oppress  
 Of much that's dark and nether, much  
     that's holiest and best.  
 Could I but win you for an hour from off  
     that starry shore,  
 The hunger of my soul were stilled ; for  
     Death has told you more  
 Than the melancholy world doth know,  
     —things deeper than all lore,  
 Will you teach me, Barbara ?

In vain, in vain, in vain !  
 You will never come again,  
 There droops upon the dreary hills,  
     mournful fringe of rain ;

The gloaming closes slowly round, and  
 blest winds are in the tree,  
 Round selfish shores for ever moans the  
 hurt and wounded sea :  
 There is no rest upon the earth, peace is  
 with Death and thee,—  
 I am weary, Barbara !

[GEORGE W. THORNBURY.]

### THE RIDING TO THE TOURNAMENT.

OVER meadows purple-flowered,  
 Through the dark lanes oak-embowered,  
 Over commons dry and brown,  
 Through the silent red-roofed town,  
 Past the reapers and the sheaves,  
 Over white roads strewn with leaves,  
 By the gipsy's ragged tent,  
 Rode we to the Tournament.

Over clover wet with dew,  
 Whence the sky-lark, startled, flew,  
 Through brown fallows, where the hare  
 Leapt up from its subtle lair,  
 Past the mill-stream and the reeds  
 Where the stately heron feeds,  
 By the warren's sunny wall,  
 Where the dry leaves shake and fall,  
 By the hall's ancestral trees,  
 Bent and writhing in the breeze,  
 Rode we all with one intent,  
 Gaily to the Tournament.

Golden sparkles, flashing gem,  
 Lit the robes of each of them,  
 Cloak of velvet, robe of silk,  
 Mantle snowy-white as milk,  
 Rings upon our bridle hand,  
 Jewels on our belt and band,  
 Bells upon our golden reins,  
 Tinkling spurs and shining chains—  
 In such merry mob we went  
 Riding to the Tournament.

Laughing voices, scraps of song,  
 Lusty music loud and strong,  
 Rustling of the banners blowing,  
 Whispers as of rivers flowing,  
 Whistle of the hawks we bore  
 As they rise and as they soar.

Now and then a clash of drums  
 As the rabble louder hums,  
 Now and then a burst of horns  
 Sounding over brooks and bourns.  
 As in merry guise we went  
 Riding to the Tournament.

There were abbots fat and sleek,  
 Nuns in couples, pale and meek,  
 Jugglers tossing cups and knives,  
 Yeomen with their buxom wives,  
 Pages playing with the curls  
 Of the rosy village girls,  
 Grizzly knights with faces scarred,  
 Staring through their visors barred,  
 Huntsmen cheering with a shout  
 At the wild stag breaking out,  
 Harper, stately as a king,  
 Touching now and then a string,  
 As our revel laughing went  
 To the solemn Tournament.

Charger with the massy chest,  
 Foam-spots flecking mane and breast,  
 Pacing stately, pawing ground,  
 Fretting for the trumpet's sound,  
 White and sorrel, roan and bay,  
 Dappled, spotted, black, and grey  
 Palfreys snowy as the dawn,  
 Ponies sallow as the fawn,  
 All together neighing went  
 Trampling to the Tournament.

Long hair scattered in the wind,  
 Curls that flew a yard behind,  
 Flags that struggled like a bird  
 Chained and restive—not a word  
 But half buried in a laugh ;  
 And the lance's gilded staff  
 Shaking when the bearer shook  
 At the jester's merry look,  
 As he grins upon his mule,  
 Like an urchin leaving school,  
 Shaking bauble, tossing bells,  
 At the merry jest he tells,—  
 So in happy mood we went,  
 Laughing to the Tournament.

What a bustle at the inn,  
 What a stir, without—within ;  
 Filling flagons, brimming bowls  
 For a hundred thirsty soul !

Froth in snow-flakes flowing down,  
 From the pitcher big and brown,  
 While the tankards brim and bubble  
 With the balm for human trouble ;  
 How the maiden coyly sips,  
 How the yeoman wipes his lips,  
 How the old knight drains the cup  
 Slowly and with calmness up,  
 And the abbot, with a prayer,  
 Fills the silver goblet rare,  
 Praying to the saints for strength  
 As he holds it at arm's length ;  
 How the jester spins the bowl  
 On his thumb, then quaffs the whole ;  
 How the pompous steward bends  
 And bows to half-a-dozen friends,  
 As in a thirsty mood we went  
 Duly to the Tournament.

Then again the country over  
 Through the stubble and the clover,  
 By the crystal-dropping springs,  
 Where the road-dust clogs and clings  
 To the pearl-leaf of the rose,  
 Where the tawdry nightshade blows,  
 And the bramble twines its chains  
 Through the sunny village lanes,  
 Where the thistle sheds its seed,  
 And the goldfinch loves to feed,  
 By the milestone green with moss,  
 By the broken wayside cross,  
 In a merry band we went  
 Shouting to the Tournament.

Pilgrims with their hood and cowl,  
 Pury burghers cheek-by-jowl,  
 Archers with their peacock's wing  
 Fitting to the waxen string,  
 Pedlars with their pack and bags,  
 Beggars with their coloured rags,  
 Silent monks, whose stony eyes  
 Rest in trance upon the skies,  
 Children sleeping at the breast,  
 Merchants from the distant West,  
 All in gay confusion went  
 To the royal Tournament.

Players with the painted face  
 And a drunken man's grimace,  
 Grooms who praise their raw-boned steeds,  
 Old wives telling maple beads,—  
 Blackbirds from the hedges broke,  
 Black crows from the beeches croak,

Glossy swallows in dismay  
 From the mill-stream fled away,  
 The angry swan, with ruffled breast,  
 Frowned upon her osier nest,  
 The wren hopped restless on the brake,  
 The otter made the sedges shake,  
 The butterfly before our rout  
 Flew like a blossom blown about,  
 The coloured leaves, a globe of life,  
 Spun round and scattered as in strife,  
 Sweeping down the narrow lane  
 Like the slant shower of the rain,  
 The lark in terror, from the sod,  
 Flew up and straight appealed to  
     God,  
 As a noisy band we went  
 Trotting to the Tournament.

But when we saw the holy town,  
 With its river and its down,  
 Then the drums began to beat  
 And the flutes piped mellow sweet ;  
 Then the deep and full bassoon  
 Murmured like a wood in June,  
 And the fifes, so sharp and bleak,  
 All at once began to speak.  
 Hear the trumpets clear and loud,  
 Full-tongued, eloquent, and proud,  
 And the dulcimer that ranges  
 Through such wild and plaintive changes ;  
 Merry sounds the jester's shawn,  
 To our gladness giving form ;  
 And the shepherd's chalumeau,  
 Rich and soft, and sad and low ;  
 Hark ! the bagpipes squeak and scan,—  
 Every herdsman has his own ;  
 So in measured step we went  
 Pacing to the Tournament.

All at once the chimes break out,  
 Then we hear the townsmen shout,  
 And the morris-dancers' bells  
 Tinkling in the grassy dells ;  
 The bell thunder from the tower  
 Adds its sound of doom and power,  
 As the cannon's loud salute  
 For a moment made us mute,  
 Then again the laugh and joke  
 On the startled silence broke ;—  
 Thus in merry mood we went  
 Laughing to the Tournament.

[M. F. T. 11.]

## LOVE.

THERE is a fragrant blossom, that maketh  
glad the garden of the heart ;  
Its root lieth deep ; it is delicate, yet  
lasting, as the lilac crocus of autumn ;  
Loveliness and thought are the dews that  
water it morning and even ;  
Memory and absence cherish it, as the  
balmy breathings of the south.  
Its sun is the brightness of affection, and  
it bloometh in the border of Hope.  
Its companions are gentle flowers, and the  
briar withereth by its side.  
I saw it budding in beauty ; I felt the  
magic of its smile ;  
The violet rejoiced beneath it, the rose  
stooped down and kissed it ;  
And I thought some cherub had planted  
there a truant flower of Eden,  
As a bird bringeth foreign seeds, that they  
may flourish in a kindly soil.  
I saw, and asked not its name. I knew  
no language was so wealthy,  
Though every heart of every clime findeth  
its echo within.

\* \* \* \* \*

Love,—what a volume in a word, an  
ocean in a tear,  
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind  
in a sigh,  
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in  
a moment,  
What concentrated joy, or woe, in blest  
or blighted Love !  
For it is that native poetry springing up  
indigenous to Mind,  
The heart's own country music thrilling  
all its chords,  
The story without an end that angels  
throng to hear,  
The words, the king of words, carved on  
Jehovah's heart !  
Go, call thou snake-eyed malice mercy,  
call envy honest praise,  
Count selfish craft for wisdom, and coward  
treachery for prudence ;  
Do homage for blaspheming unbelief as  
to bold and free philosophy,  
And estimate the recklessness of licence as  
the right attribute of liberty,—

But with the world, thou friend and  
scholar, stain not this pure name,  
Nor suffer the majesty of Love to beliened  
to the meanness of desire ;  
For Love is no more such, than seraphs'  
hymns are record ;  
And such is no more Love, than Etna's  
breath is summer.

Love is a sweet idolatry, enslaving all the  
soul,  
A mighty spiritual force, warring with the  
dullness of matter,  
An angel-mind breathed into a mortal,  
though fallen, yet how beautiful !  
All the devotion of the heart in all its  
depth and grandeur.  
Behold that pale geranium, pent within  
the cottage-window,  
How yearningly it stretcheth to the light,  
its sickly long-stalked leaves ;  
How it straineth upward to the sun,  
coveting his sweet influence ;  
How real a living sacrifice to the god of  
all its worship !  
Such is the soul that loveth, and so the  
rose-tree of affection  
Bendeth its every leaf to look on those  
dear eyes : [light ;  
Its every gushing petal basket in their  
And all its gladness, all its life, is hanging  
on their love.

If the love of the heart is blighted, it  
buddeth not again :  
If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to  
be learnt no more ;  
Yet often will thought look back, and  
weep over early affection ;  
And the dim notes of that pleasant song  
will be heard as a reproachful spirit,  
Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert  
of the heart,  
Where the hot siroccos of the world have  
withered its own oasis.

[THOMAS WADE.]

## SYMPATHY.

THERE'S music on the earth : the moon  
and her attendants  
Partake the lofty solitude of heaven.

Why should they seem more lovely to the  
 sight  
 For that low melody? By the sweet  
 strain,  
 Which falls upon the soul and melts the  
 soul,  
 'Tis tempered to their beauty: 'tis the  
 mind  
 Which lends the happier influence it re-  
 ceives [own  
 From things external, and takes back its  
 Even as a boon. A sympathy is on me:  
 I deem those fair lights mortal; there's a  
 death  
 Looks through their glory: feeling they  
 may perish,  
 I love them more; and my mortality  
 Shakes off its grosser weight, self-recon-  
 ciled  
 By such high partnership.

#### A MOTHER TO HER NEW-BORN CHILD.

SWEET cry! as sacred as the blessed  
 hymn  
 Sung at Christ's birth by joyful seraphim!  
 Exhausted nigh to death by that dread  
 pain,  
 That voice salutes me to dear life again.  
 Ah, God! my child! my first, my living  
 child!  
 I have been dreaming of a thing like thee  
 Ere since, a babe, upon the mountains  
 wild  
 I nursed my mimic babe upon my knee.  
 In girlhood I had visions of thee; love  
 Came to my riper youth, and still I clove  
 Unto thine image, born within my brain  
 So like! as even there thy germ had lain!  
 My blood! my voice! my thought! my  
 dream achieved!  
 Oh, till this double life, I have not lived!

[ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.]

#### CHORUS FROM ATALANTA IN CALYDON.

BEFORE the beginning of years  
 There came to the making of man

Time, with a gift of tears;  
 Grief, with a glass that ran;  
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven;  
 Summer, with flowers that fell;  
 Remembrance fallen from heaven,  
 And madness risen from hell;  
 Strength without hands to smite;  
 Love that endures for a breath;  
 Night, the shadow of light;  
 And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand  
 Fire, and the falling of tears;  
 And a measure of sliding sand  
 From under the feet of the years;  
 And froth and drift of the sea;  
 And dust of the labouring earth;  
 And bodies of things to be  
 In the houses of death and of birth;  
 And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
 And fashioned with loathing and  
 love,  
 With life before and after,  
 And death beneath and above,  
 For a day, and a night, and a morrow,  
 That his strength might endure for a  
 span  
 With travail and heavy sorrow,  
 The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the  
 south  
 They gathered as unto strife;  
 They breathed upon his mouth,  
 They filled his body with life;  
 Eye-sight and speech they wrought  
 For the veils of the soul therein,  
 A time for labour and thought,  
 A time to serve and to sin;  
 They gave him light in his ways,  
 And love, and a space for delight,  
 And beauty, and length of days,  
 And night, and sleep in the night.  
 His speech is a burning fire;  
 With his lips he travaileth;  
 In his heart is a blind desire;  
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death;  
 He weaves, and is clothed with de-  
 vision;  
 Sows, and he shall not reap;  
 His life is a watch or a vision  
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

## LOVE AND DEATH.

WE have seen thee, O Love, thou art  
 fair ; thou art goodly, O Love ;  
 Thy wings make light in the air as the  
 wings of a dove.  
 Thy feet are as winds that divide the  
 stream of the sea ;  
 Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the  
 garment of thee.  
 Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a  
 flame of fire ;  
 Before thee the laughter, behind thee the  
 tears of desire ;  
 And twain go forth beside thee, a man  
 with a maid ;  
 Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom  
 delight makes afraid ;  
 As the breath in the buds that stir is her  
 bridal breath :  
 But Fate is the name of her ; and his  
 name is Death.

[LADY DUFFERIN.]

## THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'M sitting on the stile, Mary,  
 Where we sat side by side,  
 On a bright May morning long ago,  
 When first you were my bride.  
 The corn was springing fresh and green,  
 And the lark sang loud and high,  
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
 And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,  
 The day's as bright as then ;  
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
 And the corn is green again.  
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
 And your warm breath on my cheek,  
 And I still keep listening for the words  
 You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
 The village church stands near,—  
 The church where we were wed, Mary,  
 I see the spire from here.  
 But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,  
 And my step might break your rest,  
 Where I've laid you, darling, down to  
 sleep,  
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
 For the poor make no new friends ;  
 But, oh, they love the better  
 The few our Father sends.  
 And you were all I had, Mary,  
 My blessing and my pride ;  
 There's nothing left to care for now,  
 Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,  
 My Mary kind and true,  
 But I'll not forget you, darling,  
 In the land I'm going to.  
 They say there's bread and work for all,  
 And the sun shines always there,  
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
 Were it fifty times less fair.

[WILLIAM HENRY WHITWORTH.]

## TIME AND DEATH.

I SAW old Time, destroyer of mankind ;  
 Calm, stern, and cold he sat and often  
 shook  
 And turned his glass, nor ever cared to  
 look  
 How many of life's sands were still be-  
 hind.  
 And there was Death, his page, aghast  
 to find  
 How, tremblingly, like aspen o'er a  
 brook,  
 His blunted dart fell harmless ; so he  
 took  
 His master's scythe, and idly smote the  
 wind.  
 Smite on, thou gloomy one, with power-  
 less aim !  
 For Sin, thy mother, at her dying breath,  
 Withered that arm, and left thee but a  
 name.  
 Hope closed the grave, when He or  
 Nazareth,  
 Who led captivity his captive, came  
 And vanquished the great conquerors,  
 Time and Death.

[THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.]

## LIFE.

COME, track with me this little vagrant  
 rill,  
 Wandering its wild course from the  
 mountain's breast;  
 Now with a brink fantastic, heather-  
 drest,  
 And playing with the stooping flowers at  
 will;  
 Now moving scarce, with noiseless step  
 and still;  
 Anon it seems to weary of its rest,  
 And hurries on, leaping with sparkling  
 zest  
 Adown the ledges of the broken hill.  
 So let us live. Is not the life well spent  
 Which loves the lot that kindly Nature  
 weaves  
 For all, inheriting or adorning Earth?  
 Which throws light pleasure over true  
 content, [leaves,  
 Blossoms with fruitage, flowers as well as  
 And sweetens wisdom with a taste of  
 mirth?

[GERALD MASSEY.]

## WHEN I COME HOME.

AROUND me Life's hell of fierce ardours  
 burns,  
 When I come home, when I come  
 home;  
 Over me Heaven with its starry heart  
 yearns,  
 When I come home, when I come  
 home.  
 For a feast of Gods garnisht, the palace  
 of Night  
 At a thousand star-windows is throbbing  
 with light.  
 London makes mirth! but I know God  
 hears  
 The sobs in the dark, and the dropping  
 of tears;  
 For I feel that he listens down Night's  
 great dome  
 When I come home, when I come home;  
 Home, home, when I come home,  
 Far i' the night when I come home.

I walk under Night's triumphal arch,  
 When I come home, when I come  
 home;  
 Exulting with life like a Conqueror's  
 march,  
 When I come home, when I come  
 home.  
 I pass by the rich-chambered mansions  
 that shine,  
 O'erflowing with splendour like goblets  
 with wine;  
 I have fought, I have vanquish't the dragon  
 of Toil,  
 And before me my golden Hesperides  
 smile!  
 And O but Love's flowers make rich the  
 gloam,  
 When I come home, when I come home!  
 Home, home, when I come home,  
 Far i' the night when I come home.

O the sweet, merry mouths up-turned to  
 be kist,  
 When I come home, when I come  
 home!  
 How the younglings yearn from the  
 hungry nest,  
 When I come home, when I come  
 home!  
 My weary, worn heart into sweetness is  
 stirred,  
 And it dances and sings like a singing  
 Bird,  
 On the branch nighest heaven,—a-top of  
 my life:  
 As I clasp my winsome, wooing Wife!  
 And her pale cheek with rich, tender  
 passion doth bloom,  
 When I come home, when I come home;  
 Home, home, when I come home,  
 Far i' the night when I come home.  
 Clouds furl off the shining face of my  
 life,  
 When I come home, when I come  
 home,  
 And leave heaven bare on her bosom,  
 sweet Wife,  
 When I come home, when I come  
 home.  
 With her brave smiling Energies,—Faith  
 warm and bright,—  
 With love glorified and serenely alight,—

With her womanly beauty and queenly  
 calm,  
 She steals to my heart with a blessing of  
 Such strong wings take me, and my heart  
 balm;  
 hath found such hidden lore!  
 And O but the wine of Love sparkles  
 It flings aside the weight of years, and  
 with foam,  
 lovingly goes back,  
 When I come home, when I come home!  
 To that sweet time, the dear old days,  
 Home, home, when I come home,  
 that gladden on its track!  
 Far r' the night when I come home.

### A GLIMPSE OF AULD LANG- SYNE.

EARTH, sparkling Bride-like, bares her  
 bosom to the nestling Night,  
 Who hath come down in glory from the  
 golden halls of light;  
 Ten thousand tender, starry eyes smile  
 o'er the world at rest.  
 The weary world—hushed like an infant on  
 its mother's breast!  
 The great old hills thrust up their fore-  
 heads in rich sleeping light:  
 How humbly-grand, and still they stand,  
 worshipping God to-night!  
 The flowers have hung their cups with  
 gems of their own sweetness wrought,  
 And muse and smile upon their stems, in  
 ecstasy of thought:  
 They have banqueted on beauty, at the  
 fragrant Eve's red lips,  
 And fold in charmed rest, with crowns  
 upon their velvet tips.  
 No green tide sweeps the sea of leaves,  
 no wind-sigh stirs the sod,  
 While Holiness broods dove-like on the  
 soul, begetting God.  
 Sweet hour! thou wak'st the feeling that  
 we never know by day,  
 For angel eyes look down, and read the  
 spirit 'neath the clay:  
 Even while I listen, music stealeth in  
 upon my soul,  
 As though adown heaven's stair of stars,  
 the seraph-harplings stole—  
 Life's withered leaves grow green again,  
 and fresh with Childhood's spring,  
 As I am welcomed back once more  
 within its rainbow ring:—  
 The Past, with all its gathered charms,  
 beckons me back in joy,  
 And loving hearts, and open arms, re-  
 clasp me as a boy.  
 The voices of the Loved and Lost are  
 stirring at my heart,  
 And memory's miser'd treasures leap to  
 life, with sudden start,—  
 As through her darkened windows, warm  
 and glad sunlight creeps in,  
 And Lang-syne, glimpsed in glorious tears,  
 my toil-worn soul doth win.  
 Thou art looking, smiling on me, as thou  
 hast lookt and smiled, Mother,  
 And I am sitting by thy side, at heart a  
 very child, Mother!  
 I'm with thee now in soul, sweet Mother,  
 much as in those hours,  
 When all my wealth was in thy love, and  
 in the birds and flowers;  
 When the long summer days were short,  
 for my glad soul to live  
 The golden fulness of the bliss, each  
 happy hour could give;  
 When Heaven sang to my innocence,  
 and every leafy grove  
 And forest ached with music, as a young  
 heart aches with love;  
 When life opened like a flower, where clung  
 my lips, to quaff its honey,  
 And joys thronged like a shower of gold  
 king-cups in meadows sunny.



- I'll tell thee, Mother! since we met, stern  
changes have come o'er me;  
Then life smiled like a paradise, the  
world was all before me.
- O! I was full of trusting faith, and, in my  
glee and gladness,  
Deemed not that others had begun as  
bright, whose end was madness.
- I knew not smiles could light up eyes,  
like Sunset's laughing glow  
On some cold stream, which burns above,  
while all runs dark below;
- That on Love's summer sea, great souls go  
down, while some, grown cold,  
Seal up affection's living spring, and sell  
their love for gold;
- How they on whom we'd staked the heart  
forget the early vow,  
And they who swore to love through life  
would pass all coldly now;
- How, in the soul's dark hour, Love's  
temple-veil is rent in twain,  
And the heart quivers thorn-crowned on  
the cross of fiery pain.
- And shattered idols, broken dreams,  
come crowding on my brain,  
As speaks the spirit-voice of days that  
never come again.
- It tells of golden moments lost—heart  
seared—blind Passion's thrall;  
Life's spring-tide blossoms run to waste,  
Love's honey turned to gall.
- It tells how many and often high resolve  
and purpose strong,  
Shaped on the anvil of my heart, have  
faded upon my tongue.
- I left thee, Mother, in sweet May, the  
merry month of flowers,  
To toil away in dusky gloom the golden  
summer hours.
- I left my world of love behind, with soul  
for life a-thirsting,  
My burning eyelid dropt no tear, although  
my heart was bursting.
- For I had knit my soul to climb, with  
poverty its burden;  
Give me but time, O give me time, and I  
would win the guerdon.
- Ah! Mother! many a heart that all my  
aspiration cherisht,  
Hath fallen in the trampling strife, and in  
the life-march perisht.
- We see the bleeding victims lie upon the  
world's grim Altar,  
And one by one young feelings die, and  
dark doubts make us falter.
- Mother, the world hath wreapt its part on  
me, with scathing power,  
Yet the best life that heaves my heart runs  
for thee at this hour;
- And by these holy yearnings, by these  
eyes with sweet tears wet,  
I know there wells a spring of love through  
all my being yet.

### HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

HOPE on, hope ever! though to-day be  
dark,  
The sweet sunburst may smile on thee  
to-morrow:  
Tho' thou art lonely, there's an eye will  
mark  
Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy  
sorrow!  
Tho' thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid  
men,  
With none to echo back thy thought,  
or love thee,  
Cheer up, poor heart! thou dost not beat  
in vain,  
For God is over all, and heaven above  
thee—  
Hope on, hope ever.

The Iron may enter in and pierce thy  
soul,  
But cannot kill the love within thee  
burning:  
The tears of misery, thy bitter dole,  
Can never quench thy true heart's  
seraph yearning

For better things: nor crush thy ardour's trust,  
That Error from the mind shall be uprooted,  
That Truths shall dawn as flowers spring from the dust,  
And Love be cherisht where Hate was embred!  
Hope on, hope ever.

I know 'tis hard to bear the sneer and taunt.—

With the heart's honest pride at midnight wrestle;  
To feel the killing canker-worm of Want,

While rich rogues in their stolen luxury nestle;

For I have felt it. Yet from Earth's cold Real

My soul looks out on coming things, and cheerful

The warm Sunrise floods all the land Ideal,

And still it whispers to the worn and tearful,

Hope on, hope ever.

Hope on, hope ever! after darkest night,

Comes, full of loving life, the laughing Morning;

Hope on, hope ever! Spring-tide, flusht with light,

Aye crowns old Winter with her rich adorning.

Hope on, hope ever! yet the time shall come,

When man to man shall be a friend and brother;

And this old world shall be a happy home,

And all Earth's family love one another!

Hope on, hope ever.

#### DESOLATE.

THE day goes down red darkling,  
The moaning waves dash out the light,  
And there is not a star of hope sparkling  
On the threshold of my night.

Will wands of Autumn go, wailing  
Up the valley and over the hill,  
Like yearning ghosts round the world sailing,  
In search of the old love still.

A fathomless sea is rolling  
O'er the wreck of the bravest bark;  
And my pain-muffled heart is tolling  
Its dumb-peak down in the dark.

The waves of a mighty sorrow  
Have whelmed the pearl of my life:  
And there cometh to me no morrow  
Shall solace this desolate strife.

Gone are the last faint flashes,  
Set is the sun of my years;  
And over a few poor ashes  
I sit in my darkness and tears.

#### TO A BELOVED ONE.

HEAVEN hath its crown of stars, the earth

Her glory robe of flowers—

The sea its gems—the grand old woods  
Their songs and greening showers:

The birds have homes, where leaves and blooms

In beauty wreath above;

High yearning hearts, their rainbow-dream—

And we, sweet! we have love.

We walk not with the jewelled great,  
Where Love's dear name is sold;

Yet have we wealth we would not give  
For all their world of gold!

We revel not in corn and wine,

Yet have we from above  
Manna divine, and we'll not pine,

While we may live and love.

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,  
On misery's bosom nursed:  
Rich robes for ragged souls, and crowns  
For branded brows Cain-curst!

Put cherubim, with clasping wings,  
Ever about us be,  
And, happiest of God's happy things !  
There's love for you and me.

The lips that kiss till death, have turned  
Life's water into wine ;  
The sweet life melting thro' thy looks,  
Hath made my life divine.  
All Love's dear promise hath been kept,  
Since thou to me wert given ;  
A ladder for my soul to clumb,  
And summer high in heaven.

I know, dear heart ! that in our lot  
May mingle tears and sorrow ;  
But love's rich rainbow's built from tears  
To-day, with smiles to-morrow.  
The sunshine from our sky may die,  
The greenness from life's tree,  
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,  
Thy nest shall sheltered be.

I see thee ! Ararat of my life,  
Smiling the waves above !  
Thou hail'st me victor in the strife,  
And beacon'st me with love.  
The world may never know, dear heart !  
What I have found in thee !  
But, tho' nought to the world, dear heart !  
Thou'rt all the world to me.

#### THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

WITHIN a mile of Edinburgh town  
We laid our little darling down ;  
Our first seed in God's acre sown !

So sweet a place ! Death looks beguiled  
Of half his gloom ; or sure he smiled  
To win our wondrous spirit-child,

God giveth His Beloved sleep  
So calm, within its silence deep,  
As angel-guards the watch did keep.

Th. city looketh solemn and sweet ;  
It bares a gentle brow, to greet  
The mourners mourning at its feet.

! The sea of human life breaks round  
This shore of death, with softened sound,  
Wild-flowers clumb each mossy mound

To place in resting hands their palm,  
And breathe their beauty, bloom, and  
balm ;  
Folding the dead in fragrant calm.

A softer shadow grief might wear ;  
And old heartache come gather there  
The peace that falleth after prayer.

Poor heart, that danced among the vines  
All reeling-ripe with sweet love-wines,  
Thou walk'st with Death among the  
pines !

Lorn Mother, at the dark grave-door,  
She kneeleth, pleading o'er and o'er,  
But it is shut for evermore.

Blind, blind ! She feels, but cannot read  
Aright ; then leans as she would feed  
The dear dead lips that never heed.

The spirit of life may leap above,  
But in that grave her prisoned dove  
Lies, cold to the warm embrace of love,

And dark, tho' all the world is bright ;  
And lonely, with a city in sight ;  
And desolate in the rainy night.

Ah, God ! when in the glad life-cup  
The face of Death swims darkly up ;  
The crowning flower is sure to droop.

And so we laid our darling down,  
When Summer's cheek grew ripely brown,  
And still, tho' grief hath milder grown,

Unto the stranger's land we cleave,  
Like some poor birds that grieve and  
grieve,  
Round the robbed nest, and cannot leave

[CHARLES MACKAY.]

## ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

*Egeria.*

A GLORIOUS vision burst upon their sight,  
 As on the topmost peak they took their  
 stand,  
 To gaze from that clear centre on the  
 world,  
 And measure with their proud delighted  
 eyes  
 The vast circumference, whose radius  
 stretched,  
 Seaward and landward, each for fifty  
 miles.  
 Beneath their feet a burnished ocean lay,  
 Glittering in sunshine. Far adown, like  
 snow,  
 Shook from the bosom of a wintry cloud,  
 And drifting on the wind in feathery  
 flakes  
 The sea-gulls sailed betwixt the earth and  
 sky,  
 Or, floating on the bosom of the deep,  
 Pursued the herring shoal with dexterous  
 aim.  
 Far, far away, on the horizon's edge,  
 The white sails of the homeward scudding  
 ships  
 Gleamed like the lilies in a garden plot,  
 Or like the scattered shreds of fleecy  
 cloud  
 Left by the Evening at the gate of Night,  
 To shimmer in the leaden-coloured sky,  
 And drink the splendour of the harvest  
 moon,  
 Their glancing breasts reflected from afar  
 The noonday sunlight.—Landward when  
 they looked,  
 The earth beneath them seemed as it had  
 boiled,  
 And tossed, and heaved, in some great  
 agony ;  
 Till suddenly, at fiat of the Lord,  
 The foaming waves had hardened into  
 hills,  
 And mountains, multitudinous and huge,  
 Of jagged outline, piled and overpiled,  
 One o'er the other. Calmly the grey  
 heads  
 Of these earth-fathers pointed up to  
 heaven —

Titanic sentinels, who all the night  
 Look at their kindred sentinels, the stars,  
 To hear the march and tramp of distant  
 worlds,  
 And measure by millenniums, not by  
 years, [time !  
 The awful growth and progress of the  
 Between the bases of the lesser hills,  
 Green valleys, musical with lowing kine,  
 And watered by the upland overflow,  
 Stretched in their beauty. In the hollows  
 slept  
 Clear lakes, which from those azure  
 heights appeared  
 Small as the basins where the Oreads  
 Might bathe, at morning-burst, their  
 tender limbs,  
 Most beautiful the nearer landscape lay ;  
 The distant panorama, more confused,  
 Melted away in purple haziness.  
 I am so happy in such scenes as these,  
 And yet so sad, and so dissatisfied ;  
 I feel one moment I could leap for joy,  
 And in the next that I could lie me down  
 And weep that my enjoyment is so small,  
 And that such beauty and sublimity,  
 Such glory and such wonder, should not  
 be  
 Part of myself for ever. Oh, thou Deep !  
 Rolling beneath me thine eternal waves,  
 I feel myself thine equal, as I stand  
 And look upon thee from a height like  
 this,  
 With thronging thoughts no tongue may  
 ever speak !  
 Thou blue sky ! circling all in thine  
 embrace ;  
 Oh, how I envy the air-cleaving wings  
 Of Alpine eagles, and the liberty  
 Of motion, unrestrained by clogs of  
 Earth ! [tops !  
 Ye hills, I love ye ! Oh, ye mountain  
 Lifting serenely your transcendent brows  
 To catch the earliest glimpses of the  
 dawn,  
 And hold the latest radiance of the West,  
 To gild you with its glory, while the  
 world  
 Hastens to slumber in the glooms below ;  
 It is a pain to know ye, and to feel,  
 That nothing can express the deep delight  
 With which your beauty and magnificence  
 Fill to o'erflowing the ecstatic mind.

## LOUISE ON THE DOOR-STEP.

HALF-PAST three in the morning !  
 And no one in the street  
 But me, on the sheltering door-step  
 Resting my weary feet :  
 Watching the rain-drops patter  
 And dance where the puddles run,  
 As bright in the flaring gaslight  
 As dewdrops in the sun.

There's a light upon the pavement—  
 It shines like a magic glass,  
 And there are faces in it  
 That look at me and pass.  
 Faces—ah ! well remembered  
 In the happy Long Ago,  
 When my garb was white as lilies,  
 And my thoughts as pure as snow.

Faces ! ah, yes ! I see them—  
 One, two, and three—and four—  
 That come in the gust of tempests,  
 And go on the winds that bore.  
 Changeful and evanescent,  
 They shine 'mid storm and rain,  
 Till the terror of their beauty  
 Lies deep upon my brain.

One of them frowns ; I know him,  
 With his thin long snow-white  
 hair,—  
 Cursing his wretched daughter  
 That drove him to despair.  
 And the other, with wakening pity  
 In her large tear-streaming eyes,  
 Seems as she yearned toward me,  
 And whispered "Paradise."

They pass,—they melt in the ripples,  
 And I shut mine eyes, that burn,  
 To escape another vision  
 That follows where'er I turn—  
 The face of a false deceiver  
 That lives and lies ; ah, me !  
 Though I see it in the pavement,  
 Mocking my misery !

They are gone !—all three !—quite  
 vanished !  
 Let nothing call them back !  
 For I've had enough of phantoms,  
 And my heart is on the rack !

od help me in my sorrow ;  
 But *there*,—in the wet, cold stone,  
 Smiling in heavenly beauty,  
 I see my lost, mine own !

There, on the glimmering pavement,  
 With eyes as blue as morn,  
 Floats by the fair-haired darling  
 Too soon from my bosom torn.  
 She clasps her tiny fingers—  
 She calls me sweet and mild,  
 And says that my God forgives me  
 For the sake of my little child.

I will go to her grave to-morrow,  
 And pray that I may die ;  
 And I hope that my God will take me  
 Ere the days of my youth go by.  
 For I am old in anguish,  
 And long to be at rest,  
 With my little babe beside me,  
 And the daisies on my breast.

THE DEATH-SONG OF  
THE POET.

I HAVE a people of mine own,  
 And great or small, whate'er they be,  
 'Tis Harp and Harper, touch and tone—  
 There's music between them and me.

## II.

And let none say, when low in death  
 The soul-inspiring minstrel lies,  
 That I misused my hand or breath  
 For favour in the people's eyes.

## III.

Whate'er my faults as mortal man,  
 Let foes revive them if they must !  
 And yet a grave is ample span  
 To hide their memory with my dust !

## IV.

But give, oh ! give me what I claim,—  
 The Harper's meed, the Minstrel's  
 crown—  
 I never sang for sake of Fame,  
 Or clutched at baubles of renown.

I spoke my thought, I sang my song,  
Because I pitied, felt, and knew ;  
I never glorified a wrong,  
Or sang approval of th' untrue.

## VI.

And if I touched the people's heart,  
Is that a crime in true men's eyes,  
Or desecration of an art  
That speaks to human sympathies ?

As man, let men my worth deny ;  
As Harper, by my harp I stand,  
And dare the Future to deny  
The might that quivered from my  
hand.

## VIII.

A King of Bards, though scorned and  
poor,  
I feel the crown upon my head,  
And Time shall but the more secure  
My right to wear it.—I have said.

## THE LOST DAY.

FAREWELL, oh day misspent ;  
Thy fleeting hours were lent  
In vain to my endeavour.  
In shade and sun  
Thy race is run  
For ever ! oh, for ever !  
The leaf drops from the tree,  
The sand falls in the glass,  
And to the dread Eternity  
The dying minutes pass.

## II.

It was not till thine end  
I knew thou wert my friend ;  
But now, thy worth recalling,  
My grief is strong  
I did thee wrong,  
And scorned thy treasures falling.  
But sorrow comes too late ;  
Another day is born ;—  
Pass, minutes, pass ; may better fate  
Attend to-morrow morn.

Oh, birth ! oh, death of Time !  
Oh, mystery sublime !  
Ever the rippling ocean  
Brings forth the wave  
To smile or rave,  
And die of its own motion.  
A little wave to strike  
The sad responsive shore,  
And be succeeded by its like  
Ever and evermore.

## IV.

Oh change from same to same !  
Oh quenched, yet burning flame !  
Oh new birth, born of dying !  
Oh transient ray !  
Oh speck of day !  
Approaching and yet flying ;—  
Pass to Eternity.  
Thou day, that came in vain !  
A new wave surges on the sea—  
The world grows young again.

## V.

Come in, To-day, come in !  
I have confessed my sin  
To thee, young promise-bearer !  
New Lord of Earth !  
I hail thy birth—  
The crown awaits the weaver.  
Child of the ages past !  
Sire of a mightier line !  
On the same deeps our lot is cast !  
The world is thine—and mine !

## PIETY.

*Egeric.*

O Piety ! O heavenly Piety !  
She is not rigid as fanatics deem,  
But warm as Love, and beautiful as  
Hope.

Prop of the weak, the crown of humble-  
ness,  
The clue of doubt, the eyesight of the  
blind,  
The heavenly robe and garniture of clay

He that is crowned with that supernal crown,  
Is lord and sovereign of himself and Fate,  
And angels are his friends and ministers.

Clad in that raiment, ever white and pure,  
The wayside mire is harmless to defile,  
And rudest storms sweep impotently by.

The pilgrim wandering amid crags and pits,  
Supported by that staff shall never fall :—  
He smiles at peril, and defies the storm.

Shown by that clue, the doubtful path is clear,  
The intricate snares and mazes of the world  
Are all unlabyrinthed and bright as day.

Sweet Piety ! divinest Piety !  
She has a soul capacious as the spheres,  
A heart as large as all humanity.

Who to his dwelling takes that visitant,  
Has a perpetual solace in all pain,  
A friend and comforter in every grief.

The noblest domes, the haughtiest palaces,  
That know not her, have ever open gates  
Where Misery may enter at her will.

But from the threshold of the poorest hut,  
Where she sits smiling, Sorrow passes by,  
And owns the spell that robs her of her sting.

### TUBAL CAIN.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might  
In the days when Earth was young ;  
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright  
The strokes of his hammer rung ;  
And he lifted high his brawny hand  
On the iron glowing clear,  
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,  
As he fashioned the sword and spear.

And he sang—"Hurra for my handi-  
work !

Hurra for the spear and sword !  
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them  
well,  
For he shall be king and lord !"

### II.

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
And each one prayed for a strong steel  
blade  
As the crown of his desire : [strong,  
And he made them weapons sharp and  
Till they shouted loud for glee,  
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,  
An' " of the forest free.  
And they sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain,  
Who hath given us strength anew !  
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,  
And hurra for the metal true !"

### III.

But a sudden change came o'er his heart  
Ere the setting of the sun,  
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain  
For the evil he had done ;  
He saw that men, with rage and hate,  
Made war upon their kind,  
That the land was red with the blood  
they shed  
In their lust for carnage blind.  
And he said—"Alas ! that ever I made,  
Or that skill of mine should plan,  
The spear and the sword for men whose  
joy  
Is to slay their fellow man."

### IV.

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;  
And his hand forebore to smite the ore  
And his furnace smouldered low.  
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
And a bright courageous eye,  
And bared his strong right arm for work,  
While the quick flames mounted high.  
And he sang—"Hurra for my handi-  
craft !"  
And the red sparks lit the air ;  
"Not alone for the blade was the bright  
steel made ;"  
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

v.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,  
 In friendship joined their hands,  
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on  
 the wall,  
 And ploughed the willing lands ;  
 And sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain !  
 Our staunch good friend is he ;  
 And for the ploughshare and the plough  
 To him our praise shall be.  
 But while oppression lifts its head,  
 Or a tyrant would be lord,  
 Though we may thank him for the  
 plough,  
 We'll not forget the sword !"

## THE RIM OF THE BOWL.

I SAT 'mid the flickering lights, when all  
 the guests had departed,  
 Alone at the head of the table, and  
 dreamed of the days that were gone ;  
 Neither asleep nor waking, nor sad nor  
 cheery-hearted—  
 But passive as a leaf by the wild  
 November blown.  
 I thought—if thinking 'twere, when  
 thoughts were dimmer than shadows—  
 And toyed the while with the music I  
 drew from the rim of the bowl,  
 Passing my fingers round, as if my will  
 compelled it  
 To answer my shapeless dreams, as  
 soul might answer soul.

Idle I was, and listless ; but melody and  
 fancy  
 Came out of that tremulous dulcimer,  
 as my hand around it strayed ;  
 The rim was a magic circle, and mine  
 was the necromancy  
 That summoned its secrets forth, to  
 take the forms I bade.  
 Secrets ! ay ! buried secrets, forgotten for  
 twenty summers,  
 But living anew in the odours of the  
 roses at the board ;  
 Secrets of Truth and Passion, and the  
 days of Life's unreason ;  
 Perhaps not at all atoned for, in the  
 judgments of the LORD.

Secrets that still shall slumber, for I will  
 not bare my bosom  
 To the gaze of the heartless, prying,  
 unconscionable crowd,  
 That would like to know, I doubt not,  
 how much I have sinned and suffered,  
 And drag me down to its level—be-  
 cause it would humble the proud.  
 Beautiful spirits they were, that danced  
 on the rim at my bidding :  
 Spirits of Joy or Sadness, in their brief  
 sweet Summer day ;  
 Spirits that aye possess me, and keep me,  
 if I wander,  
 In the line of the straight, and the  
 flower of the fruitful way.

Spirits of women and children—spirits of  
 friends departed—  
 Spirits of dear companions that have  
 gone to the levelling tomb,  
 Hallowed for ever and ever with the  
 sanctity of sorrow,  
 And the aureole of death that crowns  
 them in the gloom.  
 Spirits of Hope and Faith, and one  
 supremely lovely,  
 That sang to me years ago, when I  
 was a little child,  
 And sported at her footstool, or lay upon  
 her bosom,  
 And gazed at the Love that dazzled me  
 from her eyes so soft and mild.

And that song from the rim of the bowl  
 came sounding and sounding ever—  
 As oft it had done before in the toil  
 and moil of life ;  
 A song nor sad nor merry, but low and  
 sweet and plaintive ;  
 A clarion blast in sorrow ; an anodyne  
 in strife ;  
 A song like a ray of moonlight that  
 gleams athwart a tempest.  
 Sound ever, O Song ! sound sweetly,  
 whether I live or die,  
 My guardian, my adviser, my comforter,  
 my comrade,  
 A voice from the sinless regions—a  
 message from the sky !



## SISYPHUS.

*A Study from the Antique.*

EVER and evermore  
 Upon the steep life-shore  
 Of Death's dark main,  
 Bare to the bitter skies,  
 His mournful task he plies  
*In vain, in vain!*

Sometimes he looks to Heaven  
 And asks to be forgiven  
 The grievous pain.  
 The stars look sadly down,  
 The cold sun seems to frown—  
*In vain, in vain!*

But kindly mother Earth,  
 Remembering his birth,  
 Doth not disdain  
 To sympathise with him,  
 So worn of heart and limb;  
*In vain, in vain!*

Is not his fate her own?  
 The rolling toilsome stone  
 Rolled back again?  
 Are not her children's woes  
 The very same he knows?—  
*In vain, in vain!*

Do not all Earth and Sea  
 Repeat Eternally  
 Th' unvarying strain?  
 The old and sad lament  
 With human voices blent,  
*In vain, in vain!*

Through the green forest arch  
 The wild winds in their march  
 Sigh and complain;  
 The torrent on the hill  
 Moans to the midnight chill,  
*In vain, in vain!*

The hoarse monotonous waves  
 Attune from all their caves,  
 Through storm and rain,  
 The melancholy cry,  
 To listening Earth and sky,  
*In vain, in vain!*

Love mourns its early dead;  
 Hope its illusions fled,  
 Or rudely slain;  
 And Wealth and Power prolong  
 The same, th' eternal song,  
*In vain, in vain!*

Toil, Sisyphus, toil on!  
 Thou'rt many, though but one!  
 Toil heart and brain!  
 One—but the type of all  
 Rolling the dreadful ball,  
*In vain! in vain!*

## I LOVE MY LOVE.

## I.

WHAT is the meaning of the song  
 That rings so clear and loud,  
 Thou nightingale amid the copse—  
 Thou lark above the cloud?  
 What says thy song, thou joyous thrush,  
 Up in the walnut-tree?  
 "I love my Love, because I know  
 My Love loves me."

What is the meaning of thy thought,  
 O maiden fair and young?  
 There is such pleasure in thine eyes,  
 Such music on thy tongue;  
 There is such glory on thy face—  
 What can the meaning be?  
 "I love my Love, because I know  
 My Love loves me."

## III.

O happy words! at Beauty's feet  
 We sing them ere our prime;  
 And when the early summers pass,  
 And Care comes on with Time,  
 Still be it ours, in Care's despite,  
 To join the chorus free—  
 "I love my Love, because I know  
 My Love loves me."

I LAY IN SORROW, DEEP  
DISTRESSED.

I LAY in sorrow, deep distressed :  
My grief a proud man heard ;  
His looks were cold, he gave me gold,  
But not a kindly word.  
My sorrow passed,—I paid him back  
The gold he gave to me ;  
Then stood erect and spoke my thanks,  
And blessed his Charity.

## II.

I lay in want, in grief and pain :  
A poor man passed my way ;  
He bound my head, he gave me bread,  
He watched me night and day.  
How shall I pay him back again,  
For all he did to me ?  
Oh, gold is great, but greater far  
Is heavenly Sympathy !

## YOUTH'S WARNING.

BEWARE, exulting youth, beware,  
When life's young pleasures woo,  
That ere you yield you shrive your heart,  
And keep your conscience true !  
For sake of silver spent to-day,  
Why pledge to-morrow's gold ?  
Or in hot blood implant Remorse,  
To grow when blood is cold ?  
*If wrong you do, if false you play,*  
*In summer among the flowers,*  
*You must atone, you shall repay,*  
*In winter among the showers.*

## II.

To turn the balances of Heaven  
Surpasses mortal power ;  
For every white there is a black,  
For every sweet a sour.  
For every up there is a down,  
For every folly, shame ;  
And retribution follows guilt,  
As burning follows flame.  
*If wrong you do, if false you play,*  
*In summer among the flowers,*  
*You must atone, you shall repay,*  
*In winter among the showers.*

FAR, far upon the sea,  
The good ship speeding free,  
Upon the deck we gather young and old ;  
And view the flapping sail,  
Spreading out before the gale,  
Full and round without a wrinkle or a  
fold :  
Or watch the waves that glide  
By the stately vessel's side,  
And the wild sea-birds that follow through  
the air.  
Or we gather in a ring,  
And with cheerful voices sing,  
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind  
blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,  
With the sunshine on our lee,  
We talk of pleasant days when we were  
young,  
And remember, though we roam,  
The sweet melodies of home—  
The songs of happy childhood which we  
sung.  
And though we quit her shore,  
To return to it no more,  
Sound the glories that Britannia yet shall  
bear ;  
That "Britons rule the waves,"  
"And never shall be slaves."  
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind  
blows fair.

## III.

Far, far upon the sea,  
Whate'er our country be,  
The thought of it shall cheer us as we go,  
And Scotland's sons shall join,  
In the song of "Auld Lang Syne,"  
With voice by memory softened, clear and  
low.  
And the men of Erin's Isle,  
Battling sorrow with a smile,  
Shall sing "St. Patrick's Morning," void  
of care ;  
And thus we pass the day,  
As we journey on the way ;—  
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind  
blows fair.

## AMERICAN POETS.

[LYDIA HUNTLY SIGOURNEY. 1791—1865.]

## DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that  
 polished brow,  
 And dashed it out. There was a tint of  
 rose  
 O'er cheek and lip. He touched the  
 veins with ice,  
 And the rose faded.

Forth from those blue eyes  
 There spake a wistful tenderness, a doubt  
 Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence

Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he  
 bound  
 The silken fringes of those curtaining lids  
 For ever.

There had been a murmuring sound,  
 With which the babe would claim its  
 mother's ear,  
 Charming her even to tears. The spoiler  
 set  
 The seal of silence.

But there beamed a smile,  
 So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,  
 Death gazed, and left it there. He dared  
 not steal  
 The signet-ring of heaven.

## MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS AT SEA.

BORNE upon the ocean's foam,  
 Far from native land and home,  
 Midnight's curtain, dense with wrath,  
 Brooding o'er our venturous path,  
 While the mountain wave is rolling,  
 And the ship's bell faintly tolling :  
 Saviour ! on the boisterous sea,  
 Bid us rest secure in Thee.

Blast and surge, conflicting hoarse,  
 Sweep us on with headlong force ;  
 And the bark, which tempests surge,  
 Moans and trembles at their scourge :

Yet, should wildest tempests swell,  
 Be thou near, and all is well,  
 Saviour ! on the stormy sea,  
 Let us find repose in Thee.

Hearts there are with love that burn  
 When to us afar they turn ;  
 Eyes that show the rushing tear  
 If our uttered names they hear :  
 Saviour ! o'er the faithless main  
 Bring us to those homes again,  
 As the trembler, touched by Thee  
 Safely trod the treacherous sea.

Wrecks are darkly spread below,  
 Where with lonely keel we go ;  
 Gentle brows and bosoms brave  
 Those abysses richly pave :  
 If beneath the briny deep  
 We, with them, should coldly sleep,  
 Saviour ! o'er the whelming sea,  
 Take our ransomed soul to Thee.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO  
THE BODY.

COMPANION dear ! the hour draws nigh,  
 The sentence speeds—to die, to die.  
 So long in mystic union held,  
 So close with strong embrace compelled,  
 How canst thou bear the dread decree,  
 That strikes thy claspings nerves from me.  
 —To Him who on this mortal shore,  
 The same encircling vestment wore,  
 To Him I look, to Him I bend,  
 To Him thy shuddering frame commend.  
 —If I have ever caused thee pain,  
 The throbbing breast, the burning brain,  
 With cares and vigils turned thee pale,  
 And scorned thee when thy strength did  
 fail,

Forgive ! forgive !—thy task doth cease,  
 Friend ! Lover !—let us part in peace.  
 If thou didst sometimes check my force,  
 Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,

Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust,  
Or bow my drooping wing to dust,  
I blame thee not, the strife is done ;  
I knew thou wert the weaker one,  
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,  
Constrained to hold the breath of God.  
—Well hast thou in my service wrought ;  
Thy brow hath mirrored forth my  
thought ;

To wear my smile thy lip hath glowed ;  
Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flowed ;  
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies  
Of sweetly varied melodies ;  
Thy hands my prompted deeds have  
done ;

Thy feet upon mine errands run—  
Yes, thou hast marked my bidding well.  
Faithful and true ! farewell, farewell.

—Go to thy rest. A quiet bed  
Meek mother Earth with flowers shall  
spread,  
Where I no more thy sleep may break  
With fevered dream, nor rudely wake  
Thy wearied eye.

Oh, quit thy hold,  
For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,  
And long thy gasp and groan of pain  
Have bound me pitying in thy chain,  
Though angels urge me hence to soar,  
Where I shall share thine ills no more.  
—Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy  
pain,

Remember, we shall meet again.  
Quell with this hope the victor's sting,  
And keep it as a signet-ring.  
When the dire worm shall pierce thy  
breast,  
And nought but ashes mark thy rest :  
When stars shall fall, and skies grow  
dark,  
And proud suns quench their glow-worm  
spark,

Keep thou that hope to light thy gloom,  
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.  
—Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair,  
Nor spot nor stain nor wrinkle bear ;  
And I, with hovering wing elate,  
The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,  
And breathe the welcome of the sky—  
“No more to part, no more to die,  
Co-heir of Immortality.”

## THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

BLUE-BIRD ! on yon leafless tree,  
Dost thou carol thus to me,  
“Spring is coming ! Spring is here !”  
Say'st thou so, my birdie dear ?  
What is that, in misty shroud,  
Stealing from the darken'd cloud ?  
Lo ! the snow-flakes' gathering mound  
Settles o'er the whitened ground,  
Yet thou singest, blithe and clear,  
“Spring is coming ! Spring is here :”

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain ?  
Winds are piping o'er the plain ;  
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky  
With a black and threatening eye ;  
Urchins, by the frozen rill,  
Wrap their mantles closer still ;  
Yon poor man, with doublet old,  
Doth he shiver at the cold ?  
Hath he not a nose of blue ?  
Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,  
Rosy wreaths and revelry :  
Hast thou wooed some winged love  
To a nest in verdant grove ?  
Sung to her of greenwood bower,  
Sunny skies that never lower ?  
Lured her with thy promise fair  
Of a lot that knows no care ?  
Pr'ythee, bird, in coat of blue,  
Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,  
She can sing a cheerful song ?  
When the rude winds rock the tree,  
If she'll closer cling to thee ?  
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,  
Unappalled shall pass thee by ;  
Though thy curtained chamber show  
Siftings of untimely snow,  
Warm and glad thy heart shall be,  
Love shall make it Spring for thee.

## NO CONCEALMENT.

“There is nothing covered that shall not be  
revealed ; and hid that shall not be known.”—  
*St. Matt.*

THINK'ST thou to be concealed, thou  
little stream !  
That through the lowly vale dost wind  
thy way,

Loving beneath the darkest arch to glide  
 Of woven branches, blent with hillocks gray?  
 The mist doth track thee, and reveal thy course  
 Unto the dawn, and a bright line of green  
 Tinge thy marge, and the white flocks that haste  
 At summer-noon, to drink thy crystal sheen,  
 Make plain thy wanderings to the eye of day;  
 And then thy smiling answer to the moon,  
 Whose beams so freely on thy bosom sleep,  
 Unfold thy secret, even to night's dull noon.  
 How couldst thou hope, in such a world as this,  
 To shroud thy gentle path of beauty and of bliss?  
  
 Think'st thou to be concealed, thou little seed!  
 That in the bosom of the earth art cast,  
 And there, like cradled infant, sleep'st awhile,  
 Unmoved by trampling storm, or thunder blast?  
 Thou bidest thy time, for herald spring shall come  
 And wake thee, all unwilling as thou art,  
 Unhood thine eyes, unfold thy clasping sheath,  
 And stir the languid pulses of thy heart.  
 The loving rains shall woo thee, and the dews  
 Weep o'er thy bed, till, ere thou art aware,  
 Forth steals the tender leaf, the wiry stem,  
 The trembling bud, the flower that scents the air;  
 And soon, to all, thy ripened fruitage tells  
 The evil or the good that in thy nature dwells.

Think'st thou to be concealed, thou little thought!  
 That in the curtained chamber of the soul  
 Dost wrap thyself so close, and dream to do  
 A hidden work? Look to the hues that roll  
 O'er the changed brow, the moving lip, behold,  
 Linking thee unto sound, the feet that run  
 Upon thine errands, and the deeds that stamp  
 Thy likeness plain before the noonday sun.  
 Look to the pen that writes thy history down  
 In those tremendous books that ne'er uncloseth  
 Until the Day of Doom; and blush to see  
 How vain thy trust in darkness to repose,  
 Where all things tend to judgment. So beware,  
 Oh erring human heart, what thoughts thou lodgest there.

THE VIRGINIAN COLONISTS.  
*Pocahontas.*  
 CLIME of the West! that to the hunter's bow,  
 And roving hordes of savage men, wert sold,—  
 Their cone-roofed wigwams pierced the wintry snow,  
 Their tasselled corn crept sparsely through the mould,  
 Their bark canoes thy glorious waters cleave,  
 The chase their glory, and the wild their grave—  
 Look up! a loftier destiny behold,  
 For to thy coast the fair-haired Saxon steers,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, the lore of bard and seer.

Behold a sail ! another, and another !

Like living things on the broad  
river's breast ;—

What were thy secret thoughts, oh,  
red-browed brother,

As toward the shore these white-  
winged wanderers prest ?

But lo ! emerging from her forest  
zone,

The bow and quiver o'er her shoulder  
thrown,

With nodding plumes her raven  
tresses drest,

Of queenly step, and form erect and  
bold,

Fet mute with wondering awe, the New  
World meets the Old.

Roll on, majestic flood, in power and  
pride,

Which like sea doth swell old  
ocean's sway ;—

With hasting keel, thy pale-faced spon-  
sors glide

To keep the pageant of thy christen-  
ing day.

They bless thy wave, they bid thee  
leave unsung

The uncouth baptism of a barbarous  
tongue,

And take his name,—the Stuart's,—  
first to bind

The Scottish thistle in the lion's mane,  
Of all old Albion's kings, most versatile  
and vain.

#### NIAGARA.

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious  
robe

Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on  
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath  
set

His rainbow on thy forehead, and the  
cloud

Mantled around thy feet. And he doth  
give

Thy voice of thunder power to speak of  
Him

Eternally—bidding the lip of man  
Keep silence—and upon thine altar pour

Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift

The inext-trump that tells her trifling  
joys

Or fleeting triumphs, 'mid the peal sub-  
lime

Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean  
shrinks

Back from thy brotherhood, and all his  
waves

Retire abashed. For he hath need to  
sleep,

Sometimes, like a spent labourer, calling  
home

His boisterous billows, from their vexing  
play,

To a long dreary calm : but thy strong  
tide

Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart  
forgets

Its everlasting lesson, night nor day.  
The morning stars, that hailed Creation's  
birth,

Heard thy hoarse anthem mixing with  
their song

Jehovah's name ; and the dissolving fires,  
That wait the mandate of the day of  
doom

To wreck the earth, shall find it deep in-  
scribed

Upon thy rocky scroll.

The lofty trees

That list thy teachings, scorn the lighter  
lore

Of the too fitful winds ; while their young  
leaves

Gather fresh greenness from thy living  
spray,

Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo ! yon  
How bold they venture near, dipping  
their wing

In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 'tis  
meet

For them to touch thy garment's hem, or  
stir

Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon  
the cloud

Unblamed, or warble at the gate of  
Without reproof. But, as for us, it seems

Scarce lawful with our erring lips to talk  
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace

Thine awful features with our pencil  
point

Were but to press on Sinai.



The ominous hole he dug in the sand,  
 And childhood's castles, built or planned;  
 His daily haunts I well discern,  
 The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn,  
 And every inch of garden ground,  
 Paced by the blessed feet around;  
 From the road-side to the brook,  
 Whereinto he loved to look.  
 Step the meek birds where erst they ranged,

The wintry garden lies unchanged;  
 The brook into the stream runs on,  
 But the deep-eyed Boy is gone!

## GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD!

GOOD-BYE, proud world! I'm going home;

Thou art not my friend; I am not thine:

Too long through weary crowds I roam:—

A river ark on the ocean brine,

Too long I am tossed like the driven foam;

But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;  
 To Grandeur with his wise grimace:  
 To upstart Wealth's averted eye;  
 To supple office, low and high;  
 To crowded halls, to court and street,  
 To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,  
 To those who go, and those who come,  
 Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearth-stone,  
 Bosomed in yon green hills alone;  
 A secret lodge in a pleasant land,  
 Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,  
 Where arches green, the livelong day  
 Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
 And evil men have never trod  
 A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
 I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;  
 And when I am stretched beneath the pines  
 Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and pride of man,  
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;  
 For what are they all in their high conceit,  
 When man in the bush with God may meet?

## THE APOLOGY.

THINK me not unkind and rude,  
 That I walk alone in grove and glen;  
 I go to the god of the wood  
 To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I  
 Fold my arms beside the brook;  
 Each cloud that floated in the sky  
 Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,  
 For the idle flowers I brought;  
 Every aster in my hand  
 Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery  
 But 'tis figured in the flowers;  
 Was never secret history  
 But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field  
 Homeward brought the oxen strong  
 A second crop thy acres yield,  
 Which I gather in a song.

## DIRGE.

KNOWS he who tills this lonely field  
 To reap its scanty corn,  
 What mystic fruit his acres yield  
 At midnight and at morn?

In the long sunny afternoon  
 The plain was full of ghosts,  
 I wandered up, I wandered down,  
 Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below  
 Pouring as wide a flood  
 As when my brothers, long ago,  
 Came with me to the wood.



but they are gone—the holy ones  
 Who trod with me this lonely vale,  
 The strong, star-bright companions  
 Are silent, low, and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,  
 Who made this world the feast it was,  
 Who learned with me the lore of Time,  
 Who loved this dwelling-place ;

They took this valley for their toy,  
 They played with it in every mood,  
 A cell for prayer, a hall for joy,  
 They treated Nature as they would.

They coloured the whole horizon round,  
 Stars flamed and faded as they bade,  
 All echoes hearkened for their sound,  
 They made the woodlands glad or mad.

I touch this flower of silken leaf  
 Which once our childhood knew,  
 Its soft leaves wound me with a grief  
 Whose balsam never grew.

Hearken to yon pine warbler,  
 Singing aloft in the tree ;  
 Harkest thou, O traveller !  
 What he singeth to me ?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear  
 With sorrow such as mine,  
 Out of that delicate lay couldst thou  
 Its heavy tale divine.

Go, lonely man," it saith,  
 "They loved thee from their birth,  
 Their hands were pure, and pure their  
 faith,  
 There are no such hearts on earth.

"Ye drew one mother's milk,  
 One chamber held ye all,  
 A very tender history  
 Did in your childhood fall.

"Ye cannot unlock your heart,  
 The key is gone with them ;  
 The silent organ loudest chants  
 The master's requiem."

#### TO EVA.

OH, fair and stately maid, whose eyes  
 Were kindled in the upper skies  
 At the same torch that lighted mine ;  
 For so I must interpret still  
 Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,  
 A sympathy divine.

Ah, let me blameless gaze upon  
 Features that seem at heart my own ;  
 Nor fear those watchful sentinels,  
 Who charm the more their glance forbids,  
 Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,  
 With fire that draws while it repels.

[J. G. WHITTIER.]

#### BARBARA FRITCHIE.

UP from the meadows, rich with corn,  
 Clear from the cool September morn,  
 The clustered spires of Frederick stand,  
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
 Apple and peach tree fruited deep ;  
 Fair as a garden of the Lord  
 To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,  
 When Lee marched over the mountain  
 wall,  
 Over the mountains winding down,  
 Horse and foot, into Frederick town,

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
 Forty flags with their silver bars,  
 Flapped in the morning wind : the sun  
 Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,  
 Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,  
 Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
 She took up the flag the men hauled  
 down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
 To show that one heart was loyal yet.  
 Up the street came the rebel tread,  
 Stonewall Jackson riding ahead ;

Under his slouched hat, left and right,  
He glanced, the old flag met his sight.  
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood  
fast;  
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash,  
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill  
And shook it forth with a royal will.  
"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;  
The noble nature within him stirred  
To life, at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head,  
Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.  
All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long the free flag tossed  
Over the heads of the rebel host;  
Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds, that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.  
Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier!  
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;  
And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below, in Frederick town!

#### MAUD MÜLLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry  
glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off  
town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridie in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that  
flowed  
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled  
up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking  
down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered  
gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter  
draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and  
trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming  
bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered  
whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul  
weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown;  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed : "Ah,  
me !  
That I the Judge's bride might be !

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broad-cloth  
coat ;  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each  
day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the  
poor, [door."  
And all should bless me who left our

The Judge looked back as he climbed the  
hill,  
And saw Maud Müller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful  
air,  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her a harvester of hay :

"No doubtful balance of rights and  
wrongs,  
And weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and  
cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and  
gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love-  
tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the  
well,  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell,

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go.

And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise,

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished  
rooms,  
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret  
pain :  
"Ah, that I were free again !

"Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her  
hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her  
door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth  
pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone  
hot [lot,  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow

And she heard the little spring-brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein :

And, gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face,

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney  
lug, [mug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, "It might have been !"

Alas ! for Maiden, alas ! for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these : "It might have  
been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope  
lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away !

### THE MORAL WARFARE.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,  
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,  
An iron race around her stood,  
Baptised her infant brow in blood ;  
And, through the storm which round her  
swept,  
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,  
The roar of baleful battle rose,  
And brethren of a common tongue  
To moral strife as tigers sprung ;  
And every gift on Freedom's shrine  
Was man for beast, and blood for wine !

Our fathers to their graves have gone ;  
Their strife is past—their triumph won ;

But sterner trials wait the race  
Which rise in their honoured place—  
A moral warfare of the crime  
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might  
We gird us for the coming fight.  
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours,  
In conflict with unholy powers,  
We grasp the weapons He has given,—  
The Light, and Truth, and Love of  
Heaven.

[WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.]

### THE WESTERN WORLD.

LATE from this western shore, that  
morning chased  
The deep and ancient night, that threw  
its shroud  
O'er the green land of groves, the  
beautiful waste,  
Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of  
proud [the cloud.  
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook  
Erewhile, where yon gay spires their  
brightness rear,  
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's  
shouts were loud [deer  
Amid the forest ; and the bounding  
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt  
wolf yelled near.

And where his willing waves you  
bright blue bay  
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,  
And cradles, in his soft embrace, the  
gay  
Young group of grassy islands born of  
him,  
And, crowding nigh, or in the distance  
dim.  
Lifts the white throng of sails, that  
bear or bring  
The commerce of the world ;—with  
tawny limb,  
And belt and beads in sunlight  
glistening,  
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird  
on the wing.

Then, all his youthful paradise around,  
 And all the broad and boundless main-  
 land lay,  
 Cooled by the interminable wood, that  
 frowned  
 O'er mound and vale, where never  
 summer ray  
 Glanced, till the strong tornado broke  
 his way  
 Through the gray giants of the sylvan  
 wild ;  
 Yet many a sheltered glade, with  
 blossoms gay,  
 Beneath the showery sky and sunshine  
 mild,  
 Within the shaggy arms of that dark  
 forest smiled.

There stood the Indian hamlet, there  
 the lake  
 Spreads its blue sheet that flashed with  
 many an oar,  
 Where the brown otter plunged him  
 from the brake,  
 And the deer drank ;—as the light gale  
 flew o'er,  
 The twinkling maize-field rustled on  
 the shore ;  
 And while that spot, so wild and lone  
 and fair,  
 A look of glad and innocent beauty  
 wore, [air,  
 And peace was on the earth and in the  
 The warrior lit the pile, and bound his  
 captive there :

Not unavenged—the foeman, from the  
 wood,  
 Beheld the deed, and when the mid-  
 night shade [blood ;  
 Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with  
 All died—the wailing babe—the shriek-  
 ing maid—  
 And in the flood of light that scathed  
 the glade,  
 The roofs went down ; but deep the  
 silence grew,  
 When on the dewy woods the day-  
 beam played ;  
 No more the cabin smokes rose  
 wreathed and blue,  
 And ever, by their lake, lay moored the  
 light canoe.

Look now abroad—another race has  
 filled  
 These populous borders—wide the  
 wood recedes,  
 And towns shoot up, and fertile realms  
 are tilled ;  
 The land is full of harvests and green  
 meads ;  
 Streams numberless, that many a foun-  
 tain feeds,  
 Shine, disembowered, and give to sun  
 and breeze, [leads  
 Their virgin waters ; the full region  
 New colonies forth, that toward the  
 western seas  
 Spread, like a rapid flame among the  
 autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind at  
 length  
 Throws its last fetters off ; and who  
 shall place  
 A limit to the giant's unchained  
 strength,  
 Or curb his swiftness in the forward  
 race.  
 Far, like the comer's way through in-  
 finite space,  
 Stretches the long untravelled path of  
 light  
 Into the depths of ages : we may trace—  
 Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,  
 Till the receding rays are lost to human  
 sight.

#### TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,  
 While glow the heavens with the last  
 steps of day  
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou  
 pursue  
 Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee  
 wrong,  
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power, whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned  
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

#### THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves lie dead,  
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood,  
In brighter light and softer airs, a beautiful sisterhood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves—the gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours:  
The rain is falling where they lie—but the cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,  
And the brier-rose and the orchis died, amid the summer's glow;  
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as fall's the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm mild day—as still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.  
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a lot so brief;  
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

## HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

THE sad and solemn night,  
 Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires ;  
 The glorious hosts of light  
 Walk the dark hemisphere till she  
   tires :  
 All through her silent watches, gliding  
   slow,  
 Her constellations come, and round the  
   heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star  
 To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as  
   they :

Through the blue fields afar,  
 Unseen they follow in his flaming way :  
 Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows  
   dim,  
 Tells what a radiant troop arose and set  
   with him.

And thou dost see them rise,  
 Star of the Pole ! and thou dost see them  
   set.

Alone, in thy cold skies,  
 Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station  
   yet,  
 Nor join'st the dances of that glittering  
   train,  
 Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue  
   western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,  
 Thou lookest meekly through the kindling  
   air,

And eve, that round the earth  
 Chases the day, beholds thee watching  
   there ;

There noontide finds thee, and the hour  
   that calls

The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's  
   azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,  
 The deeds of darkness and of light are  
   done ;

High towards the star-lit sky  
 Towns blaze—the smoke of battle blots  
   the sun—

The night-storm on a thousand hills is  
   loud—

And the strong wind of day doth mingle  
   sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze  
 The half-wrecked mariner, his compass  
   lost,  
 Fixes his steady gaze,  
 And steers, undoubting, to the friendly  
   coast ;  
 And they who stray in perilous wastes, by  
   night,  
 Are glad when thou dost shine to guide  
   their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,  
 Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,  
 Did in thy beams behold  
 A beauteous type of that unchanging  
   good,  
 That bright eternal beacon, by whose  
   ray  
 The voyager of time should shape his  
   heedful way. .

## AUTUMN WOODS.

ERR, in the northern gale,  
 The summer tresses of the trees are gone,  
 The woods of autumn, all around our  
   vale,  
 Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold  
 In their wide sweep, the coloured land-  
   scape round,  
 Seem groups of giant kings in purple and  
   gold,  
 That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown  
 The upland, where the mingled splen-  
   dours glow,  
 Where the gay company of trees look  
   down  
 On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone  
 In these bright walks ; the sweet south-  
   west at play,  
 Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves  
   are strown  
 Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,  
The sun, that sends that gale to wander  
here,  
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet  
smile,—  
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,  
Verdure and gloom where many branches  
meet ;  
So grateful, when the noon of summer  
made  
The valleys sick with heat ?

Let in through all the trees  
Come the strange rays ; the forest depths  
are bright ;  
Their sunny-coloured foliage, in the  
breeze,  
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,  
Where bickering through the shrubs its  
waters run,  
Shines with the image of its golden  
screen,  
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,  
Lover to listening maid might breathe  
his flame,  
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,  
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn ! why so soon  
Depart the hues that make thy forests  
glad ;  
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,  
And leave thee wild and sad !

Ah, 'twere a lot too blest  
For ever in thy coloured shades to stray,  
Amidst the kisses of the soft south-west  
To rove and dream for aye ;

And leave the vain low strife,  
That makes men mad—the tug for  
wealth and power,  
The passions and the cares that wither  
life,  
And waste its little hour.

## AN INDIAN STORY.

I KNOW where the timid fawn abides  
In the depths of the shaded dell,  
Where the leaves are broad, and the  
thicket hides,  
With its many stems and its tangled sides,  
From the eye of the hunter well.

I know where the young May violet grows,  
In its lone and lowly nook,  
On the mossy bank, where the larch tree  
throws  
Its broad dark boughs, in solemn repose,  
Far over the silent brook.

And that timid fawn starts not with fear  
When I steal to her secret bower,  
And that young May violet to me is dear,  
And I visit the silent streamlet near,  
To look on the lovely flower.

Thus Maquon sings as he lightly walks  
To the hunting-ground on the hills ;  
'Tis a song of his maid of the woods and  
rocks,  
With her bright black eyes and long black  
locks,  
And voice like the music of rills.

He goes to the chase—but evil eyes  
Are at watch in the thicker shades ;  
For she was lovely that smiled on his  
sighs,  
And he bore, from a hundred lovers, his  
prize,  
The flower of the forest maids.

The boughs in the morning wind are  
stirred,  
And the woods their song renew,  
With the early carol of many a bird,  
And the quickened tune of the streamlet  
heard  
Where the hazels trickle with dew.

And Maquon has promised his dark-haired  
maid,  
Ere eve shall redden the sky,  
A good red deer from the forest shade,  
That bounds with the herd through grove  
and glade,  
At her cabin door shall lie.



The hollow woods, in the setting sun,  
Ring shrill with the fire-bird's lay;  
And Maquon's sylvan labours are done,  
And his shafts are spent, but the spoil  
they won

He bears on his homeward way.

He stops near his bower—his eye per-  
ceives

Strange traces along the ground—  
At once, to the earth his burden he heaves,  
He breaks through the veil of boughs and  
leaves,

And gains its door with a bound.

But the vines are torn on its walls that  
leant,

And all from the young shrubs there  
By struggling hands have the leaves been  
rent,

And there hangs on the sassafras broken  
and bent

One tress of the well-known hair.

But where is she who at this calm hour

Ever watched his coming to see?

She is not at the door, nor yet in the  
bower;

He calls, but he only hears on the flower  
The hum of the laden bee.

It is not a time for idle grief,

Nor a time for tears to flow;

The horror that freezes his limbs is brief—  
He grasps his war axe and bow, and a  
sheaf

Of darts made sharp for the foe.

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's  
feet,

Where he bore the maiden away;

And he darts on the fatal path more fleet  
Than the blast that hurries the vapour  
and sleet

O'er the wild November day.

'Twas early summer when Maquon's bride  
Was stolen away from his door;

But at length the maples in crimson are  
died,

And the grape is black on the cabin side,—  
And she smiles at his hearth once more.

But far in a pine grove, dark and cold,  
Where the yellow leaf falls not,  
Nor the autumn shines in scarlet and gold,  
There lies a hillock of fresh dark mould,  
In the deepest gloom of the spot.

And the Indian girls, that pass that way,  
Point out the ravisher's grave;

"And how soon to the bower she loved,"  
they say,

"Returned the maid that was borne  
away

From Maquon, the fond and the brave."

# THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she  
speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his dark musings with a mild

And gentle sympathy that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When  
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images

Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow  
house,

Make thee to shudder and grow sick at  
heart;—

Go forth unto the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all  
around—

Earth and her waters, and the depths of  
air—

Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and  
thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold  
ground,

Where thy pale form was laid with many  
tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee,  
shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering  
up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go

To mix for ever with the elements;  
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
 And to the sluggish clod which the rude  
     swain  
 Turns with his share and treads upon.  
     The oak  
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce  
     thy mould.  
 Yet not to thy eternal resting-place  
 Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou  
     wish  
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie  
     down  
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with  
     kings  
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the  
     good,  
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
 All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills  
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the  
     vales  
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;—  
 The venerable woods; rivers that move  
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
 That make the meadows green; and  
     poured around all,  
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden  
     sun,  
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death  
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that  
     tread  
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom.—Take the  
     wings  
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no  
     sound,  
 Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are  
     there,  
 And millions in those solitudes, since first  
 The flight of years began, have laid them  
     down  
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there  
     alone.—  
 So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt  
     fall  
 Unnoticed by the living—and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure? All that  
     breathe

Will share thy destiny. The gay will  
     laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of  
     care  
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
 His favourite phantom; yet all these shall  
     leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and  
     shall come  
 And make their bed with thee. As the  
     long train  
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he  
     who goes [mad],  
 In the full strength of years, matron and  
 The bowed with age, the infant in the  
     smiles  
 And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—  
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side  
 By those who in their turn shall follow  
     them. [in  
 So live, that when thy summons comes to  
 The innumerable caravan that moves  
 To the pale realms of shade, where each  
     shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at  
     night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained  
 and soothed [grave  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his  
     couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant  
     dreams.

OH, MOTHER OF A MIGHTY  
     RACE.  
 OH, mother of a mighty race,  
 Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!  
 The elder dames, thy haughty peers,  
 Admire and hate thy blooming years;  
     With words of shame  
 And taunts of scorn they join thy name.  
 For on thy cheeks the glow is spread  
 That tints the morning hills with red;  
 Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet  
 Within thy woods, are not more fleet;  
     Thy hopeful eye  
 Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones—  
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.  
They do not know how loved thou art—  
How many a fond and fearless heart

Would rise to throw  
Its life between thee and the foe !

They know not, in their hate and pride,  
What virtues with thy children bide ;  
How true, how good, thy graceful maids  
Make bright, like flowers, the valley  
shades :

What generous men  
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen :

What cordial welcomes greet the guest  
By the lone rivers of the west ;  
How faith is kept and truth revered,  
And man is loved, and God is feared,  
In woodland homes,  
And where the solemn ocean foams !

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest  
For earth's down-trodden and oppressed,  
A shelter for the hunted head,  
For the starved labourer toil and bread ;  
Power, at thy bounds,  
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother ! on thy brow  
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.  
Deep in the brightness of thy skies  
The thronging years in glory rise,  
And, as they fleet,  
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour  
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower ;  
And when thy sisters, elder born,  
Would brand thy name with words of  
scorn

Before thine eye,  
Upon their lips the taunt shall die !

### OH, FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.

OH, fairest of the rural maids !  
Thy birth was in the forest shades ;  
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,  
Were all that met thy infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child  
Were ever in the sylvan wild ;  
And all the beauty of the place  
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks  
Is in the light shade of thy locks ;  
Thy step is as the wind that weaves  
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene  
And silent waters heaven is seen ;  
Their lashes are the herbs that look  
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,  
Are not more sinless than thy breast ;  
The holy peace that fills the air  
Of those calm solitudes is there.

[NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.]

### THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

WOE ! for my vine-clad home !  
That it should ever be so dark to me,  
With its bright threshold, and its whis-  
pering tree !  
That I should ever come,  
Fearing the lonely echo of a tread,  
Beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead

Lead on ! my orphan boy !  
Thy home is not so desolate to thee,  
And the low shiver in the linden tree  
May bring to thee a joy ;  
But, oh ! how dark is the bright home  
before thee,  
To her who with a joyous spirit bore thee !

Lead on ! for thou art now  
My sole remaining helper. God hath  
spoken,  
And the strong heart I leaned upon  
broken ;  
And I have seen his brow,  
The forehead of my upright one, and just,  
Trod by the hoof of battle to the dust.

He will not meet thee there  
Who blessed thee at the eventide, my son

And when the shadows of the night steal  
on,

He will not call to prayer.  
The lips that melted, giving thee to God,  
Are in the icy keeping of the sod!

Ay, my own boy! thy sire  
Is with the sleepers of the valley cast,  
And the proud glory of my life hath  
past,

With his high glance of fire.  
Woe! that the linden and the vine should  
bloom,  
And a just man be gathered to the tomb!

### BETTER MOMENTS.

My Mother's voice! how often creeps

Its cadence on my lonely hours!  
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,  
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.

I can forget her melting prayer  
While leaping pulses madly fly,  
But in the still unbroken air

Her gentle tone comes stealing by,  
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,  
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of nature, and the print  
Of beauty on the whispering sea,  
Give aye to me some lineament

Of what I have been taught to be.  
My heart is harder, and perhaps

My manliness hath drunk up tears,  
And there's a mildew in the lapse  
Of a few miserable years—

But nature's book is even yet  
With all my mother's lessons writ.  
I have been out at eventide

Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,  
When earth was garnished like a bride,  
And night had on her silver wing—

When bursting leaves and diamond grass,  
And waters leaping to the light,  
And all that makes the pulses pass

With wilder fleetness, thronged the  
night—

When all was beauty—then have I,  
With friends on whom my love is hung  
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,  
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.

And when the beautiful spirit there

Flung over me its golden chain,  
My mother's voice came on the air  
Like the light-dropping of the rain,  
And resting on some silver star

The spirit of a bended knee,  
I've poured her low and fervent prayer  
That our eternity might be

To rise in heaven like stars at night,  
And tread a living path of light!  
I have been on the dewy hills,

When night was stealing from the  
dawn,

And mist was on the waking rills,  
And tints were delicately drawn  
In the gray East—when birds were waking

With a low murmur in the trees,  
And melody by fits was breaking

Upon the whisper of the breeze,  
And this when I was forth, perchance  
As a worn reveller from the dance—

And when the sun sprang gloriously  
And freely up, and hill and river  
Were catching upon wave and tree

The arrows from his subtle quiver—  
I say, a voice has thrilled me then,

Heard on the still and rushing light,  
Or, creeping from the silent glen  
Like words from the departing night,

Hath stricken me, and I have pressed  
On the wet grass my fevered brow,  
And pouring forth the earliest

First prayer, with which I learned to bow,  
Have felt my mother's spirit rush

Upon me as in by-past years,  
And yielding to the blessed gush

Of my ungovernable tears,  
Have risen up—the gay, the wild—  
As humble as a very child.

### HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE morning broke. Light stole upon  
the clouds  
With a strange beauty. Earth received  
again

Its garment of a thousand dyes; and  
leaves  
And delicate blossoms, and the painted  
flowers,

And every thing that bendeth to the  
dew

And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up  
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet  
morn.

All things are dark to sorrow ; and the  
light,  
And loveliness, and fragrant air, were  
sad  
To the dejected Hagar. The moist  
earth

Was pouring odours from its spicy pores,  
And the young birds were singing, as if  
life

Were a new thing to them ; but, O ! it  
came

Upon her heart like discord, and she  
felt

How cruelly it tries a broken heart  
To see a mirth in anything it loves.

She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips  
were pressed

Till the blood started ; and the wander-  
ing veins

Of her transparent forehead were swelled  
out,

As if her pride would burst them. Her  
dark eye

Was clear and tearless, and the light of  
heaven,

Which made its language legible, shot  
back

From her long lashes, as it had been  
flame.

Her noble boy stood by her, with his  
hand

Clasped in her own, and his round deli-  
cate feet,

Scarce trained to balance on the tented  
floor,

Sandalled for journeying. He had looked  
up

Into his mother's face, until he caught

The spirit there, and his young heart was  
swelling

Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his  
form

Straightened up proudly in his tiny  
wrath,

As if his light proportions would have  
swelled,

Had they but matched his spirit, to the  
man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh  
now

Upon his staff so wearily ? His beard  
Is low upon his breast, and on his high  
brow,

So written with the converse of his God,  
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.

His lip is quivering, and his wonted step  
Of vigour is not there ; and though the  
morn

Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes  
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.

O, man may bear with suffering : his  
heart

Is a strong thing, and godlike in the  
grasp

Of pain, that wrings mortality ; but tear  
One chord affection clings to, part one  
tie

That binds him to a woman's delicate  
love,

And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.  
He gave to her the water and the  
bread,

But spoke no word, and trusted not him-  
self

To look upon her face, but laid his hand  
In silent blessing on the fair-haired boy,

And left her to her lot of loneliness.  
Should Hagar weep ? May slighted  
woman turn,

And as a vine the oak has shaken off,  
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again ?

O, no ! by all her loveliness, by all  
That makes life poetry and beauty, no !

Make her a slave ; steal from her rosy  
cheek

By needless jealousies ; let the last star  
Leave her a watcher by your couch of  
pain ;

Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all  
That makes her cup a bitterness,—yet  
give

One evidence of love, and earth has not  
An emblem of devotedness like hers.

But, O ! estrange her once—it boots not  
how—

By wrong or silence, anything that tells  
A change has come upon your tender-  
ness—

And there is not a high thing out of  
heaven

Her pride o'er-mastereth not.  
She went her way with a strong step  
and slow ;

Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye  
 undimmed,  
 As it had been a diamond, and her  
 form  
 Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed  
 through.  
 Her child kept on in silence, though she  
 pressed  
 His hand till it was pained : for he had  
 caught,  
 As I have said, her spirit, and the seed  
 Of a stern nation had been breathed  
 upon.  
 The morning passed, and Asia's sun  
 rode up  
 In the clear heaven, and every beam was  
 heat.  
 The cattle of the hills were in the shade,  
 And the bright plumage of the Orient  
 lay  
 On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.  
 It was an hour of rest ; but Hagar found  
 No shelter in the wilderness, and on  
 She kept her weary way, until the boy  
 Hung down his head, and opened his  
 parched lips  
 For water ; but she could not give it  
 him.  
 She laid him down beneath the sultry  
 sky,—  
 For it was better than the close, hot  
 breath  
 Of the thick pines,—and tried to com-  
 fort him ;  
 But he was sore athirst, and his blue  
 eyes  
 Were dim and bloodshot, and he could  
 not know  
 Why God denied him water in the wild.  
 She sat a little longer, and he grew  
 Ghastly and faint, as if he would have  
 died.  
 It was too much for her. She lifted  
 him,  
 And bore him further on, and laid his  
 head  
 Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub ;  
 And, shrouding up her face, she went  
 away,  
 And sat to watch where he could see her  
 not,  
 Till he should die ; and, watching him,  
 she mourned :

" God stay thee in thine agony, my  
 boy !  
 I cannot see thee die ; I cannot brook  
 Upon thy brow to look,  
 And see death settle on my cradle-  
 joy.  
 How have I drunk the light of thy blue  
 eye !  
 And could I see thee die ?  
 " I did not dream of this when thou wert  
 straying,  
 Like an unbound gazelle, among the  
 flowers ;  
 Or wearing rosy hours,  
 By the rich gush of water-sources playing,  
 Then sinking weary to thy smiling  
 sleep,  
 So beautiful and deep.  
 " O, ro ! and when I watched by thee the  
 while,  
 And saw thy bright lip curling in thy  
 dream,  
 And thought of the dark stream  
 In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,  
 How prayed I that my father's land  
 might be  
 An heritage for thee !  
 " And now the grave for its cold breast  
 hath won thee,  
 And thy white, delicate limbs the earth  
 will press,  
 And, O ! my last caress  
 Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on  
 thee.  
 How can I leave my boy, so pillowed  
 there  
 Upon his clustering hair ! "

She stood beside the well her God had  
 given  
 To gush in that deep wilderness, and  
 bathed  
 The forehead of her child until he  
 laughed  
 In his reviving happiness, and lisped  
 His infant thought of gladness at the  
 sight  
 Of the cool plashing of his mother's  
 hand,

[ J. R. LOWELL ]

## TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that growest  
beside the way, [gold,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless  
First pledge of blithesome May,  
Which children pluck, and, full of pride,  
u hold, [they  
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that  
An Eldorado in the grass have found,  
Which not the rich earth's ample  
round  
May match in wealth,—thou art more  
dear to me  
Than all the prouder summer-blooms  
may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the  
Spanish prow  
Through the primeval hush of Indian  
seas,

Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;  
'Tis the spring's largess, which she  
scatters now  
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,  
Though most hearts never understand  
To take it at God's value, but pass by  
The offered wealth with unrewarded  
eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;  
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;  
The eyes thou givest me  
Are in the heart, and heed not space or  
time:

Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed  
bee  
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravish-  
ment

In the white lily's breezy tent,  
His conquered Sybaris, than I, when  
first

From the dark green thy yellow circles  
burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the  
grass,—  
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,  
Where, as the breezes pass,  
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand  
ways,—

Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,  
Or whiten in the wind,—of waters blue  
That from the distance sparkle through  
Some woodland gap,—and of a sky  
above,  
Where one white cloud like a stray  
lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are  
linked with thee; [song,  
The sight of thee calls back the robin's  
Who, from the dark old tree  
Beside the door, sang clearly all day  
long,  
And I, secure in childish piety,  
Listened as if I heard an angel sing  
With news from heaven, which he did  
bring  
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,  
When birds and flowers and I were  
happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,  
When thou, for all thy gold, so common  
art!

Thou teachest me to deem  
More sacredly of every human heart,  
Since each reflects in joy its scanty  
gleam  
Of heaven, and could some wondrous  
secret show,  
Did we but pay the love we owe,  
And with a child's undoubting wisdom  
look  
On all these living pages of God's  
book.

## SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles which a bird  
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,  
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;—  
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unruven,  
The blue dome's measureless content,  
So my soul held that moment's heaven;—  
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps  
The orchards full of bloom and scent,  
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—  
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,  
Through the low doorway of my tent ;  
The tent is struck, the vision stays ;—  
I only know she came and went.

O, when the room grows slowly dim,  
And life's last oil is nearly spent,  
One gush of light these eyes will brim,  
Only to think she came and went.

### THE CHANGELING.

I HAD a little daughter,  
And she was given to me  
To lead me gently backward  
To the Heavenly Father's knee,  
That I, by the force of nature,  
Might in some dim wise divine  
The depth of His infinite patience  
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,  
But to me she was wholly fair,  
And the light of the heaven she came  
from

Still lingered and gleamed in her hair ;  
For it was as wavy and golden,  
And as many changes took,  
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples  
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling  
Upon me, her kneeling lover, [lids,  
How it leaped from her lips to her eye—  
And dimpled her wholly over,  
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,  
And I almost seemed to see  
The very heart of her mother

Sending sun through her veins to me !  
She had been with us scarce a twelve-  
month,

And it hardly seemed a day,  
When a troop of wandering angels  
Stole my little daughter away ;  
Or perhaps those heavenly Zincoli  
But loosed the hampering strings  
And when they had opened her cage-  
door,

My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,  
A little angel child,  
That seems like her bud in full blossom,  
And smiles as she never smiled :

When I wake in the morning, I see it  
Where she always used to lie,  
And I feel as weak as a violet  
Alone 'neath the awful sky ;  
As weak, yet as trustful also ;  
For the whole year long I see  
All the wonders of faithful Nature  
Still worked for the love of me ;  
Winds wander, and dews drip earth-  
ward,  
Rain falls, suns rise and set,  
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper  
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,  
I cannot sing it to rest,  
I cannot lift it up fatherly  
And bless it upon my breast ;  
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle  
And sits in my little one's chair,  
And the light of the heaven she's gone to  
Transfigures its golden hair.

### THE STREET.

THEY pass me by like shadows, crowds  
on crowds, [fro  
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and  
Hugging their bodies round them, like  
thin shrouds [ago :  
Wherein their souls were buried long  
They trampled on their youth, and faith,  
and love,  
They cast their hope of human-kind  
away, [strove,  
With Heaven's clear messages they madly  
And conquered,—and their spirits turned  
to clay : [their grave,  
Lo ! how they wander round the world,  
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,  
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,  
“We, only, truly live, but ye are  
dead.” [trace  
Alas ! poor fools, the anointed eye may  
A dead soul's epitaph in every face !

[JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. 1795—1820.]

### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night  
And set the stars of glory there.



She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies ;  
And striped its pure, celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light.  
Then from his mansion in the sun  
She called her eagle-bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the clouds,  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trummings loud,  
And see the lightning lances driven,  
Where strive the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,  
Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle-stroke.  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
The harbingers of Victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high !  
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on,—  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,—  
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy sky-born glories burn ;  
And as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.  
And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,  
And gory sabres rise and fall  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,—  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall sink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back  
Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
Each dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendours fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !  
By angel hands to valour given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet !  
Where breathes the foe that falls before  
us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner floating o'er us

[OLIVER W. HOLMES.]

### L'INCONNUE.

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair ?  
Such should, methinks, its music be,  
The sweetest name that mortals bear,  
Were best befitting thee ;  
And she to whom it once was given,  
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,  
I look upon thy folded hair ;  
Ah ! while we dream not they beguile,  
Our hearts are in the snare ;  
And she, who chains a wild bird's wing  
Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,  
To all but thee unseen, unknown ;  
When evening shades thy silent walls,  
Then read it all alone ;  
In stillness read, in darkness seal,  
Forget, despise, but not reveal !

[PARK BENJAMIN. DIED 1864.]

### HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS !

How cheery are the mariners—  
Those lovers of the sea !  
Their hearts are like its yesty waves,  
As bounding and as free.  
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels  
In circles round the mast ;  
And sing when deep in foam the ship  
Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales ?  
There's music in their roar,  
When wide the berth along the lee,  
And leagues of room before.

Let billows toss to mountain heights,  
Or sink to chasms low,  
The vessel stout will ride it out,  
Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down and canvas furled,  
The gallant hull will float  
Securely, as on inland lake  
A silken-tasselled boat ;  
And sound asleep some mariners,  
And some with watchful eyes,  
Will fearless be of dangers dark  
That roll along the skies.

God keep those cheery mariners !  
And temper all the gales  
That sweep against the rocky coast  
To their storm-shattered sails ;  
And men on shore will bless the ship  
That could so guided be,  
Safe in the hollow of His hand,  
To brave the mighty sea !

[WILLIS G. CLARK.]

## A REMEMBRANCE.

I SEE thee still ! thou art not dead,  
Though dust is mingling with thy form ;  
The broken sunbeam hath not shed  
The final rainbow on the storm :  
In visions of the midnight deep,  
Thine accents through my bosom thrill,  
Till joy's fond impulse bids me weep,—  
For, rapt in thought, I see thee still !

see thee still,—that cheek of rose,—  
Those lips, with dewy fragrance wet,  
That forehead in serene repose,—  
Those soul-lit eyes—I see them yet !  
Sweet seraph ! sure thou art not dead,—  
Thou graces still this earthly sphere,  
An influence still is round me shed  
Like thine,—and yet thou art not here !

Farewell, beloved ! To mortal sight,  
Thy vermeil cheek no more may  
bloom ;

No more thy smiles inspire delight,  
For thou art garnered in the tomb.  
Rich harvest for that ruthless power  
Which hath no bound to mar his will :  
Yet, as in hope's unclouded hour,  
Throned in my heart, I see thee still.

[JAMES ALDRICH.]

## A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed that long, long night  
away,  
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,  
Illumed the eastern skies,  
She passed through Glory's morning-  
gate,  
And walked in Paradise !

[EPES SARGENT.]

## THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

WE will not deplore them, the days that  
are past ;  
The gloom of misfortune is over them  
cast ;  
They are lengthened by sorrow and sul-  
lied by care ;  
Their griefs were too many, their joys  
were too rare ;  
Yet now that their shadows are on us no  
more,  
Let us welcome the prospect that bright-  
ens before !

We have cherished fair hopes, we have  
plotted brave schemes,  
We have lived till we find them illusive  
as dreams ;  
Wealth has melted like snow that is  
grasped in the hand,  
And the steps we have climbed have de-  
parted like sand ;  
Yet shall we despond while of health un-  
bereft,  
And honour, bright honour, and freedom  
are left ?

O ! shall we despond, while the pages  
of time  
Yet open before us their records sublime !  
While, ennobled by treasures more pre-  
cious than gold,  
We can walk with the martyrs and heroes  
of old ;

While humanity whispers such truths in  
the ear,  
As it softens the heart like sweet music to  
hear ?

O ! shall we despond while, with visions  
still free,  
We can gaze on the sky, and the earth  
and the sea ;  
While the sunshine can waken a burst of  
delight, [night :  
And the stars are a joy and a glory by  
While each harmony, running through  
nature, can raise  
In our spirits the impulse of gladness and  
praise ?

O ! let us no longer, then, vainly lament  
Over scenes that are faded and days that  
are spent :  
But, by faith unforsaken, unawed by mis-  
chance,  
On hope's waving banner still fixed be  
our glance ;  
And, should fortune prove cruel and false  
to the last,  
Let us look to the future, and not to the  
past !

[BAYARD TAYLOR]

#### MOAN, YE WILD WINDS.

MOAN, ye wild winds ! around the pane,  
And fall, thou drear December rain !  
Fill with your gusts the sullen day,  
Tear the last clinging leaves away !  
Reckless as yonder naked tree,  
No blast of yours can trouble me.

Give me your chill and wild embrace,  
And pour your baptism on my face ;  
Sound in mine ears the airy moan  
That sweeps in desolate monotone,  
Where on the unsheltered hill-top beat  
The marches of your homeless feet !

Moan on, ye winds ! and pour, thou rain !  
Your stormy sobs and tears are vain,  
If shed for her, whose fading eyes  
Will open soon on Paradise :  
The eye of Heaven shall blinded be,  
Or ere ye cease, if shed for me.

[R. H. STODDARD.]

#### THE SHADOW OF THE HAND.

You were very charming, madam,  
In your silks and satins fine ;  
And you made your lovers drunken,  
But it was not with your wine !  
There were court gallants in dozens,  
There were princes of the land,  
And they would have perished for you,  
As they knelt and kissed your hand—  
For they saw no stain upon it,  
It was such a snowy hand !

But for me—I knew you better,  
And, while you were flaunting there,  
I remembered some one lying,  
With the blood on his white hair !  
He was pleading for you, madam,  
Where the shriven spirits stand ;  
But the Book of Life was darkened  
By the Shadow of a Hand !  
It was tracing your perdition,  
For the blood upon your hand !

[WASHINGTON ALLSTON.]

#### AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

ALL hail ! thou noble land,  
Our fathers' native soil !  
O stretch thy mighty hand,  
Gigantic grown by toil,  
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore,  
For thou, with magic might,  
Canst reach to where the light  
Of Phœbus travels bright  
The world o'er.

The genius of our clime,  
From his pine-embattled steep,  
Shall hail the great sublime ;  
While the Tritons of the deep  
shall proclaim,  
Then let the world combine—  
O'er the main our naval line,  
Like the milky-way shall shine,  
Bright in fame !

Though ages long have passed  
 Since our fathers left their home,  
 Their pilot in the blast,  
 O'er untravell'd seas to roam,—  
 Yet lives the blood of England in our  
   veins !  
 And shall we not proclaim  
 That blood of honest fame,  
 Which no tyranny can tame  
   By its chains ?

While the language free and bold  
   Which the bard of Avon sung,  
 In which our Milton told  
   How the vault of heaven rung,  
 When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ;  
 While this, with reverence meet,  
 Ten thousand echoes greet,  
 From rock to rock repeat  
   Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,  
   That mould a nation's soul,  
 Still cling around our hearts,  
   Between let ocean roll,  
 Our joint communion breaking with the  
   sun :  
 Yet, still, from either beach,  
 The voice of blood shall reach  
 More audible than speech,  
   " We are one ! "

[SAMUEL WOODWORTH.]

## THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of  
   my childhood,  
 When fond recollection presents them  
   to view !  
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-  
   tangled wildwood,  
 And every loved spot which my infancy  
   knew !  
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill  
   that stood by it,  
 The bridge, and the rock where the  
   cataract fell,  
 The cot of my father, the dairy house  
   nigh it,  
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in  
   the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
   bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket which hung in  
   the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a  
   treasure,  
 For often at noon, when returned from  
   the field, [sure,  
 I found it the source of an exquisite plea-  
   The purest and sweetest that nature can  
   yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that  
   were glowing,  
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom  
   it fell ;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth  
   overflowing,  
 And dripping with coolness, it rose  
   from the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
   bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket, arose from the  
   well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to  
   receive it, [lips !

As poised on the curb it inclined to my  
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt  
   me to leave it,

The brightest that beauty or revelry  
   sips.

And now, far removed from the loved  
   habitation,

The tear of regret will intrusively  
   swell, [tion,

As fancy reverts to my father's planta-  
 And sighs for the bucket that hangs in  
   the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
   bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hangs in  
   the well !

[RICHARD HENRY WILDE.]

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER .  
ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose  
   That opens to the morning sky,  
 But ere the shades of evening close.  
   Is scattered on the ground—to die

Yet on the rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dew of night are shed,  
As if she wept the waste to see—  
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,  
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,  
Restless—and soon to pass away!  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree,  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand;  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

[GRENVILLE MELLEN.]

#### ENGLISH SCENERY.

THE woods and vales of England:—is  
there not

A magic and a marvel in their names?  
Is there not music in the memory  
Of their old glory?—is there not a sound,  
As of some watchword, that recalls at  
night  
All that gave light and wonder to the  
day?

In these soft words, that breathe of love-  
liness,  
And summon to the spirit scenes that rose  
Rich on its raptured vision, as the eye  
Hung like a tranced thing above the page  
That genius had made golden with its  
glow—

The page of noble story—of high towers,  
And castled halls, envia'd like the line  
Of heroes and great hearts, that centuries  
Had laid before their hearths in dim  
array—

Of lake and lawn, and gray and cloudy  
tree,  
That rocked with bannered foliage to the  
storm

Above the walls it shadowed, and whose  
leaves,

Rustling in gathered music to the winds,  
Seemed voiced as with the sound of many  
seas!

The wood and vales of England! O,  
the founts,  
The living founts of memory! how they  
break  
And gush upon my stirred heart as I  
gaze!

I hear the shout of reapers, the far  
low  
Of herds upon the banks, the distant  
bark

Of the tired dog, stretched at some cottage  
door,  
The echo of the axe, 'mid forest swung,  
And the loud laugh, drowning the faint  
halloo.

Land of our fathers! though 'tis ours to  
roam,  
A land upon whose bosom thou mightst  
lie,

Like infant on its mother's—though 'tis  
ours

To gaze upon a nobler heritage  
Than thou couldst e'er unshadow to thy  
sons,—

Though ours to linger upon fount and  
sky,

Wilder, and peopled with great spirits,  
who

Walk with a deeper majesty than thine,—  
Yet, as our father-land, O, who shall  
tell

The lone, mysterious energy which  
calls

Upon our sinking spirits to walk forth  
Amid thy wood and mount, where every  
hill

Is eloquent with beauty and the tale  
And song of centuries, the cloudless  
years

When fairies walked thy valleys, and the  
turf

Rung to their tiny footsteps, and quick  
flowers

Sprang with the lifting grass on which  
they trod—

When all the landscape murmured to its  
rills,

And joy with hope slept in its leafy  
bowers!

[GEORGE P. MORRIS. DIED 1864.]

## WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!  
 Touch not a single bough!  
 In youth it sheltered me,  
 And I'll protect it now.  
 'Twas my forefather's hand  
 That placed it near his cot;  
 There, woodman, let it stand,  
 Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,  
 Whose glory and renown  
 Are spread o'er land and sea,  
 And wouldst thou hew it down?  
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
 Oh spare that aged oak,  
 Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy  
 I sought its graceful shade;  
 In all their gushing joy  
 Here too my sisters played.  
 My mother kissed me here;  
 My father pressed my hand—  
 Forgive this foolish tear,  
 But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling  
 Close as thy bark, old friend!  
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,  
 And still thy branches bend.  
 Old tree! the storm still brave!  
 And, woodman, leave the spot;  
 While I've a hand to save,  
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

[EDGAR ALLAN POE. 1811-1849.]

## THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I  
 pondered, weak and weary,  
 Over many a quaint and curious volume  
 of forgotten lore—  
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly  
 there came a tapping,  
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping  
 at my chamber-door;

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tap-  
 ping at my chamber-door—  
 Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the  
 bleak December,  
 And each separate dying ember wrought  
 its ghost upon the floor.  
 Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I  
 had sought to borrow  
 From my books surcease of sorrow—  
 sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom  
 the angels name Lenore—  
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of  
 each purple curtain  
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic  
 terrors never felt before;  
 So that now, to still the beating of my  
 heart, I stood repeating:  
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at  
 my chamber-door—  
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at  
 my chamber-door:  
 This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesita-  
 ting then no longer,  
 "Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your  
 forgiveness I implore;  
 But the fact is I was napping, and so  
 gently you came rapping,  
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping  
 at my chamber-door,  
 That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here  
 I opened wide the door—  
 Darkness there, and nothing  
 more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I  
 stood there wondering, fearing,  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals  
 ever dared to dream before;  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the  
 stillness gave no token,  
 And the only word there spoken was the  
 whispered word, "Lenore!"  
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured  
 back the word, "Lenore!"—  
 Merely this, and nothing

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
 Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.  
 "Surely," said I—"surely that is something at my window lattice;  
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.  
     'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flint and flutter,  
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—  
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—  
     Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,  
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore—  
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"  
     Quoth the Raven: "Never more."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;  
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door—  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,  
     With such name as "Never more."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
 Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—  
 Till I scarcely more than muttered:  
     "Other friends have flown before—  
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."  
     Then the bird said: "Never more."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,  
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster  
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—  
 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,  
     Of 'Never—never more.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sadness into smiling,  
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;  
 Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
     Meant in croaking "Never more."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
 On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er  
     *She* shall press—ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,  
 perfumed from an unseen censer  
 Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls  
 tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch!" I cried, "thy god hath lent  
 thee—by these angels he hath sent  
 thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy  
 memories of Lenore!

Quaff, O quaff, this kind nepenthe, and  
 forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven: "Never  
 more!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—  
 prophet still, if bird or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest  
 tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert  
 land enchanted—

On this home by horror haunted—tell me  
 truly, I implore—

Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell  
 me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven: "Never  
 more."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—  
 prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by  
 that God we both adore,

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within  
 the distant Aiden,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the  
 angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom  
 the angels name Lenore?"

Quoth the Raven: "Never  
 more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird  
 or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—

Get thee back into the tempest and the  
 night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that  
 lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the  
 bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and  
 take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven: "Never  
 more."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is  
 sitting, still is sitting,

On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above  
 my chamber-door:

And his eyes have all the seeming of a  
 demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming,  
 throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that  
 lies floating on the floor,

Shall be lifted—never more!

[HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.]

### HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the  
 Night

Sweep through her marble halls!

I saw her sable skirts all fringed with  
 light

From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence by its spell of might,  
 Stoop o'er me from above;

The calm, majestic presence of the  
 Night,

As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and de-  
 light,

The manifold, soft chimes,

That fill the haunted chambers of the  
 Night,

Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight  
 air

My spirit drank repose;

The fountain of perpetual peace flows  
 there,—

From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear  
 What man has borne before:

Thou lay'st thy finger on the lips of  
 Care,

And they complain no more.



Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe  
     this prayer  
 Descend with broad-winged flight,  
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the  
     most fair,  
 The best-beloved Night!

### A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN  
 SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
 "Life is but an empty dream!"  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 And the grave is not its goal;  
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of Life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
 Act,—act in the living Present!  
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

### THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon;  
 And sinking silently,  
 All silently, the little moon  
 Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,  
 But the cold light of stars;  
 And the first watch of night is given  
 To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?  
 The star of love and dreams?  
 O no! from that blue tent above,  
 A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
 When I behold afar,  
 Suspended in the evening skies,  
 The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand  
 And smile upon my pain;  
 Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
 And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,  
 But the cold light of stars;  
 I give the first watch of the night  
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
 He rises in my breast,  
 Serene, and resolute, and still,  
 And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
 That readest this brief psalm,  
 As one by one thy hopes depart,  
 Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this.  
 And thou shalt know ere long,  
 Know how sublime a thing it is  
 To suffer and be strong.

## THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is  
Death,

And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between,

"Shall I have nought that is fair?"  
saith he ;

"Have nought but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers is  
sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful  
eyes,

He kissed their drooping leaves ;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets  
gay,"

The Reaper said, and smiled ;  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of  
light,

Transplanted by My care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and  
pain,

The flowers she most did love ;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day ;

'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlour wall,

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door ;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spoke with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died !

## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm deliqui ;

## RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and  
tended,  
But one dead lamb is there !  
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,  
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
 And mournings for the dead;  
 The heart of Rachel, for her children  
 crying,  
 Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
 Not from the ground arise,  
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
 Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and  
 vapours,  
 Amid these earthly damps ;  
 What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,  
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is  
 transition ;  
 This life of mortal breath  
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
 Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
 But gone unto that school  
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
 By guardian angels led,  
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's  
 pollution,  
 She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is  
 doing  
 In those bright realms of air ;  
 Year after year, her tender steps pur-

Behold her grown more fair.

—Thus do we walk with her, and keep  
 unbroken  
 The bond which nature gives,  
 Thinking that our remembrance, though  
 unspoken,  
 May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold  
 her ;  
 For when with raptures wild  
 In our embraces we again enfold her,  
 She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's man-  
 sion,  
 Clothed with celestial grace ;  
 And beautiful with all the soul's expan-  
 sion  
 Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with  
 emotion  
 And anguish long suppressed,  
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like  
 the ocean,  
 That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feel-  
 ing  
 We may not wholly stay ;  
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
 The grief that must have way.

### THE ROPE-WALK.

In that building long and low,  
 With its windows all a row,  
 Like the port-holes of a hulk,  
 Human spiders spin and spin,  
 Backward down their threads so thin  
 Dropping, each, a hempen bulk.

At the end an open door ;  
 Squares of sunshine on the floor  
 Light the long and dusky lane ;  
 And the whirling of a wheel,  
 Dull and drowsy, makes me feel  
 All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end  
 Downward go and reascend,  
 Glean the long threads in the sun,  
 While within this brain of mine  
 Cobwebs brighter and more fine  
 By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,  
 Like white doves upon the wing,

First before my vision pass ;  
Laughing, as their gentle hands  
Closely clasp the twisted strands,  
At the shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,  
With its smell of tan and planks,  
And a girl poised high in air  
On a cord, in spangled dress,  
With a faded loveliness,  
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,  
And a woman with bare arms,  
Drawing water from a well ;  
As the bucket mounts apace,  
With it mounts her own fair face,  
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower  
Ringing loud the noontide hour.  
While the rope coils round and round,  
Like a serpent, at his feet,  
And again in swift retreat  
Almost lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,  
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,  
Laughter and indecent mirth ;  
Ah ! it is the gallows-tree !  
Breath of Christian charity,  
Blow, and sweep it from the earth !

Then a schoolboy, with his kite,  
Gleaming in a sky of light,  
And an eager, upward look ;  
Steeds pursued through lane and field ;  
Fowlers with their snares concealed,  
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,  
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,  
Anchors dragged through faithless  
sand ;  
Sea-fog drifting overhead,  
And with lessening line and lead  
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,  
These and many left untold,  
In that building long and low ;  
While the wheels go round and round  
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,  
And the spinners backward go.

## THE TWO ANGELS.

Two Angels, one of Life, and one of  
Death,  
Passed o'er the village as the morning  
broke ; [neath,  
The dawn was on their faces ; and be-  
The sombre houses capped with plumes  
of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same  
Alike their features and their robes of  
white ;  
And one was crowned with amaranth, as  
with flame,  
And one with asphodels, like flakes of  
light.

I saw them pause on their celestial  
way :—  
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt  
oppressed, [betray  
“Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou  
The place where thy beloved are at  
rest !”

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,  
Descending at my door, began to  
knock ;  
And my soul sank within me, as in wells  
The waters sink before an earthquake's  
shock.

I recognised the nameless agony—  
The terror, and the tremor, and the  
pain—  
That oft before had filled and haunted  
me,  
And now returned with threefold  
strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,  
And listened, for I thought I heard  
God's voice ; [best,  
And, knowing whatsoever He sent was  
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house  
with light—  
“My errand is not Death, but Life,”  
he said ;  
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,  
 The angel with the amaranthine wreath,  
 Pausing, descended ; and, with voice divine,  
 Whispered a word, that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom—  
 A shadow on those features fair and thin :  
 And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,  
 Two angels issued, where but one went

All is of God ! If He but wave His hand,  
 The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud ;  
 Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
 Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;  
 Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er ;  
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
 Against His messengers to shut the door ?

#### HAUNTED HOUSES.

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died  
 Are haunted houses. Through the open doors  
 The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
 With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

—We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
 Along the passages they come and go,  
 Impalpable impressions on the air,  
 A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts  
 Invited ; the illuminated hall  
 Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,  
 As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see  
 The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear ;  
 He but perceives what is ; while unto me  
 All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands ;  
 Owners and occupants of earlier dates  
 From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,  
 And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense  
 Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
 Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense  
 A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
 By opposite attractions and desires !  
 The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
 And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar  
 Of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
 Come from the influence of an unseen star,  
 An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud  
 Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,  
 Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd  
 Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends  
 A bridge of light, connecting it with this,  
 O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,  
 Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

## DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

IN broad daylight, and at noon,  
Yesterday I saw the moon  
Sailing high, but faint and white,  
As a schoolboy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,  
I read a poet's mystic lay ;  
And it seemed to me at most  
As a phantom or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day  
Like a passion died away,  
And the night, serene and still,  
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,  
Like a spirit glorified,  
Filled and overflowed the night  
With revelations of her light.

And the poet's song again  
Passed like music through my brain ;  
Night interpreted to me  
All its grace and mystery.

## VICTOR GALBRAITH.

UNDER the walls of Monterey  
At daybreak the bugles began to play,  
Victor Galbraith !  
In the mist of the morning damp and  
gray,  
These were the words they seemed to  
say,  
"Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith !"

Forth he came, with a martial tread ;  
Firm was his step, erect his head ;  
Victor Galbraith,  
He who so well the bugle played,  
Could not mistake the words it said :  
"Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith !"

He looked at the earth, he looked at the  
sky,  
He looked at the files of musketry,  
Victor Galbraith !

And he said, with a steady voice and eye,  
"Take good aim ; I am ready to die !"  
Thus challenges death  
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and  
red,  
Six leaden balls on their errand sped ;  
Victor Galbraith  
Falls on the ground, but he is not dead ;  
His name was not stamped on those balls  
of lead,  
And they only scathe  
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,  
But he rises out of the dust again,  
Victor Galbraith !  
The water he drinks has a bloody stain !  
"O kill me, and put me out of my pain !"  
In his agony prayeth  
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more these tongues of  
flame,  
And the bugler has died a death of shame,  
Victor Galbraith ! [came,  
His soul has gone back to whence it  
And no one answers to the name,  
When the sergeant saith,  
"Victor Galbraith !"

Under the walls of Monterey  
By night a bugle is heard to play,  
Victor Galbraith !  
Through the mist of the valley damp and  
gray  
The sentinels hear the sound, and say,  
"That is the wraith  
Of Victor Galbraith !"

## SANTA FILOMENA.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deed  
Thus help us in our daily need,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.

#### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands,

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door :  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipe  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees it close ;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy  
friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought !

## EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,—  
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;  
And like a silver clarion rung,  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright :  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior !

“Try not the Pass !” the old man said ;  
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !”  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior !

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast !”  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior !

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch !  
Beware the awful avalanche !”  
This was the peasant’s last Good-night.  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior !

## RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs !  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout.  
Across the window-pane  
It pours and pours ;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber  
Looks at the twisted brooks ;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool ;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion ;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Engulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard’s tawny and spotted hide  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale



And the vapours that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees !  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told,  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colours seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange  
Mysterious change,  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to  
earth ;  
Till glimpses more sublime

Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

### THE SINGERS.

God sent his singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,  
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;  
Through groves he wandered, and by  
streams,  
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,  
Stood singing in the market-place,  
And stirred with accents deep and loud  
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray, old man, the third and last,  
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,  
While the majestic organ rolled  
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three  
Disputed which the best might be ;  
For still their music seemed to start  
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, " I see  
No best in kind, but in degree ;  
I gave a various gift to each,  
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

" These are the three great chords of  
might,  
And he whose ear is tuned aright  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
But the most perfect harmony."

### UNSEEN FRIENDS.

#### A DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight  
gloom,  
Hears round about him voices as if  
darkens,

- And seeing not the forms from which they come,  
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens ;
- So walking here, in twilight, O my friends !  
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,  
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends  
His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.
- If any thought of mine, or sung or told,  
Has ever given delight or consolation,  
Ye have repaid me back a thousandfold,  
By every friendly sign and salutation.
- Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown !  
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,  
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,  
Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.
- Kind messages, that pass from land to land ;  
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,  
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—  
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery !
- The pleasant books, that silently among  
Our household treasures take familiar places,  
And are to us as if a living tongue  
Spoke from the printed leaves or pictured faces !
- Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,  
With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance ;  
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,  
But live for ever young in my remembrance.
- Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away !  
Your gentle voices will flow on for ever,  
When life grows bare and tarnished with decay,  
As through a leafless landscape flows a river.
- Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,  
Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,  
But the endeavour for the selfsame ends,  
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.
- Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,  
Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion ;  
Not interrupting with intrusive talk  
The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.
- Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,  
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,  
To have my place reserved among the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited !

## THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

*Evangelina.*

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,  
Indistinct in the twilight.  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman ?  
u

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the  
home of Acadian farmers,—  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that  
watered the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflect-  
ing an image of heaven?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the  
farmers for ever departed!  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the  
mighty blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and  
sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.  
Nought but tradition remains of the beau-  
tiful village of Grand-Pié

By day its voice is low and light  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say at each chamber-door,  
"Forever—never! Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—  
"Forever—never! Never—forever!"

### THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw,  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all,—  
"Forever—never! Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
—And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—  
"Forever—never! Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality;  
His great fires up the chimney roared;  
The stranger feasted at his board;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased,—  
"Forever—never! Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming  
strayed;  
O precious hours! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time!  
Even as a n'er counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—  
"Forever—never! Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding  
night;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
"Forever—never! Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"  
As in the days long-since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
"Forever—never! Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care.

And death, and time shall disappear,—  
 Forever there, but never here!  
 The horologe of Eternity  
 Sayeth this incessantly,—  
 "Forever—never! Never—forever!"

### THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
 That sailed the wintry sea;  
 And the skipper had taken his little  
 daughter,  
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn  
 buds  
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
 His pipe was in his mouth,  
 And he watched how the veering flaw did  
 blow  
 The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailòr,  
 Had sailed the Spanish Main,  
 "I pray thee put into yonder port,  
 For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
 And to-night no moon we see!"  
 The skipper, he blew a whiff from his  
 pipe,  
 And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
 A gale from the north-east;  
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
 And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
 The vessel in its strength;  
 She shuddered and paused, like a frightened  
 steed,  
 Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little  
 daughter,  
 And do not tremble so;  
 For I can weather the roughest gale  
 That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's  
 coat  
 Against the stinging blast;  
 He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
 And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring  
 O say what may it be?"  
 "'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast—  
 And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
 O say what may it be?"  
 "Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
 In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,  
 O say what may it be?"  
 But the father answered never a word,—  
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
 With his face turned to the skues,  
 The lantern gleamed through the gleam-  
 ing snow  
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and  
 prayed  
 That saved she might be;  
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled the  
 wave  
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and  
 drear,  
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
 Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
 A sound came from the land;  
 It was the sound of the trampling surf,  
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
 She drifted a dreary wreck,  
 And a whooping billow swept the crew  
 Like icicles from her deck.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
 In the midnight and the snow !  
 Christ save us all from a death like this,  
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !

She struck where the white and fleecy waves

Looked soft as carded wool,  
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,

With the masts went by the board ;  
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
 Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
 A fisherman stood aghast,  
 To see the form of a maiden fair,  
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
 The salt tears in her eyes ;  
 And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,  
 On the billows fall and rise.

## THE SHIP OF STATE.

### *The Building of the Ship.*

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State !  
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great !  
 Humanity with all its fears,  
 With all the hopes of future years,  
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate !  
 We know what Master laid thy keel,  
 What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
 In what a forge and what a heat  
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !  
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock ;  
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
 And not a rent made by the gale !  
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
 In spite of false lights on the shore,  
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !  
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee ;  
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
 Are all with thee,—are all with thee !

## SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

## TWENTY-THIRD EDITION.

[SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.]

### THE RAJAH'S RIDE.

NOW is the devil-horse come to Sindh !  
Wah ! wah ! gooroo ! that is true !  
His belly is stuffed with the fire and the  
wind, but a fleeter steed had Run-  
jeet Dehu !

It's forty koss from Lahore to the ford,  
forty and more to far Jummoo ;  
Fast may go the Feringhee lord, but  
never so fast as Runjeet Dehu !

Runjeet Dehu was King of the Hill, lord  
and eagle of every crest ;  
Now the swords and the spears are still,  
God will have it, and God knows  
best !

Rajah Runjeet sate in the sky, watching  
the loaded Kafilas in ;  
Affghan Kashmeree, passing by, paid  
him pushm to save their skin.

Once he caracoled into the plain, wah !  
the sparkle of steel and steel !  
And up the pass came singing again,  
with a lakh of silver borne at his  
heel.

Once he trusted the Mussulman's word,  
wah ! wah ! trust a liar to lie !  
Down from his eyrie they tempted my  
Bird, and clipped his wings that he  
could not fly.

Fettered him fast in far Lahore, fast by  
the gate at the Runchenee Pûl ;  
Sad was the soul of Chunda Kour, glad  
the merchants of rich Kurnool.

Ten months Runjeet lay in Lahore—  
wah ! a hero's heart is brass !  
Ten months never did Chunda Kour  
braid her hair at the tiring-glass.

There came a steed from Toorkistan,  
wah ! God made him to match the  
hawk !  
Fast beside him the four grooms ran, to  
keep abreast the Toorkman's walk.

Black as the bear on Iskardoo ; savage  
at heart as a tiger chained :  
Fleeter than hawk that ever flew, never  
a Muslim could ride him reined.

"Runjeet Dehu ! come forth from thy  
hold"—wah ! ten months has rusted  
his chain !  
"Ride this Sheitan's liver cold." Runjeet  
twisted his hand in the mane.

Runjeet sprang on the Toorkman's back,  
wah ! a king on a kingly throne !  
Snort, black Sheitan ! till nostrils crack,  
Rajah Runjeet sits, a stone.

Three times round the Maiden he rode,  
touched its neck at Kashmeree wall,  
Struck the spurs till they spirted blood,  
leapt the rampart before them all !

Breasted the waves of the blue Ravee,  
forty horsemen mounting behind,  
Forty bridle-chains flung free—wah !  
wah ! better chase the wind !

Chunda Kour sate sad in Jummoo :—  
Hark ! what horse-hoof echoes with-  
out ?  
"Rise ! and welcome Runjeet Dehu—  
wash the Toorkman's nostrils out !

"Forty koss he has come, my life ! Body and Soul, seeing thine eagle gaze  
 forty koss back he must carry me ; Undazzled, upon Freedom's sun full-  
 Rajah Runjeet visits his wife, he steals blaze.  
 no steed like an Afreedee.

"They bade me teach them how to ride  
 —wah ! wah ! now I have taught  
 them well !"

Chunda Kour sunk low at his side !  
 Rajah Runjeet rode the hill.

[MATTHEW ARNOLD.]

### CADMUS AND HARMONIA.

When he came back to far Lahore long  
 or ever the night began—  
 Spake he, "Take your horse once  
 more ; he carries well—when he  
 bears a man."

Then they gave him a khillut and gold,  
 all for his honour and grace and  
 truth ;

Sent him back to his mountain-hold—  
 Muslim manners have touch of ruth.

Sent him back, with dances and drum—  
 wah ! my Rajah Runjeet Dehu !

To Chunda Kour and his Jummoo home  
 —wah ! wah ! futtee ! wah, gooroo !

FAR, far, from here,  
 The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay  
 Among the green Illyrian hills ; and  
 there

The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,  
 And by the sea, and in the brakes.  
 The grass is cool, the sea-side air  
 Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers  
 More virginal and sweet than ours.  
 And there, they say, two bright and  
 aged Snakes,

Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,  
 Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-  
 shore,

In breathless quiet, after all their ills.  
 Nor do they see their country, nor the  
 place

Where the Sphinx liv'd among the  
 frowning hills,

Nor the unhappy palace of their race,  
 Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more.  
 There those two live, far in the Illyrian  
 brakes.

They had stay'd long enough to see,  
 In Thebes, the billow of calamity  
 Over their own dear children roll'd,  
 Curse upon curse, pang upon pang,  
 For years, they sitting helpless in their  
 home,

A grey old man and woman : yet of old  
 The Gods had to their marriage come,  
 And at the banquet all the Muses sang.

### SONNET TO AMERICA.

AMERICA ! At this thy Golden Gate  
 New travelled from those portals of the  
 West

Parting—I make my reverence ! It was  
 best

With backward looks to quit a queen in  
 state !

Land of all lands most fair, and free, and  
 great,

Of countless kindred lips, wherefrom I  
 heard

Sweet speech of Shakespeare—keep it  
 consecrate

For noble uses ! Land of Freedom's  
 Bird,

Fearless and proud ! so let him soar  
 that, stirred

By generous joy, all lands may learn  
 from thee

A larger Life, and Europe, undeterred  
 By ancient dreads, dare also to be free

Therefore they did not end their days  
 In sight of blood ; but were rapt, far  
 away,

To where the west wind plays,  
 And murmurs of the Adriatic come  
 To those untrodden mountain lawns :  
 and there,

Placed safely in chang'd forms, the Pair

Wholly forget their first sad life, and  
 home,  
 And all that Theban woe, and stray  
 For ever through the glens, placid and  
 dumb.

## PHILOMELA.

HARK ! ah, the Nightingale  
 The tawny-throated !  
 Hark ! from the moonlit cedar what a  
 burst !  
 What triumph ! hark—what pain !

O Wanderer from a Grecian shore,  
 Still, after many years, in distant lands,  
 Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain  
 That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-  
 world pain—

Say, will it never heal ?  
 And can this fragrant lawn  
 With its cool trees, and night,  
 And the sweet, tranquil Thames,  
 And moonshine, and the dew,  
 To thy rack'd heart and brain  
 Afford no balm ?  
 Dost thou to-night behold  
 Here, through the moonlight on this  
 English grass,  
 The unfriendly palace in the Thracian  
 wild ?

Dost thou again peruse  
 With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes  
 The too clear web, and thy dumb  
 Sister's shame ?  
 Dost thou once assay  
 Thy flight, and feel come over thee,  
 Poor Fugitive, the feathery change  
 Once more, and once more seem to  
 make resound  
 With love and hate, triumph and agony,  
 Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian  
 vale ?

Listen, Eugenia—  
 How thick the bursts come crowding  
 through the leaves !  
 Again—thou hearest !  
 Eternal Passion !  
 Eternal Pain !

[ALFRED AUSTIN.]

## THE DEATH OF HUSS.

In the streets of Constance was heard  
 the shout,  
 "Masters ! bring the arch-heretic out !"  
 The stake had been planted, the faggots  
 spread,  
 And the tongues of the torches flickered  
 red.  
 Huss to the flames !" they fiercely  
 cried :  
 Then the gates of the Convent opened  
 wide.

Into the sun from the dark he came,  
 His face as fixed as a face in a frame ;  
 His arms were pinioned, but you could  
 see,  
 By the smile round his mouth, that his  
 soul was free ;  
 And his eye with a strange bright glow  
 was lit,  
 Like a star just before the dawn  
 quenched it.

To the pyre the crowd a pathway made  
 And he walked along it with no man's  
 aid ;  
 Steadily on to the place he trod,  
 Commending aloud his soul to God.  
 Aloud he prayed, though they mocked  
 his prayer :  
 He was the only thing tranquil there.

But seeing the faggots, he quickened his  
 pace,  
 As we do when we see the loved one's  
 face.  
 "Now, now, let the torch in the resin  
 flare  
 Till my books and body be ashes and  
 air !  
 But the spirit of both shall return to  
 men,  
 As dew that rises descends again."

From the back of the crowd where the  
 women wept,  
 And the children whispered, a peasant  
 stepped.  
 A goodly faggot was on his back,  
 Brittle and sere, from last year's stack ;



And he placed it carefully where the torch  
Was sure to lick and the flame to scorch. Where movement is music and life a dream,  
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

"Why bring you fresh fuel, friend?

Here are sticks  
To burn up a score of heretics."  
Answered the peasant, "Because this year,  
My hearth will be cold, for is firewood dear;

And Heaven be witness I pay my toll,  
And burn your body to save my soul."

Huss gazed at the peasant, he gazed at the pile,  
Then over his features there stole a smile.

"O Sancta Simplicitas! By God's troth,  
This faggot of yours may save us both,  
And he who judgeth perchance prefer  
To the victim the executioner!"

Then unto the stake was he tightly tied,  
And the torches were lowered and thrus inside.

You could hear the twigs crackle and sputter the flesh,

Then "Sancta Simplicitas moaned afresh,

'Twas the last men heard of the words he spoke;

Ere to Heaven his soul went up with the smoke!

## IN THE MONTH WHEN SING THE CUCKOO.

### I.

HARK! Spring is coming. Her herald sings,

The air resounds and the woodland rings,

Leave the milking-pail and the manling cream,  
And down by the meadow, and up by the stream,

II.  
Away with old Winter's frowns and fears,

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!  
Now May with a smile dries April's tears,

Cuckoo!  
When the bees are humming in bloom and bud,  
And the kine sit chewing the moist green cud,  
Shall the snow not melt in a maiden's blood,  
In the month when sings the cuckoo!

### III.

The popinjay mates and the lapwing woos;

Cuckoo!  
In the lane is a footstep. I wonder whose?

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!  
How sweet are low whispers! and sweet, so sweet,  
When the warm hands touch, and the shy lips meet,  
And sorrel and woodruff are round our feet,  
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

### IV.

Your face is as fragrant as moist musk-rose;

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!  
All the year in your cheek the windflower blows;

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!  
You fit as blithely as bird on wing;  
And when you answer, and when they sing,  
I know not if they, or You, be Spring,  
In the month when pairs the cuckoo.

### V.

Will you love me still when the blossom droops?

Cuckoo!

When the cracked husk falls and the  
fieldfare troops?

IX.

Cuckoo ! I will love you then as I love you now  
Let sere leaf or snowdrift shade your Cuckoo !  
brow, What cares the Spring for a broken vow ?  
By the soul of the Spring, sweetheart, I Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !  
vow, The broods of last year are pairing, this ;  
I will love you then as I love you now, And there never will lack, while love is  
In the month when sings the cuckoo. bliss,  
Fresh ears to cozen, fresh lips to kiss,  
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

VI.

Smooth, smooth is the sward where the  
loosestrife grows,

X.

Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! O cruel bird ! will you never have done ?  
As we lie and hear in a dreamy doze, Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !  
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! You sing for the cloud, as you sung for  
And smooth is the curve of a maiden's the sun ;  
check, Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !  
When she loves to listen but fears to You mock me now as you mocked me  
speak, then,  
As we yearn but we know not what we When I knew not yet that the loves of  
seek, men  
In the month when sings the cuckoo. Are as brief as the glamour of glade and  
glen,  
And the glee of the fleeting cuckoo.

VII.

But in warm midsummer we hear no  
more,

XI.

Cuckoo ! Oh ! to lie once more in the long fresh  
And August brings not, with all its grass,  
store, Cuckoo !  
Cuckoo ! And dream of the sounds and scents that  
When Autumn shivers on Winter's pass ;  
brink, Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !  
And the wet wind wails through crevice To savour the woodbine, surmise the  
and chink, dove,  
We gaze at the logs, and sadly think With no roof save the far-off sky above,  
Of the month when called the cuckoo. With a curtain of kisses round couch of  
love,  
While distantly called the cuckoo.

VIII.

But the cuckoo comes back and shouts  
once more,

XII.

Cuckoo ! But if now I slept, I should sleep to  
And the world is as young as it was wake  
before ; To the sleepless pang and the dreamless  
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! ache,  
It grows not older for mortal tears, To the wild babe blossom within my  
For the fearhood of men or for women's heart,  
fears ; To the darkening terror and swelling  
'Tis as young as it was in the bygone smart,  
years, To the searching look and the words  
When first we heard the cuckoo. apart,  
And the hint of the tell-tale cuckoo.

## XIII.

The meadow grows thick, and the  
stream runs deep,

Cuckoo!

Where the aspens quake and the willows  
weep;

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

The dew of the night and the morning  
heat

Will close up the track of my farewell  
feet:—

So goodbye to the life that once was  
sweet,

When so sweetly called the cuckoo.

## XIV.

The kine are unmilked, and the cream  
unchurned,

Cuckoo!

The pillow unpressed, and the quilt  
unturmed,

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

'Twas easy to gibe at a beldame's fear  
For the quick brief blush and the side-  
ling tear;

But if maids will gad in the youth of the  
year,

They should heed what says the cuckoo!

## XV.

There are marks in the meadow laid up  
for hay,

Cuckoo!

And the tread of a foot where no foot  
should stray:

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

The banks of the pool are broken down,  
Where the water is quiet and deep and  
brown;—

The very spot, if one longed to drown,  
And no more hear the cuckoo.

## XVI.

'Tis a full taut net and a heavy haul.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Look! her auburn hair and her trim new  
shawl!

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Draw a bit this way where 'tis not so  
steep;

There, cover her face! She but seems  
asleep;

While the swallows skim and the gray-  
lings leap,

And joyously sings the cuckoo.

## AVE MARIA.

## I.

In the ages of Faith, before the day  
When men were too proud to weep or  
pray,

There stood in a red-roofed Breton  
town,

Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,  
A chapel for simple souls to meet,

Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,

Ave Maria!

## II.

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,  
With unkempt locks and a matted  
beard,

Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,  
And whose head kept rolling from side  
to side;

Yet who, when the sunset-glow grew  
dim,

Joined with the rest in the twilight  
hymn,

Ave Maria!

## III.

But when they up-got and wended  
home,

Those up the hillside, these to the foam,  
He hobbled along in the narrowing  
dusk,

Like a thing that is only hull and husk;  
On as he hobbled, chanting still,

Now to himself, now loud and shrill,

Ave Maria!

## IV.

When morning smiled on the smiling  
deep,

And the fisherman woke from dreamless  
sleep,

And ran up his sail, and trimmed his  
craft,

While his little ones leaped on the sand and laughed,  
The senseless cripple would stand and stare,  
Then suddenly holloa his wonted prayer,  
Ave Maria!

## V.

Others might plough, and reap, and sow,  
Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,  
Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,  
Or trundle their dead in a winding-sheet;  
But he, through rapture, and pain, and wrong,  
Kept singing his one monotonous song,  
Ave Maria!

## VI.

When thunder growled from the ravelled wrack  
And ocean to welkin bellowed back,  
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath,  
And tore through the forest with jagged teeth,  
Then leaped and laughed o'er the havoc wreaked,  
The idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,  
Ave Maria!

## VII.

Children mocked, and mimicked his feet,  
As he slouched or sidled along the street;  
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,  
And mothers with child eschewed his eye;  
And half in pity, half scorn, the folk  
Christened him, from the words he spoke,  
Ave Maria!

## VIII.

One year when the harvest feasts were done,  
And the mending of tattered nets begun,  
And the kittiwake's scream took a weirder key  
From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,

## IX.

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,  
And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,  
Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,  
And strove to quiet his chattering chin;  
But, ebbing with unreturning tide,  
He kept on mourning till he died,  
Ave Maria!

## X.

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,  
He could not be buried in sacred earth;  
So they laid him afar, apart, alone,  
Without or a cross, or turf, or stone,  
Senseless clay unto senseless clay,  
To which none ever came nigh to say,  
Ave Maria!

## XI.

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorn white,  
And the lark bore his music out of sight,  
And the swallow outraced the racing wave,  
Up from the lonely, outcast grave,  
Sprouted a lily, straight and high,  
Such as She bears to whom men cry,  
Ave Maria!

## XII.

None had planted it, no one knew  
How it had come there, why it grew;  
Grew up strong, till its stately stem  
Was crowned with a snow-white diadem,—  
One pure lily, round which, behold!  
Was written by God in veins of gold,  
"Ave Maria!"

## XIII.

Over the lily they built a shrine,  
Where are mingled the mystic bread and wine;  
Shrine you may see in the little town  
That is snugly nestled 'twixt deep and down,

Through the Breton land it hath won-  
drous fame,  
And it bears the unshriven idiot's name  
Ave Maria!

## XIV.

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed,  
halt,  
From forehead to footstep one foul fault,  
Crazy, contorted, mindless-born  
The gentle's pity, the cruel's scorn,  
Who shall bar you the gates of Day  
So you have simple faith to say,  
Ave Maria!

All the thoughts of whose possessing  
Must be wooed to light by guessing;  
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings,  
That we'd ever have such dreamings,  
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,  
And we'd always have thee waking;  
Wealth for which we know no measure,  
Pleasure high above all pleasure,  
Gladness brimming over gladness,  
Joy in care—delight in sadness,  
Loveliness beyond completeness,  
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,  
Beauty all that beauty may be—  
That's May Bennett, that's my baby.

[W. C. BENNETT.]

## BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches,  
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches  
Poppies paleness—round large eyes  
Ever great with new surprise,  
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,  
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,  
Happy smiles and wailing cries,  
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,  
Lights and shadows swifter born  
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn,  
Ever some new tiny notion  
Making every limb all motion—  
Catchings up of legs and arms,  
Throwings back and small alarms,  
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,  
Twining feet whose each toe works,  
Kickings up and straining risings,  
Mother's ever new surprisings,  
Hands all wants and looks all wonder  
At all things the heavens under,  
Tiny scorns of smiled reproving  
That have more of love than lovings,  
Mischiefs done with such a winning  
Archness, that we prize such sinning,  
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,  
Graspings small at all that passes,  
Pullings off of all that's able  
To be caught from tray or table;  
Silences—small meditations,  
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,  
Breaking into wisest speeches  
In a tongue that nothing teaches,

## BABY'S SHOES.

O THOSE little, those little blue shoes!  
Those shoes that no little feet use!  
O the price were high  
That those shoes would buy,  
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet  
That no more their mother's eyes meet,  
That by God's good will,  
Years since grew still,  
And ceased from their totter so sweet!

And O, since that baby slept,  
So hush'd! how the mother has kept,  
With a tearful pleasure,  
That little dear treasure,  
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore  
Of a patter along the floor,  
And blue eyes she sees  
Look up from her knees,  
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,  
There babbles from chair to chair  
A little sweet face,  
That's a gleam in the place,  
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart  
From all else would rather part  
Than those tiny blue shoes  
That no little feet use,  
And whose sight makes such fond tears  
start.

## THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

YOUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife ; ah, summers not a few,  
 Since I put it on your finger first, have  
 pass'd o'er me and you ;  
 And, love, what changes we have seen  
 —what cares and pleasures, too,  
 Since you became my own dear wife,  
 when this old ring was new.

O, blessings on that happy day, the  
 happiest of my life,  
 When, thanks to God, your low, sweet  
 "Yes" made you my loving wife ;  
 Your heart will say the same, I know ;  
 that day's as dear to you,—  
 That day that made me yours, dear wife,  
 when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your  
 young sweet face that day !  
 How fair you were, how dear you were,  
 my tongue could hardly say,  
 Nor how I doated on you ; ah, how  
 proud I was of you ;  
 But did I love you more than now, when  
 this old ring was new ?

No—no ; no fairer were you then than  
 at this hour to me ;  
 And, dear as life to me this day, how  
 could you dearer be ?  
 As sweet your face might be that day as  
 now it is, 'tis true,  
 But did I know your heart as well when  
 this old ring was new ?

O, partner of my gladness, wife, what  
 care, what grief is there  
 For me you would not bravely face, with  
 me you would not share ?  
 O, what a weary want had every day, if  
 wanting you,  
 Wanting the love that God made mine  
 when this old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife  
 —young voices that are hear,  
 Young faces round our fire that make  
 their mother's yet more dear,  
 Young, loving hearts, your care each day  
 makes yet more like to you,  
 More like the loving heart made mine  
 when this old ring was new

And, bless'd be God ! all He has given  
 are with us yet ; around  
 Our table, every precious life lent to us  
 still is found ;  
 Though cares we've known, with hopeful  
 hearts the worst we've struggled  
 through :  
 Bless'd be His name for all His love since  
 this old ring was new.

The past is dear ; its sweetness still our  
 memories treasure yet ;  
 The griefs we've borne, together borne,  
 we would not now forget ;  
 Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart  
 unto heart still true,  
 We'll share as we have shared all else  
 since this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons  
 and daughters to grow old,  
 We know His goodness will not let your  
 heart or mine grow cold ;  
 Your aged eyes will see in mine all  
 they've still shown to you,  
 And mine in yours all they have seen  
 since this old ring was new.

And O, when death shall come at last to  
 bid me to my rest,  
 May I die looking in those eyes, and  
 resting on that breast ;  
 O, may my parting gaze be bless'd with  
 the dear sight of you,  
 Of those fond eyes—fond as they were  
 when this old ring was new.

[ROBERT BROWNING.]

HERVÉ RIEL.

## I.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen  
 hundred ninety-two,  
 Did the English fight the French,—  
 woe to France !  
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-  
 skelter through the blue,  
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a  
 shoal of sharks pursue,  
 Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-  
 Malo on the Rance,  
 With the English fleet in view.

## II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with  
the victor in full chase ;  
First and foremost of the drove, in his  
great ship, Damfreville ;  
Close on him fled, great and small,  
Twenty-two good ships in all ;  
And they signalled to the place  
" Help the winners of a race !  
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take  
us quick—or, quicker still,  
Here's the English can and will ! "

## III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk  
and leapt on board ;  
" Why, what hope or chance have  
ships like these to pass ? " laughed  
they :  
" Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all  
the passage scarred and scored,—  
Shall the ' Formidable ' here, with her  
twelve and eighty guns,  
Think to make the river-mouth by the  
single narrow way,  
Trust to enter—where 'tis ticklish for a  
craft of twenty tons,  
And with flow at full beside ?  
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.  
Reach the mooring ? Rather say,  
While rock stands or water runs,  
Not a ship will leave the bay ! "

## IV.

Then was called a council straight.  
Brief and bitter the debate :  
" Here's the English at our heels ; woul  
you have them take in tow  
All that's left us of the fleet, linked to  
gether stern and bow,  
For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?  
Better run the ships aground ! "  
(Ended Damfreville his speech).  
" Not a minute more to wait !  
Let the Captains all and each  
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn th  
vessels on the beach !  
France must undergo her fate.

## V.

Give the word ! " But no such word  
Was ever spoke or heard ;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in  
struck amid all these  
—A Captain ? A Lieutenant ? A Mate  
—first, second, third ?  
No such man of mark, and meet  
With his betters to compete !  
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by  
Tourville for the fleet,  
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Reil the  
Croisickese.

## VI.

And " What mockery or malice have we  
here ? " cries Hervé Riel :  
" Are you mad, you Malouins ? Are  
you cowards, fools, or rogues ?  
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who  
took the soundings, tell  
On my fingers every bank, every shallow,  
every swell  
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where  
the river disembogues ?  
Are you bought by English gold ? Is it  
love the lying's for ?  
Morn and eve, night and day,  
Have I piloted your bay,  
Entered free and anchored fast at the  
foot of Solidor.  
Burn the fleet and ruin France ? That  
were worse than fifty Hagues !  
Sirs, they know I speak the truth !  
Sirs, believe me there's a way !  
Only let me lead the line,  
Have the biggest ship to steer,  
Get this ' Formidable ' clear,  
Make the others follow mine,  
And I lead them, most and least, by a  
passage I know well,  
Right to Solidor past Grève,  
And there lay them safe and sound ;  
And if one ship misbehave,—  
—Keel so much as grate the ground,  
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's  
my head ! " cries Hervé Riel.

## VII.

Not a minute more to wait.  
" Steer us in, then, small and great !  
Take the helm, lead the line, save the  
squadron ! " cried its chief.  
Captains, give the sailor place !  
He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace  
See the noble fellow's face  
As the big ship, with a bound,  
Clears the entry like a hound,  
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way  
were the wide sea's profound !

See, safe thro' shoal and rock,  
How they follow in a flock,  
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel  
that grates the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief !  
The peril, see, is past.  
All are harboured to the last,  
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor !" —  
—sure as fate,

Up the English come,—too late !

## VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm :  
They see the green trees wave  
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.  
Hearts that bled and stanch'd with  
balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,  
Let the English rake the bay,  
Gnash their teeth and glare askance  
As they cannonade away !  
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding  
on the Rance !"

How hope succeeds despair on each  
Captain's countenance !

Out burst all with one accord,  
"This is Paradise for Hell !  
Let France, let France's King  
Thank the man that did the thing !"

What a shout, and all one word,  
"Hervé Riel !"

As he stepped in front once more,  
Not a symptom of surprise  
In the frank blue Breton eyes,  
Just the same man as before.

## IX.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,  
I must speak out at the end,  
Though I find the speaking hard.  
Praise is deeper than the lips :  
You have saved the King his ships,  
You must name your own reward.  
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse !  
Demand what'er you will,  
France remains your debtor still.  
Ask to heart's content and have ! or my  
name's not Damfreville."

## X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
As the honest heart laughed through  
Those frank eyes of Breton blue :  
"Since I needs must say my say,  
Since on board the duty's done,  
And from Malo Roads to Croisic  
Point, what is it but a run ?—  
Since 't is ask and have, I may—  
Since the others go ashore—  
Come ! A good whole holiday !  
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I  
call the Belle Aurore !"  
That he asked and that he got,—no-  
thing more.

## XI.

Name and deed alike are lost :  
Not a pillar nor a post  
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it  
befell ;  
Not a head in white and black  
On a single fishing-smack,  
In memory of the man but for whom had  
gone to wrack  
All that France saved from the fight  
whence England bore the bell.  
Go to Paris : rank on rank  
Search the heroes flung pell-mell  
On the Louvre, face and flank !  
You shall look long enough ere you  
come to Hervé Riel.  
So, for better and for worse,  
Hervé Riel, accept my verse !  
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once  
more  
Save the squadron, honour France, love  
thy wife the Belle Aurore !

(By permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

[LORD MACAULAY.]

## HORATIUS.

THERE can be little doubt that among those parts of early Roman history which had a poetical origin was the legend of Horatius Cocles. We have several versions of the story, and these versions differ from each other in points of no small importance. Polybius, there is reason to believe, heard the tale recited



over the remains of some Consul or Prætor descended from the old Horatian patricians; for he evidently introduces it as a specimen of the narratives with which the Romans were in the habit of embellishing their funeral oratory. It is remarkable that, according to his description, Horatius defended the bridge alone, and perished in the waters. According to the chronicles which Livy and Dionysius followed, Horatius had two companions, swam safe to shore, and was loaded with honours and rewards.

These discrepancies are easily explained. Our own literature, indeed, will furnish an exact parallel to what may have taken place at Rome. It is highly probable that the memory of the war of Porsena was preserved by compositions much resembling the two ballads which stand first in the *Relics of Ancient English Poetry*. In both those ballads the English, commanded by the Percy, fight with the Scots, commanded by the Douglas. In one of the ballads the Douglas is killed by a nameless English archer, and the Percy by a Scottish spearman: in the other, the Percy slays the Douglas in single combat, and is himself made prisoner. In the former, Sir Hugh Montgomery is shot through the heart by a Northumbrian bowman: in the latter, he is taken and exchanged for the Percy. Yet both the ballads relate to the same event, and that an event which probably took place within the memory of persons who were alive when both the ballad were made. One of the minstrels says:

"Old men that knowen the grounde wel  
yennoughe  
Call it the battell of Otterburn:  
At Otterburn began this spurne  
Upon a monnyn day.  
Ther was the doughtie Doglas sleant  
The Perse never went away."

The other poet sums up the event in the following lines:

"Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne  
Bytwene the nyghte and the day:  
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,  
And the Percy was lede away."

It is by no means unlikely that there were two old Roman lays about the

defence of the bridge; and that, while the story which Livy has transmitted to us was preferred by the multitude, the other, which ascribed the whole glory to Horatius alone, may have been the favourite with the Horatian house.

The following ballad is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The author seems to have been an honest citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed. The allusion, however to the partial manner in which the public lands were allotted could proceed only from a plebeian; and the allusion to the fraudulent sale of spoils marks the date of the poem, and shows that the poet shared in the general discontent with which the proceedings of Camillus, after the taking of Veii, were regarded.

The penultimate syllable of the name Porsena has been shortened in spite of the authority of Niebuhr, who pronounces, without assigning any ground for his opinion, that Martial was guilty of a decided blunder in the line,

"Hanc spectare manum Porsena non potuit."

It is not easy to understand how any modern scholar, whatever his attainments be,—and those of Niebuhr were undoubtedly immense,—can venture to pronounce that Martial did not know the quantity of a word which he must have uttered and heard uttered a hundred times before he left school. Niebuhr seems also to have forgotten that Martial has fellow-culprits to keep him in countenance. Horace has committed the same decided blunder; for he gives us, as a pure iambic line,

"Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus."

Silius Italicus has repeatedly offended in the same way, as when he says,

"Cernitur effugiens ardentem Porsena dextram:"

and again,

"Clusinum vulgus, cum, Porsena magnæ  
jubebat."

A modern writer may be content to err in such company.

Niebuhr's supposition that each of the three defenders of the bridge was the representative of one of the three patrician tribes is both ingenious and probable, and has been adopted in the following poem.

## HORATIUS.

### A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore  
That the great house of Tarquin  
Should suffer wrong no more.  
By the Nine Gods he swore it,  
And named a trysting day,  
And bade his messengers ride forth,  
East and west and south and north,  
To summon his army.

## II.

East and west and south and north  
The messengers ride fast,  
And tower and town and cottage  
Have heard the trumpet's blast.  
Shame on the false Etruscan  
Who lingers in his home,  
When Porsena of Clusium  
Is on the march for Rome.

## III.

The horsemen and the footmen  
Are pouring in amain  
From many a stately market-place,  
From many a fruitful plain;  
From many a lonely hamlet,  
Which, hid by beech and pine,  
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest  
Of purple Apennine;

## IV.

From lordly Volaterræ,  
Where scowls the far-famed hold

Piled by the hands of giants  
For godlike kings of old;  
From seagirt Populonia,  
Whose sentinels descry  
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops  
Fringing the southern sky;

## V.

From the proud mart of Pisæ,  
Queen of the western waves,  
Where ride Massilia's triremes  
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;  
From where sweet Clanis wanders  
Through corn and vines and flowers;  
From where Cortona lifts to heaven  
Her diadem of towers.

## VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns  
Drop in dark Ausser's rill;  
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs  
Of the Ciminian hill;  
Beyond all streams Clitumnus  
Is to the herdsman dear;  
Best of all pools the fowler loves  
The great Volsinian mere.

## VII.

But now no stroke of woodman  
Is heard by Ausser's rill;  
No hunter tracks the stag's green path  
Up the Ciminian hill;  
Unwatched along Clitumnus  
Grazes the milk-white steer;  
Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip  
In the Volsinian mere.

## VIII.

The harvests of Arretium,  
This year, old men shall reap;  
This year, young boys in Umbro  
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;  
And in the vats of Luna,  
This year, the must shall foam  
Round the white feet of laughing girls,  
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

## IX.

There be thirty chosen prophets,  
The wisest of the land,

Who alway by Lars Porsena  
 Both morn and evening stand ;  
 Evening and morn the Thirty  
 Have turned the verses o'er,  
 Traced from the right on linen white  
 By mighty seers of yore.

## X.

And with one voice the Thirty  
 Have their glad answer given :  
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ;  
 Go forth, beloved of Heaven ;  
 Go, and return in glory  
 To Clusium's royal dome ;  
 And hang round Nurscia's altars  
 The golden shields of Rome."

## XI.

And now hath every city  
 Sent up her tale of men ;  
 The foot are fourscore thousand,  
 The horse are thousands ten.  
 Before the gates of Sutrium  
 Is met the great array.  
 A proud man was Lars Porsena  
 Upon the trysting day.

## XII.

For all the Etruscan armies  
 Were ranged beneath his eye,  
 And many a banished Roman,  
 And many a stout ally ;  
 And with a mighty following  
 To join the muster came  
 The Tusculan Mamilius,  
 Prince of the Latian name.

## XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber  
 Was tumult and affright :  
 From all the spacious champaign  
 To Rome men took their flight.  
 A mile around the city,  
 The throng stopped up the ways ;  
 A fearful sight it was to see  
 Through two long nights and days.

## XIV.

For aged folk on crutches,  
 And women great with child,

And mothers sobbing over babes  
 That clung to them and smiled,  
 And sick men borne in litters  
 High on the necks of slaves,  
 And troops of sun-burned husbandmen  
 With reaping-hooks and staves.

## XV.

And droves of mules and asses  
 Laden with skins of wine,  
 And endless flocks of goats and sheep,  
 And endless herds of kine.  
 And endless trains of waggons  
 That creaked beneath the weight  
 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,  
 Choked every roaring gate.

## XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,  
 Could the wan burghers spy  
 The line of blazing villages  
 Red in the midnight sky.  
 The Fathers of the City,  
 They sat all night and day,  
 For every hour some horseman came  
 With tidings of dismay.

## XVII.

To eastward and to westward  
 Have spread the Tuscan bands ;  
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dove-cote  
 In Crustumium stands.  
 Verbenna down to Ostia  
 Hath wasted all the plain ;  
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,  
 And the stout guards are slain.

## XVIII.

I wis, in all the Senate,  
 There was no heart so bold,  
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,  
 When that ill news was told.  
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,  
 Up rose the Fathers all ;  
 In haste they girded up their gowns,  
 And hied them to the wall.

## XIX.

They held a council standing  
 Before the River-Gate ;

Short time was there, ye well may And dark Verbenna from the hold  
griess, By reedy Thrasymene.

For musing or debate.

Out spake the Consul roundly :

"The bridge must straight go down ;  
For, since Janiculum is lost,  
Nought else can save the town."

## XX.

Just then a scout came flying,

All wild with haste and fear :

"To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul :  
Lars Porsena is here."

On the low hills to westward

The Consul fixed his eye,

And saw the swarthy storm of dust

Rise fast along the sky.

## XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer

Doth the red whirlwind come ;

And louder still and still more loud,

From underneath that rolling cloud,

Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,

The trampling, and the hum.

And plainly and more plainly

Now through the gloom appears,

Far to left and far to right,

In broken gleams of dark-blue light,

The long array of helmets bright,

The long array of spears.

## XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,

Above that glimmering line,

Now might ye see the banners

Of twelve fair cities shine ;

But the banner of proud Clusium

Was highest of them all,

The terror of the Umbrian,

The terror of the Gaul.

## XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly

Now might the burghers know,

By port and vest, by horse and crest

Each warlike Lucumo.

There Cilnius of Arretium

On his fleet roan was seen ;

And Astur of the four-fold shield,

Girt with the brand none else may wield,

Tolumnius with the belt of gold,

## XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard

O'erlooking all the war,

Lais Porsena of Clusium

Sate in his ivory car.

By the right wheel rode Mamilius,

Prince of the Latian name ;

And by the left false Sextus,

That wrought the deed of shame.

## XXV.

But when the face of Sextus

Was seen among the foes,

A yell that rent the firmament

From all the town arose.

On the house-tops was no woman

But spat towards him and hissed ;

No child but screamed out curses,

And shook its little fist.

## XXVI.

But the Consul's brow was sad,

And the Consul's speech was low,

And darkly looked he at the wall,

And darkly at the foe.

Their van will be upon us

Before the bridge goes down ;

And if they once may win the bridge,

What hope to save the town ?

## XXVII.

Then out spake brave Horatius,

The Captain of the gate :

"To every man upon this earth

Death cometh soon or late ;

And how can man die better

Than facing fearful odds,

For the ashes of his fathers

And the temples of his Gods,

## XXVIII.

And for the tender mother

Who dandled him to rest,

And for the wife who nurses

His baby at her breast,

And for the holy maidens

Who feed the eternal flame,

To save them from false Sextus

That wrought the deed of shame ?

## XXIX.

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
 With all the speed ye may ;  
 I, with two more to help me,  
 Will hold the foe in play.  
 In yon strait path a thousand  
 May well be stopped by three  
 Now who will stand on either hand,  
 And keep the bridge with me ?"

## XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;  
 A Ramnian proud was he  
 "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
 And keep the bridge with thee"  
 And out spake strong Herminius,  
 Of Titian blood was he.  
 "I will abide on thy left side,  
 And keep the bridge with thee."

## XXXI.

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,  
 "As thou sayest, so let it be"  
 And straight against that great array  
 Forth went the dauntless Three.  
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
 Spared neither land nor gold,  
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
 In the brave days of old.

## XXXII.

Then none was for a party ;  
 Then all were for the state ;  
 Then the great man helped the poor,  
 And the poor man loved the great .  
 Then lands were fairly portioned ;  
 Then spoils were fairly sold .  
 The Romans were like brothers  
 In the brave days of old.

## XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman  
 More hateful than a foe,  
 And the Tribunes beard the high,  
 And the Fathers grind the low.  
 As we wax hot in faction,  
 In battle we wax cold :  
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
 In the brave days of old.

## XXXIV.

Now while the Three were tightening  
 Their harness on their back,  
 The Consul was the foremost man  
 To take in hand an axe  
 And Fathers mixed with Commons,  
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
 And smote upon the planks above,  
 And loosed the props below.

## XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
 Right glorious to behold,  
 Came flashing back the noonday light,  
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
 Of a broad sea of gold  
 Four hundred trumpets sounded  
 A peal of warlike glee,  
 As that great host, with measured tread,  
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,  
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

## XXXVI.

The Three stood calm and silent  
 And looked upon the foes,  
 And a great shout of laughter  
 From all the vanguard rose :  
 And forth three chiefs came spurring  
 Before that deep array ;  
 To earth they sprang, their sword's they  
 drew,  
 And lifted high their shields, and flew  
 To win the narrow way ;

## XXXVII.

Aunus from green Tifernum,  
 Lord of the Hill of Vines ;  
 And Seus, whose eight hundred slaves  
 Sicken in Ilva's mines ;  
 And Picus, long to Cladium  
 Vassal in peace and war,  
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
 From that grey crag where, girt with  
 towers,  
 The fortress of Nequ'rum lowers  
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

## XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus  
 Into the stream beneath :

Herminius struck at Seius,  
And clove him to the teeth :  
At Picus brave Horatius  
Darted one fiery thrust ;  
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
Clashed in the bloody dust.

## XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii  
Rushed on the Roman Three ;  
And Lausulus of Urge,  
The rover of the sea ;  
And Aruns of Volsinium,  
Who slew the great wild boar,  
The great wild boar that had his den  
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,  
Along Albinia's shore.

## XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns :  
Lartius laid Ocnus low ;  
Right to the heart of Lausulus  
Horatius sent a blow.  
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !  
No more, aghast and pale,  
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark  
The track of thy destroying bark.  
No more Campania's hinds shall fly  
To woods and caverns when they spy  
Thy thrice-accursed sail."

## XLI.

But now no sound of laughter  
Was heard among the foes.  
A wild and wrathful clamour  
From all the vanguard rose.  
Six spears' lengths from the entrance  
Halted that deep array,  
And for a space no man came forth  
To win the narrow way.

## XLII.

But hark ! the cry is Astur :  
And lo ! the ranks divide ;  
And the great Lord of Luna  
Comes with his hasty stride.  
Upon his ample shoulders  
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,  
And in his hand he shakes the brand  
Which none but he can wield.

## XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans  
A smile serene and high ;  
He eyed the finching Tuscans,  
And scorn was in his eye.  
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter  
Stand savagely at bay :  
But will ye dare to follow,  
If Astur clears the way ?"

## XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
With both hands to the height,  
He rushed against Horatius,  
And smote with all his might.  
With shield and blade Horatius  
Right deftly turned the blow.  
The blow, though turned, came yet too  
nigh ;  
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :  
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
To see the red blood flow.

## XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius  
He leaned one breathing-space ;  
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,  
Sprang right at Astur's face.  
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,  
So fierce a thrust he sped,  
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out  
Behind the Tuscan's head.

## XLVI.

And the great Lord of Luna  
Fell at that deadly stroke,  
As falls on Mount Alvernum  
A thunder-smitten oak.  
Far o'er the crashing forest  
The giant arms lie spread ;  
And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
Gaze on the blasted head.

## XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius  
Right firmly pressed his heel,  
And thrice and four times tugged away,  
Ere he wrenched out the steel.  
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,  
Fair guests, that waits you here !  
What noble Lucumo comes next  
To taste our Roman cheer ?"

## XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge  
 A sullen murmur ran,  
 Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread  
 Along that glittering van.  
 There lacked not men of prowess,  
 Nor men of lordly race;  
 For all Etruria's noblest  
 Were round the fatal place.

## XLIX.

But all Etruria's noblest  
 Felt their hearts sink to see  
 On the earth the bloody corpses,  
 In the path the dauntless Three :  
 And, from the ghastly entrance  
 Where those bold Romans stood,  
 All shrank, like boys who unaware,  
 Ranging the woods to start a hare,  
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear  
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost  
 To lead such dire attack ;  
 But those behind cried "Forward !"   
 And those before cried "Back !"   
 And backward now and forward  
 Wavers the deep array ;  
 And on the tossing sea of steel,  
 To and fro the standards reel ;  
 And the victorious trumpet-peal  
 Dies fitfully away.

## LL.

Yet one man for one moment  
 Strode out before the crowd ;  
 Well known was he to all the Three,  
 And they gave him greeting loud.  
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !  
 Now welcome to thy home !  
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?  
 Here lies the road to Rome."

## LII.

Thrice looked he at the city ;  
 Thrice looked he at the dead ;  
 And thrice came on in fury,  
 And thrice turned back in dread ;

And, white with fear and hatred,  
 Scowled at the narrow way,  
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,  
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

## LIII.

But meanwhile axe and lever  
 Have manfully been plied ;  
 And now the bridge hangs tottering  
 Above the boiling tide.  
 'Come back, come back, Horatius !'  
 Loud cried the Fathers all.  
 'Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !  
 Back, ere the ruin fall !'

## LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;  
 Herminius darted back :  
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
 They felt the timbers crack.  
 But when they turned their faces,  
 And on the farther shore  
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
 They would have crossed once more.

## LV.

But with a crash like thunder  
 Fell every loosened beam,  
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
 Lay right athwart the stream :  
 And a long shout of triumph  
 Rose from the walls of Rome,  
 As to the highest turret-tops  
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

## LVI.

And, like a horse unbroken  
 When first he feels the rein,  
 The furious river struggled hard,  
 And tossed his tawny mane ;  
 And burst the curb, and bounded,  
 Rejoicing to be free ;  
 And whirling down, in fierce career,  
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,  
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

## LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
 But constant still in mind ;  
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
 And the broad flood behind.

"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,  
 With a smile on his pale face.  
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,  
 "Now yield thee to our grace."

## LVIII.

Round turned he, as not deigning  
 Those craven ranks to see;  
 Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,  
 To Sextus nought spake he;  
 But he saw on Palatinus  
 The white porch of his home;  
 And he spake to the noble river  
 That rolls by the towers of Rome.

## LIX.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!  
 To whom the Romans pray,  
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
 Take thou in charge this day!"  
 So he spake, and speaking sheathed  
 The good sword by his side,  
 And with his harness on his back,  
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

## LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
 Was heard from either bank;  
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise  
 With parted lips and straining eyes,  
 Stood gazing where he sank;  
 And when above the surges  
 They saw his crest appear,  
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
 And even the ranks of Tuscany  
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

## LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,  
 Swollen high by months of rain:  
 And fast his blood was flowing;  
 And he was sore in pain,  
 And heavy with his armour,  
 And spent with changing blows:  
 And oft they thought him sinking,  
 But still again he rose.

## LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
 In such an evil case,

Struggle through such a raging flood  
 Safe to the landing-place:  
 But his limbs were borne up bravely  
 By the brave heart within,  
 And our good father Tiber  
 Bare bravely up his chin.<sup>1</sup>

## LXIII.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;  
 "Will not the villain drown?  
 But for this stay, ere close of day  
 We should have sacked the town!"  
 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,  
 "And bring him safe to shore;  
 For such a gallant feat of arms  
 Was never seen before."

## LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom;  
 Now on dry earth he stands;  
 Now round him throng the Fathers  
 To press his gory hands;  
 And now with shouts and clapping,  
 And noise of weeping loud,  
 He enters through the River-Gate,  
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

## LXV.

They gave him of the corn-land,  
 That was of public right,  
 As much as two strong oxen  
 Could plough from morn till night;  
 And they made a molten image,  
 And set it up on high,  
 And there it stands unto this day  
 To witness if I lie.

## LXVI.

It stands in the Comitium,  
 Plain for all folk to see;

"Our ladye bare upp her chinne."  
*Ballad of Childe Waters.*

"Never heavier man and horse  
 Stemmed a midnight torrent's force;  
 Yet, through good heart and our Lady's  
 grace,  
 At length he gained the landing-place."  
*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*



Horatius in his harness,  
 Halting upon one knee :  
 And underneath is written,  
 In letters all of gold,  
 How valiantly he kept the bridge  
 In the brave days of old.

## LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring  
 Unto the men of Rome,  
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them  
 To charge the Volscian home ;  
 And wives still pray to Juno  
 For boys with hearts as bold  
 As his who kept the bridge so well  
 In the brave days of old.

## LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,  
 When the cold north winds blow,  
 And the long howling of the wolves  
 Is heard amidst the snow ;  
 When round the lonely cottage  
 Roars loud the tempest's din,  
 And the good logs of Algidus  
 Roar louder yet within ;

## LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,  
 And the largest lamp is lit,  
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
 And the kid turns on the spit ;  
 When young and old in circle  
 Around the firebrands close ;  
 When the girls are weaving baskets,  
 And the lads are shaping bows ;

## LXX.

When the goodman mends his armour  
 And trims his helmet's plume ;  
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
 Goes flashing through the loom ;  
 With weeping and with laughter  
 Still is the story told,  
 How well Horatius kept the bridge  
 In the brave days of old.

## VIRGINIA.

FRAGMENTS OF A LAY SUNG IN THE  
 FORUM ON THE DAY WHEREON  
 LUCIUS SEXTIUS SEXTINUS LATER-  
 ANUS AND CAIUS LICINIUS CALVUS  
 STOLO WERE ELECTED TRIBUNES  
 OF THE COMMONS THE FIFTH TIME,  
 IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY  
 CCCLXXXII.

YE good men of the Commons, with  
 loving hearts and true,  
 Who stand by the bold Tribunes that  
 still have stood by you,  
 Come, make a circle round me, and mark  
 my tale with care,  
 A tale of what Rome once hath borne,  
 of what Rome yet may bear.  
 This is no Grecian fable, of fountains  
 running wine,  
 Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors  
 turned to swine.  
 Here, in this very Forum, under the  
 noonday sun,  
 In sight of all the people, the bloody  
 deed was done.  
 Old men still creep among us who saw  
 that fearful day,  
 Just seventy years and seven ago, when  
 the wicked Ten bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten still the names  
 are held accursed,  
 And of all the wicked men Appius  
 Claudius was the worst.  
 He stalked along the Forum like King  
 Tarquin in his pride.  
 Twelve axes waited on him, six march-  
 ing on a side ;  
 The townsmen shrank to right and left,  
 and eyed askance with fear  
 His lowering brow, his curling mouth,  
 which always seemed to sneer :  
 That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn,  
 marks all the kindred still ;  
 For never was there Claudius yet but  
 wished the Commons ill :  
 Nor lacks he fit attendance ; for close  
 behind his heels,  
 With outstretched chin and crouching  
 pace, the client Marcus steals,

His lions girt up to run with speed, be  
the errand what it may,  
And the smile flickering on his cheek,  
for aught his lord may say.

Such varlets pimp and jest for hire  
among the lying Greeks :

Such varlets still are paid to hoot when  
brave Licinius speaks.

Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing  
flies will crowd ;

Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's  
croak is loud ;

Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the  
greedy pike ye see ;

And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such  
client still will be.

Just then, as through one cloudless  
chink in a black stormy sky  
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair  
young girl came by.

With her small tablets in her hand, and  
her satchel on her arm,

Home she went bounding from the school,  
nor dreamed of shame or harm ;

And past those dreaded axes she inno-  
cently ran,

With bright, frank brow, that had not  
learned to blush at gaze of man ;

And up the Sacred Street she turned,  
and, as she danced along,

She warbled gaily to herself lines of the  
good old song,

How for a sport the princes came spur-  
ring from the camp,

And found Lucrece, combing the fleece,  
under the midnight lamp.

The maiden sang as sings the lark, when  
up he darts his flight,

From his nest in the green April corn, to  
meet the morning light ;

And Appius heard her sweet young voice,  
and saw her sweet young face,

And loved her with the accursed love of  
his accursed race,

And all along the Forum, and up the  
Sacred Street,

His vulture eye pursued the trip of those  
small glancing feet.

Over the Alban mountains the light of  
morning broke ;

From all the roofs of the Seven Hills  
curled the thin wreaths of smoke :

The city-gates were opened ; the Forum,  
all alive,

With buyers and with sellers was hum-  
ming like a hive :

Blithely on brass and timber the crafts-  
man's stroke was ringing,

And blithely o'er her panniers the market-  
girl was singing,

And blithely young Virginia came smiling  
from her home :

Ah ! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest  
maid in Rome !

With her small tablets in her hand, and  
her satchel on her arm,

Forth she went bounding to the  
school, nor dreamed of shame or  
harm.

She crossed the Forum shining with stalls  
in alleys gay,

And just had reached the very spot  
whereon I stand this day,

When up the varlet Marcus came ; not  
such as when erewhile

He crouched behind his patron's heels  
with the true client smile :

He came with lowering forehead, swollen  
features, and clenched fist,

And strode across Virginia's path, and  
caught her by the wrist.

Hard strove the frightened maiden, and  
screamed with look aghast ;

And at her scream from right and left  
the folk came running fast ;

The money-changer Crispus, with his thin  
silver hairs,

And Hanno from the stately booth glitter-  
ing with Punic wares,

And the strong smith Muræna, grasping  
a half-forged brand,

And Volero the flesher, his clever in his  
hand.

All came in wrath and wonder ; for all  
knew that fair child ;

And, as she passed them twice a day, all  
kissed their hands and smiled ;

And the strong smith Muræna gave  
Marcus such a blow,

The caitiff reeled three paces back, and  
let the maiden go.

Yet glared he fiercely round him, and  
growled in harsh, fell tone,

"She's mine, and I will have her : I seek  
but for mine own :

She is my slave, born in my house, and  
 stolen away and sold,  
 The year of the sore sickness, ere she  
 was twelve hours old.  
 'Twas in the sad September, the month  
 of wail and fright,  
 Two augurs were borne forth that morn  
 the Consul died ere night.  
 I wait on Appius Claudius ; I waited on  
 his sire :  
 Let him who works the client wrong be-  
 ware the patron's ire !"  
 So spake the varlet Marcus ; and dread  
 and silence came  
 On all the people at the sound of the  
 great Claudian name.  
 For then there was no Tribune to speak  
 the word of might,  
 Which makes the rich man tremble, and  
 guards the poor man's right.  
 There was no brave Licinius, no honest  
 Sextius then ;  
 But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the  
 wicked Ten.  
 Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might  
 seize the maid,  
 Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and  
 sobbed, and shrieked for aid,  
 Forth through the throng of gazers the  
 young Icilius pressed,  
 And stamped his foot, and rent his gown,  
 and smote upon his breast,  
 And sprang upon that column, by many  
 a minstrel sung,  
 Whereon three mouldering helmets, three  
 rusting swords, are hung,  
 And beckoned to the people, and in bold  
 voice and clear  
 Poured thick and fast the burning words  
 which tyrants quake to hear.  
 "Now, by your children's cradles, now,  
 by your fathers' graves,  
 Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever  
 slaves !  
 For this did Servius give us laws ? For  
 this did Lucrece bleed ?  
 For this was the great vengeance wrought  
 on Tarquin's evil seed ?  
 For this did those false sons make red  
 the axes of their sire ?  
 For this did Scævola's right hand hiss in  
 the Tuscan fire ?  
 Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that  
 stormed the lion's den ?  
 Shall we, who could not brook one lord,  
 crouch to the wicked Ten ?  
 Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed  
 the Senate's will !  
 Oh for the tents which in old time  
 whitened the Sacred Hill !  
 In those brave days our fathers stood  
 firmly side by side ;  
 They faced the Marcian fury ; they tamed  
 the Fabian pride :  
 They drove the fiercest Quincius an out-  
 cast forth from Rome ;  
 They sent the haughtiest Claudius with  
 shivered fasces home.  
 But what their care bequeathed us our  
 madness flung away :  
 All the ripe fruit of threescore years was  
 blighted in a day.  
 Exult, ye proud Patricians ! The hard-  
 fought fight is o'er.  
 We strove for honours—'twas in vain :  
 for freedom—'tis no more.  
 No crier to the polling summons the  
 eager throng ;  
 No Tribune breathes the word of might  
 that guards the weak from wrong.  
 Our very hearts, that were so high, sink  
 down beneath your will.  
 Riches, and lands, and power, and state  
 — ye have them : — keep them  
 still.  
 Still keep the holy fillets ; still keep the  
 purple gown,  
 The axes, and the curule chair, the car,  
 and laurel crown :  
 Still press us for your cohorts, and, when  
 the fight is done,  
 Still fill your garners from the soil which  
 our good swords have won.  
 Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-  
 craft may not cure,  
 Let your foul usance eat away the sub-  
 stance of the poor.  
 Still let your haggard debtors bear all  
 their fathers bore ;  
 Still let your dens of torment be noisome  
 as of yore ;  
 No fire when Tiber freezes ; no air in  
 dog-star heat ;  
 And store of rods for free-born backs,  
 and holes for free-born feet,

Heap heavier still the fetters ; bar closer  
 still the grate ;  
 Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your  
 cruel hate.  
 But, by the Shades beneath us, and by  
 the Gods above,  
 Add not unto your cruel hate your yet  
 more cruel love !  
 Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spot-  
 less lineage springs  
 From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and  
 ancient Alban kings ?  
 Ladies, who deign not on our paths to  
 set their tender feet,  
 Who from their cars look down with  
 scorn upon the wondering street,  
 Who in Corinthian mirrors their own  
 proud smiles behold,  
 And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine  
 with Spanish gold ?  
 Then leave the poor Plebeian his single  
 tie to life—  
 The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of  
 sister, and of wife,  
 The gentle speech, the balm for all that  
 his vexed soul endures,  
 The kiss, in which he half forgets even  
 such a yoke as yours.  
 Still let the maiden's beauty swell the  
 father's breast with pride ;  
 Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an  
 unpolluted bride.  
 Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the un-  
 utterable shame,  
 That turns the coward's heart to steel,  
 the sluggard's blood to flame,  
 Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye  
 taste of our despair,  
 And learn by proof, in some wild hour,  
 how much the wretched dare."

Straightway Virginius led the maid a  
 little space aside,  
 To where the reeking shambles stood,  
 piled up with horn and hide,  
 Close to yon low dark archway, where,  
 in a crimson flood,  
 Leaps down to the great sewer the gurg-  
 ling stream of blood.  
 Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid  
 his whittle down :

Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid  
 it in his gown.  
 And then his eyes grew very dim, and  
 his throat began to swell,  
 And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake,  
 " Farewell, sweet child ! Farewell !  
 Oh ! how I loved my darling ! Though  
 stern I sometimes be,  
 To thee, thou know'st, I was not so.  
 Who could be so to thee ?  
 And how my darling loved me ! How  
 glad she was to hear  
 My footstep on the threshold when I  
 came back last year !  
 And how she danced with pleasure to  
 see my civic crown,  
 And took my sword, and hung it up, and  
 brought me forth my gown !  
 Now, all those things are over—yes, all  
 thy pretty ways,  
 Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches  
 of old lays ;  
 And none will grieve when I go forth, or  
 smile when I return,  
 Or watch beside the old man's bed, or  
 weep upon his urn.  
 The house that was the happiest within  
 the Roman walls,  
 The house that envied not the wealth of  
 Capua's marble halls,  
 Now, for the brightness of thy smile,  
 must have eternal gloom,  
 And for the music of thy voice, the  
 silence of the tomb.  
 The time is come. See how he points  
 his eager hand this way !  
 See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like  
 a kite's upon the prey !  
 With all his wit, he little deems, that,  
 spurned, betrayed, bereft,  
 Thy father hath in his despair one fearful  
 refuge left.  
 He little deems that in this hand I clutch  
 what still can save  
 Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows,  
 the portion of the slave ;  
 Yea, and from the nameless evil, that  
 passeth taunt and blow—  
 Foul outrage which thou know'st not,  
 which thou shalt never know.  
 Then clasp me round the neck once more,  
 and give me one more kiss ;

*A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.*

And now, mine own dear little girl, there  
is no way but this."  
With that he lifted high the steel, and  
smote her in the side,  
And in her blood she sank to earth, and  
with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people  
held their breath;  
And through the crowded Forum was  
stillness as of death;  
And in another moment brake forth from  
one and all

A cry as if the Volscians were coming  
o'er the wall.

Some with averted faces shrieking fled  
home amain;

Some ran to call a leech; and some ran  
to lift the slain:

Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life  
might there be found;

And some tore up their garments fast,  
and strove to stanch the wound.

In vain they ran, and felt, and stanch'd;  
for never truer blow

That good right arm had dealt in fight  
against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed,  
he shuddered and sank down,

And hid his face some little space with  
the corner of his gown,

Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes,  
Virginius tottered nigh,

And stood before the judgment-seat, and  
held the knife on high.

"Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom,  
avengers of the slain,

By this dear blood I cry to you, do right  
between us twain;

And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt  
by me and mine,

Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the  
Claudian line!"

So spake the slayer of his child, and  
turned, and went his way;

But first he cast one haggard glance to  
where the body lay,

And writhed, and groaned a fearful  
groan, and then, with steadfast feet,

Strode right across the market-place unto  
the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius;  
"Stop him; alive or dead!

Ten thousand pounds of copper to the  
man who brings his head."

He looked upon his clients; but none  
would work his will.

He looked upon his lictors; but they  
trembled, and stood still.

And, as Virginius through the press his  
way in silence cleft,

Ever the mighty multitude fell back to  
right and left.

And he hath passed in safety unto his  
woeful home,

And there ta'en horse to tell the camp  
what deeds are done in Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen  
from every side,

And streets and porches round were filled  
with that o'erflowing tide;

And close around the body gathered a  
little train

Of them that were the nearest and  
dearest to the slain.

They brought a bier, and hung it with  
many a cypress crown,

And gently they uplifted her, and gently  
laid her down.

The face of Appius Claudius wore the  
Claudian scowl and sneer,

And in the Claudian note he cried,  
"What doth this rabble here?"

Have they no crafts to mind at home,  
that hitherward they stray?

Ho! lictors, clear the market-place, and  
fetch the corpse away!"

Till then the voice of pity and fury was  
not loud;

But a deep sullen murmur wandered  
among the crowd,

Like the moaning noise that goes before  
the whirlwind on the deep,

Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but  
half aroused from sleep.

But when the lictors at that word, tall  
yeomen all and strong,

Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs,  
went down into the throng,

Those old men say, who saw that day of  
sorrow and of sin,

That in the Roman Forum was never  
 such a din.  
 The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls  
 of grief and hate,  
 Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill,  
 beyond the Latin Gate.  
 But close around the body, where stood  
 the little train  
 Of them that were the nearest and  
 dearest to the slain,  
 No cries were there, but teeth set fast,  
 low whispers, and black frowns,  
 And breaking up of benches, and girding  
 up of gowns.  
 'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to  
 where the maiden lay,  
 Else surely had they been all twelve torn  
 limb from limb that day.  
 Right glad they were to struggle back,  
 blood streaming from their heads,  
 With axes all in splinters, and raiment  
 all in shreds.  
 Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip,  
 and the blood left his cheek;  
 And thrice he beckoned with his hand,  
 and thrice he strove to speak;  
 And thrice the tossing Forum set up a  
 frightful yell;  
 "See, see, thou dog! what thou hast  
 done; and hide thy shame in hell!  
 Thou that would'st make our maidens  
 slaves must first make slaves of men.  
 Tribunes! Hurrah for Tribunes! Down  
 with the wicked Ten!"  
 And straightway, thick as hailstones,  
 came whizzing through the air  
 Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all  
 round the curule chair;  
 And upon Appius Claudius great fear  
 and trembling came;  
 For never was a Claudius yet brave  
 against aught but shame.  
 Though the great houses love us not, we  
 own, to do them right,  
 That the great houses, all save one, have  
 borne them well in fight.  
 Still Caius of Corioli, his triumphs, and  
 his wrongs,  
 His vengeance, and his mercy, live in  
 our camp-fire songs,  
 Beneath the yoke of Furius oft have Gaul  
 and Tuscan bowed;  
 And Rome may bear the pride of him of  
 whom herself is proud.  
 But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a  
 stricken field,  
 And changes colour like a maid at sight  
 of sword and shield.  
 The Claudian triumphs all were won  
 within the city towers;  
 The Claudian yoke was never pressed on  
 any necks but ours.  
 A Cossus, like a wild cat, springs ever  
 at the face;  
 A Fabius rushes like a boar against the  
 shouting chase;  
 But the vile Claudian litter, raging with  
 currish spite,  
 Still yelps and snaps at those who run,  
 still runs from those who smite.  
 So now 't was seen of Appius. When  
 stones began to fly,  
 He shook, and crouched, and wrung his  
 hands, and smote upon his thigh.  
 "Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by  
 me in this fray!  
 Must I be torn in pieces? Home, home,  
 the nearest way!"  
 While yet he spake, and looked around  
 with a bewildered stare,  
 Four sturdy lictors put their necks be-  
 neath the curule chair;  
 And fourscore clients on the left, and  
 fourscore on the right,  
 Arrayed themselves with swords and  
 staves, and loins girt up for fight.  
 But, though without or staff or sword, so  
 furious was the throng,  
 That scarce the train with might and  
 main could bring their lord along.  
 Twelve times the crowd made at him;  
 five times they seized his gown;  
 Small chance was his to rise again, if  
 once they got him down:  
 And sharper came the pelting; and ever-  
 more the yell—  
 "Tribunes! we will have Tribunes!"—  
 rose with a louder swell:  
 And the chair tossed as tosses a bark  
 with tattered sail  
 When raves the Adriatic beneath "an  
 eastern gale,  
 When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost  
 in clouds of spume,

And the great Thunder-Cape has donned  
his veil of inky gloom.  
One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and  
one beneath the ear ;  
And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he  
swooned with pain and fear.  
His cursed head, that he was wont to  
hold so high with pride,  
Now, like a drunken man's, hung down,  
and swayed from side to side ;  
And when his stout retainers had brough  
him to his door,  
His face and neck were all one cake o:  
filth and clotted gore.  
As Appius Claudius was that day, so may  
his grandson be.  
God send Rome one such other night,  
and send me there to see !

[DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.]

## THE CARD-DEALER.

COULD you not drink her gaze like  
wine?

Yet though its splendour swoon  
Into the silence languidly  
As a tune into a tune,  
Those eyes unravel the coiled night  
And know the stars at noon.

The gold that's heaped beside her hand,  
In truth rich prize it were ;  
And rich the dreams that wreath her  
brow

With magic stillness there ;  
And he were rich who should unwind  
That woven golden hair.

Around her, where she sits, the dance  
Now breathes its eager heat ;  
And not more lightly or more true  
Fall there, the dancer's feet  
Than fall her cards on the bright board  
As 'twere a heart that beat.

Her fingers let them softly through,  
Smooth, polished, silent things ;  
And each one as it falls reflects  
The swift light shadowings,

Blood-red and purple, green and blue,  
The great eyes of her rings—

Whom plays she with ? With thee, who  
lov'st

Those gems upon her hand,  
With me, who search her secret brow ;  
With all men, bless'd or bawn'd,  
We play together, she and me,  
Within a bairn strange land :

A land without any order,—  
Day even as night, (one saith)  
Where who lieth down ariseth not,  
Nor the sleeper awakeneth ;  
A land of darkness as darkness itself  
And of the shadow of death.

What be her cards, you ask ? Even  
there :—

The heart that doth but crave  
More, having fed ; the diamond,  
Skilled to make base seem brave ;  
The club for smiting in the dark ;  
The spade to dig a grave.

And do you ask what game she plays ?

With me 'tis lost or won ;  
With thee it is playing still ; with him  
It is not well begun ;  
But 'tis a game she plays with all  
Beneath the sway o' the Sun.

Tho' seest the card that falls—she knows  
The card that followeth

Her game in thy tongue is called Life,  
As ebbs thy daily breath ;  
When she shall speak, thou'lt learn her  
tongue,  
And know she calls it Death.

(By permission of Messrs. Ellis and Elvey.)

## A SONNET.

A SONNET is a moment's monument—  
Memorial from the soul's eternity  
To one deathless hour. Look that it be,  
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,  
Of its own arduous fullness reverent :  
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,  
As day or night may rule : and let Time

Its flowering crest impearled and  
orient.

A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals  
The soul; its converse, to what Power  
'tis due:

Whether for tribute to the August  
appeals  
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue  
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's  
cavernous breath,  
The Charon's palm it pay one toll to  
Death.

(By permission of Messrs. Ellis and Elvey.)

# ON THE SITE OF A MULBERRY TREE:

PLANTED BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE;

FELLED BY THE REV. F. GASTRELL.

THIS tree, here fallen, no common birth  
or death

Shared with its kind. The world's en-  
franchised son,

Who found the trees of Life and Know-  
ledge one,

Here set it, frailer than his laurel-wreath,  
Shall not the wretch whose hand it fell  
beneath

Rank also singly—the supreme unhung?  
Lo! Sheppard, Turpin, pleading with  
black tongue

This viler thief's suffocated breath!

We'll search thy glossary, Shakespeare!  
whence almost,

And whence alone some name shall be  
revealed

For this deaf drudge, to whom no length  
of ears

Sufficed to catch the music of the  
spheres;

Whose soul is carrion now—too mean to  
yield

Some Starveling's ninth allotment of a  
ghost.

(By permission of Messrs. Ellis and Elvey.)

## THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

THE blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters still at even;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service meetly worn;  
Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day  
One of God's Choristers;  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years,  
. . . Yet now, and in this place,  
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair  
Fell all about my face. . . .  
Nothing: the autumn-fall of leaves  
The whole year sets apace).

It was the rampart of God's house  
That she was standing on;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
The which is Space begun;  
So high, that looking downward thence  
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood  
Of ether, as a bridge.  
Beneath, the tides of day and night  
With flame and darkness ridge  
The void, as low as where this earth  
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met  
Mid deathless love's acclaims,  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
Their heart-remembered names;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped  
Out of the circling charm;  
Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she leaned on warm,



And the lilies lay as if asleep  
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce,  
Through all the Worlds. Her gaze still  
strove

Within the gulf to pierce  
Its path; and now she spoke as when  
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled  
moon

Was like a little feather  
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now  
She spoke through the still weather.  
Her voice was like the voice the stars  
Had when they sang together.

(Ah, sweet! Even now, in that bird's  
song,

Strove not her accents there,  
Fain to be hearkened? When those  
bells

Possessed the midday air,  
Strove not her steps to reach my side  
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,  
For he will come," she said.

"Have I not prayed in Heaven? on  
earth,

Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole  
clings,

And he is clothed in white,  
I'll take his hand and go with him  
To the deep wells of light;  
As unto a stream we will step down,  
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,  
Occult, withheld, untrod,  
Whose lamps are stirred continually  
With prayers sent up to God;  
And see our old prayers, granted, melt  
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie 't the shadow of  
That living mystic tree,

Within whose secret growth the Dove  
Is sometimes felt to be,  
While every leaf that His plumes touch  
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,  
I myself, lying so,  
The songs I sing here; which his voice  
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,  
And find some knowledge at each  
pause,  
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! we two, we two, thou say'st!  
Yea, one wast thou with me  
That once of old. But shall God lift  
To endless unity,  
The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the  
groves

Where the Lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens, whose  
names

Are five sweet symphonies—  
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
And foreheads garlanded;  
Into the fine cloth, white like flame,  
Weaving the golden thread,  
To fashion the birth-ropes for them  
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb;  
Then will I lay my cheek  
To his, and tell about our love,  
Not once abashed or weak:  
And the dear Mother will approve  
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered

Bowed with their aureoles:  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns and citoles.

There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me:—

Only to live, 'as once on earth,  
 With Love,—only to be,  
 As then awhile, for ever now  
 Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened, and then said,  
 Less sad of speech than mild,—  
 "All this is when he comes." She  
 ceased,  
 The light thrilled towards her, fill'd

With angels in strong level flight.  
 Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
 Was vague in distant spheres :  
 And then she cast her arms along  
 The golden barriers,  
 And laid her face between her hands  
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)  
*(By permission of Messrs. Ellis and Elvey.)*



# INDEX.

## BRITISH POETS.

|                                                                                 | PAGE |                                                               | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Addison, Joseph.</i>                                                         |      | <i>Beattie, James.</i>                                        |      |
| An Ode . . . . .                                                                | 151  | Edwin . . . . .                                               | 161  |
| Cato's Soliloquy . . . . .                                                      | 152  | Edwin's Fancies at Evening . . . . .                          | 165  |
| Hymn . . . . .                                                                  | 151  | Edwin's Meditations in Autumn . . . . .                       | 163  |
| Italy . . . . .                                                                 | 150  | Fancy and Experience . . . . .                                | 166  |
| Paraphrase of Psalm XXIII. . . . .                                              | 151  | Morning . . . . .                                             | 164  |
| Rosamond's Song . . . . .                                                       | 152  | Poetic Legends in Early Childhood . . . . .                   | 166  |
| <i>Akenside, Mark.</i>                                                          |      | The Hermit . . . . .                                          | 167  |
| On Taste . . . . .                                                              | 133  | The Humble Wish . . . . .                                     | 165  |
| The Mingled Pain and Pleasure arising<br>from Virtuous Emotions . . . . .       | 131  | <i>Blair, Robert.</i>                                         |      |
| The Pleasures of a Cultivated Imagination . . . . .                             | 133  | Beauty in the Grave . . . . .                                 | 133  |
| <i>Allison, Richard.</i>                                                        |      | Of in the Lone Churchyard . . . . .                           | 137  |
| There is a Garden in her Face . . . . .                                         | 89   | Strength in the Grave . . . . .                               | 133  |
| <i>Anonymous.</i>                                                               |      | The Grave . . . . .                                           | 137  |
| Busy, Curious, Thirsty Fly . . . . .                                            | 121  | <i>Blanchard, Laman.</i>                                      |      |
| Fair Helen of Kircconnel . . . . .                                              | 252  | Hidden Joys . . . . .                                         | 467  |
| Fair Rosalind . . . . .                                                         | 272  | <i>Bloomfield, Robert.</i>                                    |      |
| Heaving of the Lead . . . . .                                                   | 134  | A Shepherd's Life . . . . .                                   | 250  |
| Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament . . . . .                                           | 51   | The Blind Child . . . . .                                     | 253  |
| Love me Little—Love me Long . . . . .                                           | 76   | <i>Bowles, Caroline.—Mrs. Scutley.</i>                        |      |
| The Fairy Queen . . . . .                                                       | 18   | To a Dying Infant . . . . .                                   | 230  |
| The Lament of the Border Widow . . . . .                                        | 1    | <i>Bowles, William Lisle.</i>                                 |      |
| The Nut-Brown Maid . . . . .                                                    | 112  | Bamborough Castle . . . . .                                   | 312  |
| The Three Ravens . . . . .                                                      | 138  | Dover Cliffs . . . . .                                        | 315  |
| Till Death I Sylvia must Adore . . . . .                                        | 138  | Evening . . . . .                                             | 312  |
| Unhappy Love . . . . .                                                          | 134  | On the Rhine . . . . .                                        | 313  |
| Waly, Waly, but Love me Bonny . . . . .                                         | 137  | The Cliff . . . . .                                           | 312  |
| Why, Lovely Charmer . . . . .                                                   | 497  | To Time . . . . .                                             | 313  |
| <i>Bailey, Philip James.</i>                                                    |      | Written at Ostend . . . . .                                   | 313  |
| Love of God and Man . . . . .                                                   | 310  | <i>Bretton, Nicholas.</i>                                     |      |
| <i>Baillie, Joanna.</i>                                                         |      | Phyllida and Corydon . . . . .                                | 23   |
| The Chough and Crow . . . . .                                                   | 310  | <i>Brownie, William.</i>                                      |      |
| The Highland Shepherd . . . . .                                                 | 247  | Willy, or Glue Soft ye Silver Floods . . . . .                | 21   |
| <i>Barbauld, Mrs.</i>                                                           |      | <i>Browning, Elizabeth Barrett.</i>                           |      |
| Dirge . . . . .                                                                 | 247  | A Dead Rose . . . . .                                         | 480  |
| Life . . . . .                                                                  | 247  | Cowper's Grave . . . . .                                      | 479  |
| Ode to Spring . . . . .                                                         | 310  | Love—A Sonnet . . . . .                                       | 480  |
| <i>Barton, Bernard.</i>                                                         |      | Loved Once . . . . .                                          | 481  |
| To the Evening Primrose . . . . .                                               | 485  | The Cry of the Children . . . . .                             | 475  |
| <i>Bayley, F. W. N.</i>                                                         |      | <i>Browning, Robert.</i>                                      |      |
| Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette<br>of the Battle of Waterloo . . . . .   | 273  | Evelyn Hope . . . . .                                         | 492  |
| <i>Bayley, Thomas Haynes.</i>                                                   |      | How they Brought the Good News from<br>Ghent to Aix . . . . . | 487  |
| Hark! The Convent Bells are Ringing<br>Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well . . . . . | 273  | The Pied Piper of Hamelin . . . . .                           | 488  |
| Oh, no! We never mention Him . . . . .                                          | 272  | <i>Burns, Robert.</i>                                         |      |
| The First Grey Hair . . . . .                                                   | 273  | A Prayer for Scotland . . . . .                               | 230  |
|                                                                                 |      | A Rose-Bud by my Early Walk . . . . .                         | 236  |
|                                                                                 |      | Address to Edinburgh . . . . .                                | 232  |
|                                                                                 |      | Bannockburn . . . . .                                         | 235  |

*Burns, Robert—continued.*

|                                                                                                       |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Domestic Happiness the Best . . . . .                                                                 |     |
| Evanescient Pleasures . . . . .                                                                       |     |
| For A' That, and A' That . . . . .                                                                    |     |
| Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots, on<br>the Approach of Spring . . . . .                                |     |
| Love's Despair . . . . .                                                                              |     |
| My Ain Kind Dearie, O ! . . . . .                                                                     |     |
| O Were my Love Yon Lilac Fair . . . . .                                                               |     |
| Of A' the Airts the Wind can Blaw . . . . .                                                           |     |
| One Fond Kiss and Then We Sever . . . . .                                                             |     |
| On the Birth of a Posthumous Child,<br>Born in Peculiar Circumstances of<br>Family Distress . . . . . |     |
| The Bard's Epitaph . . . . .                                                                          |     |
| The Muse of Scotland to Robert Burns . . . . .                                                        |     |
| The Peasant's Evening Prayer . . . . .                                                                |     |
| The Soldier . . . . .                                                                                 | 236 |
| The True Value of Wealth . . . . .                                                                    | 232 |
| To a Mountain Daisy . . . . .                                                                         | 231 |
| To a Mouse . . . . .                                                                                  | 233 |
| To Mary in Heaven . . . . .                                                                           | 23  |
| To Ruin . . . . .                                                                                     | 231 |
| Virtuous Love in Humble Life . . . . .                                                                | 229 |

*✓ Byron, George Gordon, Lord.*

|                                                                                     |            |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| A Battle-Field . . . . .                                                            | 414        |
| A Bunch of Sweets . . . . .                                                         | 416        |
| A Moonlight Night at Venice . . . . .                                               | 401        |
| Ancient and Modern Greece . . . . .                                                 | 380        |
| And Thou art Dead, As Young as Fair<br>Athens . . . . .                             | 423<br>395 |
| Beauty of Greece and the Grecian Isles<br>Bright be the Place of Thy Soul . . . . . | 431        |
| Clarens . . . . .                                                                   | 400        |
| Conrad . . . . .                                                                    | 411        |
| Conrad and the Dead Body of Medora . . . . .                                        | 413        |
| Conrad's Love for Medora . . . . .                                                  | 411        |
| Darkness . . . . .                                                                  | 418        |
| Elegiac Stanzas . . . . .                                                           | 425        |
| Euthanasia . . . . .                                                                | 423        |
| Fare Thee Well . . . . .                                                            | 430        |
| Farewell ! If ever fondest Prayer . . . . .                                         | 429        |
| Freedom's True Heroes . . . . .                                                     | 404        |
| Holy Ground . . . . .                                                               | 396        |
| If Sometimes in the Haunts of Men<br>If That High World . . . . .                   | 424<br>426 |
| Invocation to Nemesis . . . . .                                                     | 407        |
| I Saw Thee Weep . . . . .                                                           | 427        |
| Italia ! Oh Italia . . . . .                                                        | 402        |
| Jephtha's Daughter . . . . .                                                        | 426        |
| Kaled . . . . .                                                                     | 413        |
| Know ye the Land . . . . .                                                          | 382        |
| Lines written beneath a Picture . . . . .                                           | 431        |
| Lisboa and Cintra . . . . .                                                         | 392        |
| Love . . . . .                                                                      | 382        |
| Love's Sorrows . . . . .                                                            | 406        |
| Maid of Athens, Ere We Part . . . . .                                               | 411        |
| Manfred, after his Interview with the<br>Witch of the Alps . . . . .                | 390<br>390 |
| Manfred's Midnight Thoughts . . . . .                                               | 387        |
| Manfred's Soliloquy on the Jungfrau . . . . .                                       | 385        |
| Midnight in the East . . . . .                                                      | 417        |
| Modern Critics . . . . .                                                            | 391        |
| My Native Land—Good Night . . . . .                                                 | 427        |
| My Soul is Dark . . . . .                                                           | 397        |
| Napoleon . . . . .                                                                  | 421        |
| Napoleon's Farewell . . . . .                                                       |            |

*Byron, George Gordon, Lord—continued.*

|                                                                         |            |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| Ode to Napoleon . . . . .                                               | 419        |
| Oh, Snatched away in Beauty's Bloom . . . . .                           | 427        |
| One Struggle more, and I am Free . . . . .                              | 422        |
| On Jordan's Banks . . . . .                                             | 426        |
| Parnassus . . . . .                                                     | 393        |
| Real and Unreal Solitude . . . . .                                      | 395        |
| Remorse . . . . .                                                       | 382        |
| Rome . . . . .                                                          | 404        |
| She Walks in Beauty . . . . .                                           | 426        |
| Solitude . . . . .                                                      | 409        |
| Song of the Corsairs . . . . .                                          | 410        |
| Stanzas for Music . . . . .                                             | 429        |
| Stanzas to Augusta (Lord Byron's<br>sister) . . . . .                   | 430        |
| Storm at Night . . . . .                                                | 399        |
| Sun of the Sleepless . . . . .                                          | 428        |
| Sunset in Morea . . . . .                                               | 412        |
| The Bull-Fight . . . . .                                                | 394        |
| The Cataract of Velino . . . . .                                        | 403        |
| The Death of the Princess Charlotte . . . . .                           | 408        |
| The Death of Zuleika . . . . .                                          | 383        |
| The Demon of Battle . . . . .                                           | 393        |
| The Destruction of Sennacherib . . . . .                                | 428        |
| The Dying Boys on the Raft . . . . .                                    | 416        |
| The Fountain of Egeria . . . . .                                        | 405        |
| The Harp the Monarch Minstrel swept<br>The Hellespont . . . . .         | 426<br>383 |
| The Isles of Greece . . . . .                                           | 415        |
| The Isolation of Genius . . . . .                                       | 398        |
| The Lake of Geneva . . . . .                                            | 398        |
| The Memory of Kirke White . . . . .                                     | 418        |
| The Night before the Battle of Water-<br>loo . . . . .                  | 396        |
| The Ocean . . . . .                                                     | 409        |
| The Parting of Conrad and Medora . . . . .                              | 412        |
| The Pursuit of Beauty . . . . .                                         | 381        |
| The Rhine . . . . .                                                     | 399        |
| The Stars . . . . .                                                     | 390        |
| The Statue of Apollo . . . . .                                          | 407        |
| The Venus di Medici at Florence . . . . .                               | 402        |
| The Vision of Alp the Renegade . . . . .                                | 385        |
| To Genevra . . . . .                                                    | 425        |
| To Thyrza . . . . .                                                     | 422        |
| Twilight . . . . .                                                      | 387        |
| When coldness wraps this suffering clay<br>When we two parted . . . . . | 427<br>429 |
| Zuleika . . . . .                                                       | 382        |
| Zuleika's Grave . . . . .                                               | 384        |

*Campbell, Thomas.*

|                                                                 |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Caroline . . . . .                                              | 459 |
| Exile of Erin . . . . .                                         | 455 |
| Field Flowers . . . . .                                         | 456 |
| Hohenlinden . . . . .                                           | 458 |
| Hope . . . . .                                                  | 451 |
| Lines Written on Revisiting a Scene in<br>Argyleshire . . . . . | 455 |
| Lord Ullin's Daughter . . . . .                                 | 453 |
| Men of England . . . . .                                        | 456 |
| The Battle of the Baltic . . . . .                              | 457 |
| The Final Triumph of Hope . . . . .                             | 452 |
| The Lament of Outhless . . . . .                                | 453 |
| The Last Man . . . . .                                          | 452 |
| The Mother . . . . .                                            | 458 |
| The Rainbow . . . . .                                           | 460 |
| The Soldier's Dream . . . . .                                   | 454 |
| Ye Manners of England . . . . .                                 | 457 |

|                                                                                                                  |            | PAGE |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|------|
| <i>Carru, Thomas.</i>                                                                                            |            |      |
| A Prayer to the Wind . . . . .                                                                                   | 83         |      |
| Ask Me No More . . . . .                                                                                         | 82         |      |
| He that Loves a Rosy Cheek . . . . .                                                                             | 82         |      |
| Mediocrity in Love rejected . . . . .                                                                            | 82         |      |
| Murdering Beauty . . . . .                                                                                       | 82         |      |
| On Celia Singing . . . . .                                                                                       | 82         |      |
| Red and White Roses . . . . .                                                                                    | 83         |      |
| The Primrose . . . . .                                                                                           | 83         |      |
| The Protestation . . . . .                                                                                       | 84         |      |
| Ungrateful Beauty . . . . .                                                                                      | 83         |      |
| <i>Carlisle, Earl of</i>                                                                                         |            |      |
| On Visiting the Falls of Niagara . . . . .                                                                       | 300        |      |
| <i>Chalkhill, John.</i>                                                                                          |            |      |
| The Praise of a Countryman's Life . . . . .                                                                      | 120        |      |
| <i>Chatterton.</i>                                                                                               |            |      |
| On Resignation . . . . .                                                                                         | 184        |      |
| <i>Chaucer, Geoffrey.</i>                                                                                        |            |      |
| Arcita's Dying Address . . . . .                                                                                 | 1          |      |
| Good Counsel of Chaucer . . . . .                                                                                | 2          |      |
| Praise of Women . . . . .                                                                                        | 1          |      |
| The Young Squire . . . . .                                                                                       | 1          |      |
| <i>Clare, John.</i>                                                                                              |            |      |
| The Dawning of Youthful Genius in a<br>Ploughboy . . . . .                                                       | 469        |      |
| <i>Clough, Arthur Hugh.</i>                                                                                      |            |      |
| Green Fields of England . . . . .                                                                                | 486        |      |
| O Stream descending to the Sea . . . . .                                                                         | 486        |      |
| <i>Coleridge, Hartley.</i>                                                                                       |            |      |
| She is not Fair . . . . .                                                                                        | 309        |      |
| The First Man . . . . .                                                                                          | 309        |      |
| <i>Coleridge, Samuel Taylor.</i>                                                                                 |            |      |
| A Day Dream . . . . .                                                                                            | 449        |      |
| Christabel and the Lady Geraldine . . . . .                                                                      | 444        |      |
| Dead Calm in the Tropics . . . . .                                                                               | 442        |      |
| Domestic Peace . . . . .                                                                                         | 449        |      |
| Genevieve . . . . .                                                                                              | 449        |      |
| Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of<br>Chamouni . . . . .                                                         | 447        |      |
| Kubla Khan ; or, a Vision in a Dream<br>Severed Friendship . . . . .                                             | 450<br>447 |      |
| The Ancient Mariner among the Dead<br>Bodies of the Sailors . . . . .                                            | 443        |      |
| The Ancient Mariner finds a voice to<br>bless and pray . . . . .                                                 | 443        |      |
| The Best Prayer . . . . .                                                                                        | 444        |      |
| The Breeze after the Calm . . . . .                                                                              | 443        |      |
| The Happy Husband . . . . .                                                                                      | 449        |      |
| Youth and Age . . . . .                                                                                          | 447        |      |
| <i>Collins, William.</i>                                                                                         |            |      |
| Dirge in Cymbeline . . . . .                                                                                     | 127        |      |
| From an Ode on the Popular Supersti-<br>tions of the Highlands, considered as<br>the Subject of Poetry . . . . . | 125        |      |
| Ode to Evening . . . . .                                                                                         | 122        |      |
| Ode to Fear . . . . .                                                                                            | 122        |      |
| Ode to Mercy . . . . .                                                                                           | 128        |      |
| On the Death of Thomson . . . . .                                                                                | 128        |      |
| The Death of the Brave . . . . .                                                                                 | 122        |      |
| The Passions . . . . .                                                                                           | 123        |      |
| <i>Cook, Eliza.</i>                                                                                              |            |      |
| The Old Arm Chair . . . . .                                                                                      | 503        |      |
| <i>Cotton, Nathaniel.</i>                                                                                        |            |      |
| The Fireside . . . . .                                                                                           | 210        |      |
| <i>Cowley, Abraham.</i>                                                                                          |            |      |
| An Imprecation against Civil Strife<br>Liberty . . . . .                                                         | 23         |      |
| <i>Cowley, Abraham—continued.</i>                                                                                |            |      |
| Love in her Sunny Eyes . . . . .                                                                                 | 23         |      |
| On the Death of Crashaw . . . . .                                                                                | 22         |      |
| The Soul . . . . .                                                                                               | 23         |      |
| The Wish . . . . .                                                                                               | 23         |      |
| What shall I do ? . . . .                                                                                        | 22         |      |
| <i>Cowper, William.</i>                                                                                          |            |      |
| Alexander Selkirk . . . . .                                                                                      | 223        |      |
| Anticipation of the Millennium . . . . .                                                                         | 219        |      |
| A Winter Reverse . . . . .                                                                                       | 215        |      |
| Boadicea . . . . .                                                                                               | 223        |      |
| Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress . . . . .                                                                            | 220        |      |
| Free in the Truth . . . . .                                                                                      | 222        |      |
| Movement and Action the Life of<br>Nature . . . . .                                                              | 211        |      |
| On the Receipt of a Mother's Picture . . . . .                                                                   | 220        |      |
| Rural Sounds . . . . .                                                                                           | 211        |      |
| Selfishness . . . . .                                                                                            | 225        |      |
| The Abolition of Slavery in England . . . . .                                                                    | 218        |      |
| The Domestic Winter Evening . . . . .                                                                            | 214        |      |
| The Doves . . . . .                                                                                              | 224        |      |
| The Happiness of Animals . . . . .                                                                               | 218        |      |
| The Newspaper . . . . .                                                                                          | 212        |      |
| The Play-Ground . . . . .                                                                                        | 223        |      |
| The Winter Morning Walk . . . . .                                                                                | 215        |      |
| The Winter Walk at Noon . . . . .                                                                                | 217        |      |
| The World, as seen from the Study of a<br>Contemplative Man . . . . .                                            | 213        |      |
| True Gaety . . . . .                                                                                             | 214        |      |
| <i>Crabbe, George.</i>                                                                                           |            |      |
| The Dying Sailor . . . . .                                                                                       | 225        |      |
| <i>Crashaw, Richard.</i>                                                                                         |            |      |
| Epitaph . . . . .                                                                                                | 86         |      |
| Euthanasia ; or, the Happy Death . . . . .                                                                       | 86         |      |
| O ! Thou Undaunted . . . . .                                                                                     | 86         |      |
| The Tear . . . . .                                                                                               | 86         |      |
| <i>Croly, The Rev. George.</i>                                                                                   |            |      |
| Cupid carrying Provisions . . . . .                                                                              | 311        |      |
| Domestic Love . . . . .                                                                                          | 311        |      |
| <i>Cunningham, Allan.</i>                                                                                        |            |      |
| A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea . . . . .                                                                          | 306        |      |
| Bonnie Lady Ann . . . . .                                                                                        | 308        |      |
| Sabbath Morning . . . . .                                                                                        | 307        |      |
| She's Gone to Dwell in Heaven . . . . .                                                                          | 309        |      |
| The Maiden's Dream . . . . .                                                                                     | 307        |      |
| The Sun rises bright in France . . . . .                                                                         | 306        |      |
| Thou hast sworn by thy God . . . . .                                                                             | 308        |      |
| <i>Dalrymple, Sir David (Lord Hailes).</i>                                                                       |            |      |
| Edward ! Edward ! . . . . .                                                                                      | 205        |      |
| <i>Darwin, Erasmus.</i>                                                                                          |            |      |
| Eliza . . . . .                                                                                                  | 159        |      |
| Slavery . . . . .                                                                                                | 161        |      |
| Steel . . . . .                                                                                                  | 161        |      |
| The Papyrus . . . . .                                                                                            | 160        |      |
| The Stars . . . . .                                                                                              | 160        |      |
| <i>Dekker, Thomas.</i>                                                                                           |            |      |
| Sweet Content . . . . .                                                                                          | 33         |      |
| <i>Derham, Sir John.</i>                                                                                         |            |      |
| The Thames . . . . .                                                                                             | 112        |      |
| <i>Diddin, Charles.</i>                                                                                          |            |      |
| Blow High, Blow Low . . . . .                                                                                    | 269        |      |
| If 'tis love to wish you near . . . . .                                                                          | 268        |      |
| Lovely Nan . . . . .                                                                                             | 269        |      |
| Poor Jack . . . . .                                                                                              | 268        |      |
| The Sailor's Journal . . . . .                                                                                   | 271        |      |
| Tom Bowling . . . . .                                                                                            | 270        |      |
| True Courage . . . . .                                                                                           | 270        |      |

|                                                                                 |     | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|------|
| <i>Dibdin, Thomas.</i>                                                          |     |      |
| All's Well . . . . .                                                            | 271 |      |
| Love and Glory . . . . .                                                        | 271 |      |
| The Mad Lover's Song . . . . .                                                  | 272 |      |
| <i>Dobell, Sydney.</i>                                                          |     |      |
| Tommy's Dead . . . . .                                                          | 502 |      |
| <i>Donne, John.</i>                                                             |     |      |
| The Message . . . . .                                                           |     |      |
| <i>Doubleday, Thomas.</i>                                                       |     |      |
| Life . . . . .                                                                  |     |      |
| <i>Drayton, Michael.</i>                                                        |     |      |
| King Henry to Fair Rosamond . . . . .                                           |     |      |
| Love banished Heaven . . . . .                                                  |     |      |
| Sonnet . . . . .                                                                |     |      |
| Sonnet . . . . .                                                                |     |      |
| The Battle of Agincourt . . . . .                                               |     |      |
| The Quest of Cynthia . . . . .                                                  |     |      |
| The Trent . . . . .                                                             |     |      |
| To his Coy Love . . . . .                                                       | 18  |      |
| <i>Drummond, William.</i>                                                       |     |      |
| A Good that never satisfies the Mind . . . . .                                  |     |      |
| To a Nightingale . . . . .                                                      |     |      |
| <i>Dryden, John.</i>                                                            |     |      |
| Advice to Poets . . . . .                                                       |     |      |
| Alexander's Feast . . . . .                                                     |     |      |
| Come, if you Dare . . . . .                                                     |     |      |
| Fair, Sweet, and Young . . . . .                                                |     |      |
| Freedom of the Savage . . . . .                                                 |     |      |
| Human Life . . . . .                                                            | 117 |      |
| Mankind . . . . .                                                               | 117 |      |
| Ode to the Memory of Mrs. Anne Kiligrew . . . . .                               | 113 |      |
| "Religio Laici" . . . . .                                                       | 115 |      |
| The Character of a Good Parson . . . . .                                        | 119 |      |
| The Character of the Earl of Shaftesbury delineated as Achitophel . . . . .     |     |      |
| Under Milton's Picture . . . . .                                                |     |      |
| Veni Creator . . . . .                                                          |     |      |
| Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, delineated as Zimri . . . . .                     |     |      |
| <i>Dufferin, Lady.</i>                                                          |     |      |
| The Irish Emigrant . . . . .                                                    |     |      |
| <i>Dursey, Thomas.</i>                                                          |     |      |
| Still Water . . . . .                                                           |     |      |
| <i>Elliott, Ebenezer.</i>                                                       |     |      |
| Love Strong in Death . . . . .                                                  |     |      |
| The Happy Lot . . . . .                                                         |     |      |
| The Wonders of the Lane . . . . .                                               |     |      |
| <i>Fane, Julian.</i>                                                            |     |      |
| Ad Matrem . . . . .                                                             | 504 |      |
| <i>Fitzadam, Ismael.</i>                                                        |     |      |
| Love . . . . .                                                                  | 467 |      |
| <i>Fletcher, Samuel.</i>                                                        |     |      |
| Constancy . . . . .                                                             | 33  |      |
| Melancholy . . . . .                                                            | 33  |      |
| Weep No More . . . . .                                                          | 33  |      |
| <i>Gay, John.</i>                                                               |     |      |
| Black-Eyed Susan . . . . .                                                      | 198 |      |
| The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud . . . . .                                   | 198 |      |
| <i>Goldsmith, Oliver.</i>                                                       |     |      |
| Character of the French . . . . .                                               | 177 |      |
| Character of the Italians . . . . .                                             | 175 |      |
| Character of the Swiss . . . . .                                                | 176 |      |
| Conclusion of 'The Traveller' . . . . .                                         | 178 |      |
| Edwin and Angelina . . . . .                                                    | 179 |      |
| Recollections of Home and Infancy . . . . .                                     |     |      |
| The Deserted Village . . . . .                                                  |     |      |
| <i>Goldsmith, Oliver—continued.</i>                                             |     |      |
| The Exiles . . . . .                                                            | 172 |      |
| The Traveller . . . . .                                                         | 174 |      |
| The Village Pastor . . . . .                                                    | 170 |      |
| The Village Schoolmaster and the Village Inn . . . . .                          | 171 |      |
| The wretch, condemned with life to part . . . . .                               | 175 |      |
| <i>Grahame, James.</i>                                                          |     |      |
| The Worship of God in the Solitude of the Woods . . . . .                       | 251 |      |
| <i>Gray, Thomas.</i>                                                            |     |      |
| Elegy written in a Churchyard . . . . .                                         | 192 |      |
| Hymn to Adversity . . . . .                                                     | 190 |      |
| Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College . . . . .                             | 191 |      |
| The Bard . . . . .                                                              | 194 |      |
| The Descent of Odin . . . . .                                                   | 197 |      |
| The Progress of Poesy . . . . .                                                 | 189 |      |
| <i>Greene, Robert.</i>                                                          |     |      |
| A Death-Bed Lament . . . . .                                                    | 33  |      |
| <i>Griffin, Gerald.</i>                                                         |     |      |
| The Mother's Lament . . . . .                                                   | 468 |      |
| <i>Hamilton, William, of Bangour.</i>                                           |     |      |
| The Braes of Yarrow . . . . .                                                   | 136 |      |
| <i>Hemans, Felicia.</i>                                                         |     |      |
| A Father Reading the Bible . . . . .                                            | 279 |      |
| Casabianca . . . . .                                                            | 284 |      |
| Come Home . . . . .                                                             | 286 |      |
| Elysium . . . . .                                                               | 281 |      |
| Evening Recollections of the Exile . . . . .                                    | 280 |      |
| The Child's First Grief . . . . .                                               |     |      |
| The Graves of a Household . . . . .                                             | 286 |      |
| The Homes of England . . . . .                                                  | 278 |      |
| The Pilgrim Fathers . . . . .                                                   | 277 |      |
| The Songs of our Fathers . . . . .                                              | 281 |      |
| The Traveller at the Source of the Nile . . . . .                               | 283 |      |
| The Treasures of the Deep . . . . .                                             | 284 |      |
| The Vaudois Wife . . . . .                                                      | 285 |      |
| The Voice of Spring . . . . .                                                   | 276 |      |
| The Voices of Home . . . . .                                                    | 278 |      |
| <i>Herbert, George.</i>                                                         |     |      |
| Virtue . . . . .                                                                | 81  |      |
| <i>Herrick, Robert.</i>                                                         |     |      |
| Night-Piece to Julia . . . . .                                                  | 82  |      |
| The Mad Maid's Song . . . . .                                                   | 88  |      |
| To Blossoms . . . . .                                                           | 87  |      |
| To Daffodils . . . . .                                                          | 87  |      |
| <i>Hervey, Eleanor Louisa.</i>                                                  |     |      |
| Be still, be still, poor human heart . . . . .                                  | 498 |      |
| Love and May . . . . .                                                          | 498 |      |
| <i>Hervey, Thomas K.</i>                                                        |     |      |
| Adieu, adieu, our dream of love ! . . . . .                                     | 468 |      |
| I think on thee in the night . . . . .                                          | 468 |      |
| <i>Heywood, Thomas.</i>                                                         |     |      |
| Good Morrow . . . . .                                                           | 79  |      |
| Ye little birds that sit and sing . . . . .                                     | 80  |      |
| <i>Hogg, James (the Ettrick Shepherd).</i>                                      |     |      |
| Kilmeny's Return from Fairy Land . . . . .                                      | 246 |      |
| Kilmeny's Visions in Fairy Land . . . . .                                       | 245 |      |
| The Sky-Lark . . . . .                                                          | 245 |      |
| <i>Home, John.</i>                                                              |     |      |
| The Forest by Midnight . . . . .                                                | 240 |      |
| <i>Hood, Thomas.</i>                                                            |     |      |
| Fair Ines . . . . .                                                             | 379 |      |
| I love thee ! I love thee ! . . . . .                                           | 379 |      |
| Lines on seeing my Wife and two Children Sleeping in the same Chamber . . . . . | 370 |      |

|                                                           |     |                                                      |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|-----|------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Head, Thomas</i> —continued.                           |     |                                                      |     |
| Ruth . . . . .                                            | 378 | <i>Lodge, Thomas.</i>                                |     |
| Song . . . . .                                            | 378 | Rosalind's Complaint . . . . .                       | 37  |
| The Bridge of Sighs . . . . .                             | 377 | <i>Logan, John.</i>                                  |     |
| The Song of the Shurt . . . . .                           | 376 | Ode to the Cuckoo . . . . .                          | 249 |
| <i>Houghton, Lord (Richard Monckton Milnes).</i>          |     | Yarrow Stream . . . . .                              | 249 |
| When long upon the Scales of Fate . . . . .               | 513 | <i>Lovejace, Richard.</i>                            |     |
| <i>Hunt, Leigh.</i>                                       |     | To Althea, from Prison . . . . .                     | 24  |
| About Ben Adem and the Angel . . . . .                    | 374 | To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars . . . . .           | 24  |
| An Angel in the House . . . . .                           | 376 | <i>Lover, Samuel.</i>                                |     |
| Morning at Ravenna . . . . .                              | 375 | The Angels' Whisper . . . . .                        | 506 |
| The Globe and the Lions . . . . .                         | 357 | The Four-Leaved Shamrock . . . . .                   | 506 |
| <i>Jameson, Mrs.</i>                                      |     | <i>Lyly, John.</i>                                   |     |
| Take me, Mother Earth . . . . .                           | 467 | Cupid and Campaspe . . . . .                         | 34  |
| <i>Johnson, Samuel.</i>                                   |     | <i>Lyttleton, George, Lord.</i>                      |     |
| Cardinal Wolsey . . . . .                                 | 207 | Tell me, my Heart, if This be Love . . . . .         | 209 |
| Charles XII. . . . .                                      | 208 | <i>Lyttton, Lord.</i>                                |     |
| Friendship . . . . .                                      | 208 | A Lover's Dream of Home . . . . .                    | 511 |
| Preferment . . . . .                                      | 207 | Absent, yet Present . . . . .                        | 507 |
| Shakspeare and Ben Jonson . . . . .                       | 208 | Invocation to Love . . . . .                         | 512 |
| <i>Jones, Sir William.</i>                                |     | Jealousy . . . . .                                   | 512 |
| The Ideal of a State . . . . .                            | 451 | King Arthur's Holiday . . . . .                      | 509 |
| To a New-Born Infant . . . . .                            | 183 | Light and Darkness . . . . .                         | 509 |
| <i>Johnson, Ben.</i>                                      |     | Love and Fame . . . . .                              | 507 |
| Come Leave the Loathed Stage . . . . .                    |     | The Angel and the Child . . . . .                    | 510 |
| Elegy on Shakspeare . . . . .                             |     | The Desire of Fame . . . . .                         | 507 |
| Epitaph on a Lady . . . . .                               |     | The Hollow Oak . . . . .                             | 512 |
| Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke . . . . .             |     | The Infant-Burial . . . . .                          | 508 |
| Jealousy . . . . .                                        |     | To the King on the Awakening of the People . . . . . | 511 |
| Song of Hesperus . . . . .                                |     | <i>Macaulay, Lord.</i>                               |     |
| The Sweet Neglect . . . . .                               |     | Henry of Navarre . . . . .                           | 422 |
| To Celia . . . . .                                        |     | The Armada . . . . .                                 | 423 |
| Women Men's Shadows . . . . .                             |     | <i>Macbay, Charles.</i>                              |     |
| <i>Keats, John.</i>                                       |     | Far, Far upon the Sea . . . . .                      | 531 |
| Autumnal Music . . . . .                                  | 472 | I Lay in Sorrow, Deep Distressed . . . . .           | 531 |
| England . . . . .                                         | 474 | I Love My Love . . . . .                             | 530 |
| Hymn to Pan . . . . .                                     | 472 | Louise on the Door-Step . . . . .                    | 526 |
| In a Dream-Nighted December . . . . .                     | 475 | On the Mountain Top . . . . .                        | 525 |
| Moonlight . . . . .                                       | 473 | Piety . . . . .                                      | 527 |
| On First Looking into Chapman's "Homer" . . . . .         | 474 | Sisyphus . . . . .                                   | 530 |
| The All-Pervading Influence of Beauty . . . . .           | 459 | The Death-Song of the Poet . . . . .                 | 526 |
| The Grasshopper and the Cricket . . . . .                 | 475 | The Lost Day . . . . .                               | 527 |
| The Human Seasons . . . . .                               | 475 | The Run of the Bowl . . . . .                        | 529 |
| The Latman Forest . . . . .                               | 470 | Tubal Cain . . . . .                                 | 523 |
| The Poet's Hopes . . . . .                                | 474 | Youth's Warning . . . . .                            | 531 |
| To a Nightingale . . . . .                                | 471 | <i>Macpherson, James.</i>                            |     |
| <i>Kent, Charles.</i>                                     |     | Father of Heroes . . . . .                           | 209 |
| Love's Calender . . . . .                                 | 505 | Ossian's Address to the Sun . . . . .                | 209 |
| The Ballad . . . . .                                      | 506 | Ryno and Alpin . . . . .                             | 210 |
| <i>Kingsley, Rev. Charles.</i>                            |     | <i>Mallet, David.</i>                                |     |
| The Sands of Dee . . . . .                                | 493 | Edwin and Emma . . . . .                             | 186 |
| Three Fishers . . . . .                                   | 493 | William and Margaret . . . . .                       | 185 |
| <i>Knuvles, Herbert.</i>                                  |     | <i>Marlowe, Christopher.</i>                         |     |
| Lines written in Richmond Churchyard, Yorkshire . . . . . | 274 | The Passionate Shepherd to his Love . . . . .        | 24  |
| <i>Lamb, Charles.</i>                                     |     | Answer by Sir Walter Raleigh . . . . .               | 23  |
| The Old Familiar Faces . . . . .                          | 300 | <i>Massey, Gerald.</i>                               |     |
| <i>Landon, Letitia Elizabeth.</i>                         |     | A Glimpse of Auld Lang-Syne . . . . .                | 521 |
| Intimations of Previous Existence . . . . .               | 465 | Desolate . . . . .                                   | 521 |
| The Deserter . . . . .                                    | 464 | Hope on, Hope ever . . . . .                         | 522 |
| The Mask of Love and Pride . . . . .                      | 465 | The Infant's Grave . . . . .                         | 524 |
| The Troubadour . . . . .                                  | 493 | To a Beloved One . . . . .                           | 521 |
| Yearnings for Immortality . . . . .                       | 465 | When I come Home . . . . .                           | 520 |
| <i>Langhorne, John.</i>                                   |     | <i>McCarthy, D. F.</i>                               |     |
| Elegy . . . . .                                           | 183 | The Window . . . . .                                 | 505 |
|                                                           |     | <i>Müller, Thomas.</i>                               |     |
|                                                           |     | Evening Song . . . . .                               | 50  |



*Milton, John*

|                                                                        |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Adam and Eve's Morning Hymn . . .                                      | 96  |
| Address to Light . . .                                                 | 92  |
| Before the Starry Threshold of Jove's Court . . .                      | 110 |
| Chastity . . .                                                         | 111 |
| Cromwell our Chief of Men . . .                                        | 106 |
| Eve's Conjugal Love . . .                                              | 9   |
| Eve's Recollections . . .                                              | 9   |
| Evening in Paradise . . .                                              | 95  |
| How Charming is Divine Philosophy . . .                                | 110 |
| Hymn on the Nativity . . .                                             | 107 |
| Il Penseroso . . .                                                     | 101 |
| L'Allegro . . .                                                        | 99  |
| Lycidas . . .                                                          | 103 |
| O Nightingale . . .                                                    | 106 |
| On his Bunce . . .                                                     | 106 |
| On his Deceased Wife . . .                                             |     |
| On the Late Massacre in Piedmont . . .                                 | 106 |
| Paradise . . .                                                         | 94  |
| Satan, in his Expedition to the Upper World, meets Sin and Death . . . | 97  |
| Satan Presiding in the Infernal Council . . .                          | 91  |
| Satan's Soliloquy in Sight of Paradise . . .                           | 93  |
| Song. May Morning . . .                                                | 112 |
| The Angelic Worship . . .                                              | 93  |
| The Fallen Angels in the Burning Lake . . .                            | 91  |
| The Invocation and Introduction . . .                                  | 90  |
| The Lady's Song . . .                                                  | 110 |
| The Spirit's Epilogue . . .                                            | 111 |
| To Cyriac Skinner . . .                                                | 107 |

*Moncreiff, W. T.*

|                      |     |
|----------------------|-----|
| Love's Follies . . . | 476 |
|----------------------|-----|

*Montrose, Marquis of*

|                                 |    |
|---------------------------------|----|
| I'll never love thee more . . . | 89 |
|---------------------------------|----|

*Moore, Thomas*

|                                                       |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| A Canadian Boat Song . . .                            | 341 |
| A Curse . . .                                         | 333 |
| As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow . . .  | 343 |
| At the Mid Hour of Night . . .                        | 347 |
| Believe me, if all those Endearing Young Charms . . . | 344 |
| Bendemeer's Stream . . .                              | 337 |
| Come o'er the Sea . . .                               | 350 |
| Come, rest in this Bosom . . .                        | 352 |
| Disappointed Hopes . . .                              | 333 |
| Draw to Her . . .                                     | 345 |
| Fall'n is thy Throne . . .                            | 355 |
| Farewell . . .                                        | 261 |
| Farewell!—But wherever you welcome the Hour . . .     |     |
| Fill the Bumper Fair . . .                            |     |
| Fly not yet . . .                                     |     |
| Go where Glory waits Thee . . .                       |     |
| Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded . . .                |     |
| Have you not seen the timid Fear . . .                |     |
| Here's the Bower . . .                                |     |
| I saw from the Beach . . .                            |     |
| I saw thy Form in youthful Prime . . .                |     |

*Moore, Thomas—continued*

|                                               |     |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----|
| Lesbia nath a bearing Eye . . .               | 346 |
| Life without Freedom . . .                    | 353 |
| Love and Hope . . .                           | 354 |
| Love's Young Dream . . .                      | 346 |
| Mary, I believed Thee true . . .              | 341 |
| Monody on the Death of Sheridan . . .         | 339 |
| O the Shamrock . . .                          | 346 |
| O Thou who dry'st the mourner's Tear! . . .   | 356 |
| Oh! Blame not the Bard . . .                  | 345 |
| Oh! Breathe not his Name . . .                | 342 |
| Oh! Doubt me Not . . .                        | 349 |
| Oh, Where's the Slave . . .                   | 352 |
| One Bumper at Parting . . .                   | 347 |
| Paradise and the Peri . . .                   | 337 |
| Rich and Rave were the Gems she wore . . .    | 343 |
| She is far from the Land . . .                | 344 |
| Sound the Loud Timbrel . . .                  | 356 |
| The Harp that once through Tara's Halls . . . | 342 |
| The Meeting of the Waters . . .               | 343 |
| The Marston Boy . . .                         | 348 |
| The Tears of Repentance . . .                 | 348 |
| The Time I've Lost in Wooing . . .            | 351 |
| The Young May Moon . . .                      | 343 |
| This World is all a Fleeting Show . . .       | 355 |
| Thou art, O God! . . .                        | 355 |
| 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer . . .            | 348 |
| When first I met Thee . . .                   | 350 |
| When He who adores Thee . . .                 | 342 |
| When Time, who steals . . .                   | 340 |
| While History's Muses . . .                   | 351 |
| Why does Azure deck the Sky? . . .            | 312 |
| You remember Ellen . . .                      | 349 |

*Motherwell, William*

|                    |     |
|--------------------|-----|
| Weave's Well . . . | 469 |
|--------------------|-----|

*Norton, Hon. Mrs*

|                                 |     |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Love Not . . .                  | 475 |
| None Remember Thee . . .        | 496 |
| Not Lost, but Gone Before . . . | 495 |
| Oh! Distant Stars . . .         | 477 |
| Song of the Peasant Wife . . .  | 456 |

*Opie, Mrs Amelia*

|                          |     |
|--------------------------|-----|
| Go, Youths Beloved . . . | 248 |
|--------------------------|-----|

*Parmer, Martyn*

|                               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| Ye Gentlemen of England . . . | 120 |
|-------------------------------|-----|

*Parnell, Thomas*

|                  |     |
|------------------|-----|
| The Hermit . . . | 199 |
|------------------|-----|

*Percy, Thomas, Bishop of Dromore*

|                                        |     |
|----------------------------------------|-----|
| Oh, Nanny, wilt thou go with me? . . . | 205 |
|----------------------------------------|-----|

*Pocock, T. L.*

|                                           |     |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|
| Oh! Say not Woman's Heart is bought . . . | 476 |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|

*Pollak, Robert*

|                           |     |
|---------------------------|-----|
| The Genius of Byron . . . | 466 |
|---------------------------|-----|

*Pope, Alexander*

|                       |     |
|-----------------------|-----|
| Ease in Writing . . . | 141 |
|-----------------------|-----|

*Elegy on the Death of an unfortunate*

|            |     |
|------------|-----|
| Lady . . . | 147 |
|------------|-----|

*Edwards's Prayer for Abelard*

|            |     |
|------------|-----|
| Fame . . . | 150 |
|------------|-----|

*Ode on St Cecilia's Day*

|                    |     |
|--------------------|-----|
| On Happiness . . . | 145 |
|--------------------|-----|

*On the Order of Nature*

|                 |     |
|-----------------|-----|
| On Virtue . . . | 143 |
|-----------------|-----|

*Prologue to Clio*

|                                       |     |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| The Dying Christian to his Soul . . . | 150 |
|---------------------------------------|-----|

|                                                            |     |                                                                          |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Pope, Alexander</i> —continued.                         |     | <i>Scott, Sir Walter</i> —continued.                                     |     |
| The Man of Ross . . . . .                                  | 147 | The Border Trooper, Sir William of                                       |     |
| The Messiah . . . . .                                      | 138 | Deloraine . . . . .                                                      | 359 |
| The Origin of Superstition and Tyranny                     | 144 | The Cypress Wreath . . . . .                                             |     |
| The Present Condition of Man Vindicated . . . . .          | 142 | The Death of Marmion . . . . .                                           |     |
| <i>Pringle, Thomas.</i>                                    |     | The Grave of Marmion . . . . .                                           | 365 |
| Pleasant Teviotdale . . . . .                              | 276 | The Harper . . . . .                                                     | 372 |
| <i>Procter, Adelaide Anne.</i>                             |     | The Heath this Night must be my Bed                                      | 369 |
| The Message . . . . .                                      | 504 | The Huntsman's Dirge . . . . .                                           | 372 |
| <i>Procter, B. W. (Barry Cornwall).</i>                    |     | The Lady of the Lake . . . . .                                           | 366 |
| King Death . . . . .                                       | 494 | The Last Minstrel . . . . .                                              | 357 |
| Song for Twilight . . . . .                                | 495 | The Love of Country . . . . .                                            | 357 |
| The Best of All Good Company . . . . .                     | 494 | The Memory of the Bard . . . . .                                         | 358 |
| The Nights . . . . .                                       | 494 | The View from Blackford Hill                                             | 361 |
| <i>Raleigh, Sir Walter.</i>                                |     | Time . . . . .                                                           | 373 |
| Answer to Passionate Shepherd . . . . .                    | 25  | Waken, Lords and Ladies gay . . . . .                                    | 372 |
| Dulcina . . . . .                                          | 77  | War Song . . . . .                                                       | 374 |
| The Soul's Errand . . . . .                                | 76  | Where shall the Lover rest? . . . . .                                    | 374 |
| <i>Rivers, Samuel.</i>                                     |     | Woman . . . . .                                                          | 365 |
| A Mother's Love . . . . .                                  | 243 | <i>Sedley, Sir Charles.</i>                                              |     |
| A Wish . . . . .                                           | 245 | The Growth of Love . . . . .                                             | 85  |
| An Epistle to a Friend . . . . .                           | 241 | <i>Shakespeare, William.</i>                                             |     |
| Dear is my little Native Vale . . . . .                    | 245 | A Beautiful Woman . . . . .                                              | 56  |
| Ginevra . . . . .                                          | 243 | A Complete Lady . . . . .                                                | 60  |
| Melancholy . . . . .                                       | 245 | A Faithful Lover . . . . .                                               | 37  |
| Parting from Home . . . . .                                | 240 | A Good Conscience . . . . .                                              | 68  |
| The Angel to Columbus in his Dream . . . . .               | 244 | A Wife's Duty . . . . .                                                  | 51  |
| The Beggars . . . . .                                      | 240 | A Woman's Tongue . . . . .                                               | 59  |
| The Gipsy Encampment . . . . .                             | 240 | Accomplishments of King Henry V. . . . .                                 | 68  |
| The Old Ancestral Mansion . . . . .                        | 238 | Advice of Polonius to his Son, on setting forth on his Travels . . . . . | 34  |
| The School-House . . . . .                                 | 240 | Antony's Description of Brutus . . . . .                                 | 42  |
| Venice . . . . .                                           | 243 | Antony's Despondency . . . . .                                           | 45  |
| <i>Roscoe, William.</i>                                    |     | Beatrice . . . . .                                                       | 50  |
| On Parting with his Books . . . . .                        | 274 | Bolingbroke's Entry into London . . . . .                                | 62  |
| <i>Scott, Sir Walter.</i>                                  |     | Cardinal Wolsey on the Vicissitudes of Life . . . . .                    | 71  |
| A weary Lot is Thine . . . . .                             | 370 | Cardinal Wolsey's Death . . . . .                                        | 72  |
| Allen-a-Dale . . . . .                                     | 372 | Cassius upon Caesar . . . . .                                            | 37  |
| Annot Lyle's Song . . . . .                                | 372 | Celestial Music . . . . .                                                | 49  |
| Christmas Time . . . . .                                   | 363 | Character of Coriolanus . . . . .                                        | 44  |
| Coronach . . . . .                                         | 366 | Cheerfulness . . . . .                                                   | 43  |
| Good Wishes . . . . .                                      | 365 | Cleopatra on the Cydnus . . . . .                                        | 44  |
| Hail to the Chief . . . . .                                | 368 | Cleopatra's Speech on applying the Serpent to her Breast . . . . .       | 45  |
| Hymn for the Dead . . . . .                                | 358 | Conscience . . . . .                                                     | 37  |
| Hymn to the Virgin . . . . .                               | 369 | Constance's Reproaches to the Archduke of Austria . . . . .              | 60  |
| King James of Scotland . . . . .                           | 369 | Cordelia's Emotion on Hearing of her Sister's Cruelty . . . . .          | 42  |
| Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman . . . . .                   | 370 | Coriolanus's Contempt for the Mob . . . . .                              | 44  |
| Lochnivar . . . . .                                        | 362 | Despised Old Age . . . . .                                               | 42  |
| Lost in the Snow . . . . .                                 | 361 | Despondency . . . . .                                                    | 60  |
| Love and the Rose . . . . .                                | 369 | Diseases of the Mind Incurable . . . . .                                 | 42  |
| Love as the Theme of Poets . . . . .                       | 358 | Dover Cliff . . . . .                                                    | 42  |
| Man the Enemy of Man . . . . .                             | 370 | Dreams . . . . .                                                         | 59  |
| Melrose Abbey . . . . .                                    | 357 | Dying Words of Warwick the King Make . . . . .                           | 63  |
| Night at Norham Castle . . . . .                           | 360 | Edgar's Defiance of Edmund . . . . .                                     | 43  |
| Paternal Affection . . . . .                               | 365 | Emilia's Indignation against Slanderers . . . . .                        | 55  |
| Pitt and Fox . . . . .                                     | 359 | England . . . . .                                                        | 62  |
| Rebecca's Hymn . . . . .                                   | 373 | England Invincible . . . . .                                             | 61  |
| Recollections of his Infancy . . . . .                     | 364 | Feminine Friendship . . . . .                                            | 49  |
| Romantic Legends . . . . .                                 | 360 | Fortune . . . . .                                                        | 66  |
| Scenery of the Trosachs . . . . .                          | 366 | Hamlet's Address to his Father's Ghost . . . . .                         | 36  |
| Scotland . . . . .                                         | 357 | Hamlet's Esteem for Horatio . . . . .                                    | 36  |
| Soldier, Rest! . . . . .                                   | 367 | Hamlet's Reproaches to his Mother . . . . .                              | 35  |
| Song of Meg Merrilies at the Birth of the Infant . . . . . | 373 |                                                                          |     |
| Song of Meg Merrilies for the Parting Spirit . . . . .     | 373 |                                                                          |     |
| Staffa and Iona . . . . .                                  | 372 |                                                                          |     |

*Shakespeare, William*—continued.

|                                                              |    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage                  | 36 |
| Hamlet's Soliloquy on Life and Death                         | 34 |
| Hark! Hark! the Lark!                                        | 53 |
| Henry VI. on his own Lenity                                  | 69 |
| Henry IV.'s Soliloquy on Sleep                               | 65 |
| Hotspur's Description of a Pop                               | 62 |
| Human Nature                                                 | 37 |
| Ingratitude                                                  | 47 |
| Innocence                                                    |    |
| Jaques and the Wounded Deer                                  |    |
| Jealousy                                                     |    |
| Juliet's Impatience                                          |    |
| King Henry IV. to Prince Henry                               |    |
| King Henry V.'s Address to his Soldiers                      |    |
| King Henry's Speech before the Battle of Agincourt           | 68 |
| King Lear in the Tempest                                     | 43 |
| Lady Percy's Speech to her Husband                           | 64 |
| Lear to Cordelia when taken Prisoners                        | 4  |
| Life                                                         | 4  |
| Love and Lust                                                | 7  |
| Lucretia Sleeping                                            | 7  |
| Macbeth's Mental Struggle before the Murder of Duncan        | 4  |
| Macbeth to Banquo's Ghost                                    | 4  |
| Mark Antony's Oration over the Body of Cæsar                 | 31 |
| Martial Spirit                                               | 61 |
| Mercy                                                        | 4  |
| Mirthfulness                                                 | 52 |
| Music                                                        | 37 |
| Night in the Camp                                            | 67 |
| Othello's Account of his Courtship of Desdemona              | 5  |
| Othello's Despair                                            | 55 |
| Othello's Dying Speech                                       | 55 |
| Othello's Soliloquy before Murdering his Wife                |    |
| Perfection Needs no Addition                                 |    |
| Prince Henry Rebuked by his Father                           | 66 |
| Prince Henry's Defence of Himself                            | 64 |
| Prince Henry's Speech on the Death of Hotspur                |    |
| Queen Elizabeth                                              |    |
| Queen Mab                                                    |    |
| Queen Margaret's Execrations on Gloster                      | 70 |
| Reluctance to Part                                           | 58 |
| Remorse                                                      | 41 |
| Reputation                                                   | 55 |
| Richard Duke of Gloster's Description of Himself             | 69 |
| Richard's Humility                                           | 61 |
| Richmond's Address to his Army before the Battle of Bosworth | 71 |
| Scene between Othello and Desdemona                          | 54 |
| Secret Love                                                  | 37 |
| Serenade to Sylvia                                           | 52 |
| Shylock's Remonstrance with Antonio                          | 47 |
| Sigh No More, Ladies                                         | 50 |
| Slander                                                      | 53 |
| Scng                                                         | 37 |
| Sonnet                                                       | 75 |
| Sonnet                                                       | 12 |
| Sonnet                                                       | 75 |

*Shakespeare, William*—continued.

|                                              |    |
|----------------------------------------------|----|
| Sonnet                                       | 75 |
| Suffolk's Hatred of his Enemies              | 69 |
| Sunrise                                      | 73 |
| Take, O take those Lips away!                | 72 |
| The Abuse of Authority                       | 52 |
| The Abuse of Power                           | 52 |
| The Apothecary                               | 53 |
| The Character of King Henry V. by his Father | 65 |
| The Curses of Royalty                        | 60 |
| The Death of Romeo                           | 59 |
| The Deceit of Appearances                    | 40 |
| The Duke of Gloster on his Deformity         | 70 |
| The Fear of Death                            | 52 |
| The Fool in the Forest                       | 45 |
| The Garden Scene                             | 57 |
| The King's Envy of a Shepherd's Life         | 69 |
| The Love of Music a Test of Character        | 49 |
| The Mind alone Valuable                      | 50 |
| The Murder of the Young Princes in the Tower | 70 |
| The Power of Imagination                     | 49 |
| The Power of Love                            | 52 |
| The Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius            | 39 |
| The Repose of the Grave                      | 41 |
| The Seven Ages of Man                        | 46 |
| The Sorrows of True Love                     | 49 |
| The Storm                                    | 43 |
| The Tragical Fate of Kings                   |    |
| The Uses of Adversity                        |    |
| The Visionary Dagger                         |    |
| The Winning of Juliet                        |    |
| Under the Greenwood Tree                     |    |
| Venus with the Dead Body of Adonis           |    |
| What's in a Name?                            |    |
| What Win I if I Gain?                        |    |
| Winter                                       | 52 |
| Wolsey to Cromwell                           | 72 |
| Woman's Eyes                                 | 51 |
| Young Harry                                  | 65 |

*Shelley, Percy Bysshe.*

|                               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| A Lament                      | 438 |
| A Solitary Grave              | 433 |
| Adonais                       | 437 |
| Anarchy Slain by True Liberty | 438 |
| I arise from Dreams of Thee   | 442 |
| Ianthe Sleeping               | 432 |
| Invocation to Nature          | 433 |
| Lines to a Critic             | 438 |
| Love's Philosophy             | 436 |
| Ode to the West Wind          | 433 |
| The Cloud                     | 437 |
| The Faery and Ianthe's Soul   | 432 |
| Time                          | 438 |
| To a Skylark                  | 441 |
| To the Sensitive Plant        | 435 |

*Shenstone, William.*

|                     |     |
|---------------------|-----|
| The School Let Out  | 130 |
| The School-Mistress | 129 |

 *Sheridan, Richard Brinsley.*

|                                    |     |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| Had I a Heart for Falsehood framed | 254 |
| Love for Love                      | 252 |

*Stirley, James.*

|                         |    |
|-------------------------|----|
| Death's Final Conquest  | 32 |
| Victorious Men of Earth | 31 |

|                                              | PAGE |                                                |     |
|----------------------------------------------|------|------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Sidney, Sir Philip.</i>                   |      | <i>Tennyson, Alfred—continued.</i>             |     |
| To the Moon . . . . .                        | 31   | Edward Gray . . . . .                          | 501 |
| To Sleep . . . . .                           | 475  | Godiva . . . . .                               | 499 |
| <i>Smith, Alexander.</i>                     |      | Love and Death . . . . .                       | 499 |
| Barbara . . . . .                            | 514  | The Bugle Song . . . . .                       | 499 |
| Desires and Anticipations, etc. . . . .      | 513  | Vivien's Song . . . . .                        | 501 |
| <i>Smith, Horace.</i>                        |      | <i>Thomson, James.</i>                         |     |
| Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's            |      | A Winter Storm . . . . .                       | 156 |
| Exhibition . . . . .                         | 305  | Celadon and Amelia . . . . .                   | 154 |
| <i>Smollett, Tobias.</i>                     |      | Domestic Bliss . . . . .                       | 154 |
| Independence . . . . .                       | 181  | Ode . . . . .                                  | 153 |
| Ode to Leven Water . . . . .                 | 183  | Rule Britannia . . . . .                       | 157 |
| The Tears of Scotland . . . . .              | 181  | Sunrise . . . . .                              | 155 |
| <i>Smyth, W.</i>                             |      | The Castle of Indolence . . . . .              | 153 |
| The Soldier . . . . .                        | 311  | The Miseries of Human Life . . . . .           | 155 |
| <i>Somerville, James.</i>                    |      | The Pleasures of Retirement . . . . .          | 153 |
| The Red and White Rose . . . . .             | 187  | <i>Thornbury, George W.</i>                    |     |
| <i>Southey, Robert.</i>                      |      | The Riding to the Tournament . . . . .         | 515 |
| An Eastern Evening                           |      | <i>Tickell, Thomas.</i>                        |     |
| History . . . . .                            | 295  | The Dead in Westminster Abbey . . . . .        | 198 |
| How the Waters Come Down at Lodore           | 293  | <i>Tupper, M. F.</i>                           |     |
| Love . . . . .                               | 287  | Love . . . . .                                 | 517 |
| Merciful Inflections . . . . .               | 293  | <i>Wade, Thomas.</i>                           |     |
| Night in the Desert . . . . .                | 289  | A Mother to her New-Born Child . . . . .       | 518 |
| Thalaba's Home in the Desert . . . . .       | 291  | Sympathy . . . . .                             | 517 |
| The Battle of Blenheim . . . . .             | 297  | <i>Waller, Edmund.</i>                         |     |
| The Holly Tree . . . . .                     | 287  | Go, Lovely Rose! . . . . .                     | 81  |
| The Library . . . . .                        | 287  | Old Age . . . . .                              | 81  |
| The Miracle of the Roses . . . . .           | 294  | On a Girdle . . . . .                          | 51  |
| The Old Man's Comforts . . . . .             | 297  | <i>Walsh, Wilham.</i>                          |     |
| The Scenery of America . . . . .             | 288  | Rivalry in Love . . . . .                      | 51  |
| The Source of the Ganges . . . . .           | 289  | <i>Wastell, Simon.</i>                         |     |
| The Submarine City . . . . .                 |      | Man's Mortality . . . . .                      | 29  |
| The Voyage of Thalaba and the Damsel         |      | <i>Watts, Alaric Alexander.</i>                |     |
| To a Bee . . . . .                           | 296  | I think of thee . . . . .                      | 463 |
| To William Wordsworth . . . . .              | 296  | My own Fireside . . . . .                      | 461 |
| <i>Southwell, Robert.</i>                    |      | The Death of the First-Born . . . . .          | 461 |
| Times go by Turns . . . . .                  |      | <i>White, Henry Kirke.</i>                     |     |
| <i>Spenser, Edmund.</i>                      |      | A Thousand Years Hence . . . . .               | 255 |
| Astrophel (Sir Philip Sidney) . . . . .      | 29   | Childhood . . . . .                            | 252 |
| Love in Absence . . . . .                    | 28   | Clifton Grove . . . . .                        | 264 |
| Sweet is the Rose . . . . .                  | 26   | Concluding Stanzas of the Christiad . . . . .  | 267 |
| The Bridal Day . . . . .                     | 30   | Despondency . . . . .                          | 260 |
| The Garden of Beauty . . . . .               | 28   | "I am pleased, and yet I'm sad" . . . . .      | 261 |
| The Hermitage . . . . .                      | 27   | In the morning before daybreak . . . . .       | 264 |
| The Ministry of Angels . . . . .             | 25   | Irresistible Time . . . . .                    | 257 |
| The Power of Poetry to Confer Fame . . . . . | 28   | Man's Littleness in Presence of the            |     |
| The Red Cross Knight . . . . .               |      | Stars . . . . .                                | 256 |
| The Seasons . . . . .                        |      | Night . . . . .                                | 254 |
| The True Woman . . . . .                     |      | Ode to Disappointment . . . . .                | 266 |
| Una and the Lion . . . . .                   | 26   | Ode to the Harvest Moon . . . . .              | 262 |
| <i>Stanley, Thomas.</i>                      |      | Ode to Thought . . . . .                       | 260 |
| The Deposition . . . . .                     | 87   | Seclusion . . . . .                            | 258 |
| <i>Suckling, Sir John.</i>                   |      | Solitude . . . . .                             | 262 |
| I prithee, send me back my heart . . . . .   | 84   | Sonnet . . . . .                               | 268 |
| True Love . . . . .                          |      | Sonnet to my Mother . . . . .                  | 257 |
| Why so Pale and Wan? . . . . .               | 85   | Sonnet to the River Trent . . . . .            | 267 |
| <i>Surrey, The Earl of.</i>                  |      | The Cities of the Past . . . . .               | 255 |
| Give place, ye Flowers . . . . .             |      | The Dame-School . . . . .                      | 253 |
| How no Age is content with its own           |      | The Evening Walk of Youthful Friends . . . . . | 253 |
| Estate . . . . .                             | 2    | The Futility of Fame . . . . .                 | 254 |
| <i>Swain, Charles.</i>                       |      | The Future Eternity . . . . .                  | 256 |
| What is Noble? . . . . .                     | 493  | The Past Eternity . . . . .                    | 256 |
| <i>Swinburne, Algernon Charles.</i>          |      | The Poet . . . . .                             | 258 |
| Chorus from Atalanta in Calydon . . . . .    | 518  | The Shipwrecked Solitary's Song . . . . .      | 261 |
| Love and Death . . . . .                     | 519  | The Winter Traveller . . . . .                 | 267 |
| <i>Tennyson, Alfred.</i>                     |      | To an Early Primrose . . . . .                 | 26  |
| As through the land at eve we went . . . . . | 501  |                                                |     |

|                                                                            |     | PAGE |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|------|
| <i>White, Henry Kirke</i> —continued.                                      |     |      |
| To a Taper . . . . .                                                       | 260 |      |
| To Consumption . . . . .                                                   | 261 |      |
| To Contemplation . . . . .                                                 | 258 |      |
| To the Herb Rosemary . . . . .                                             | 265 |      |
| <i>White, Rev. J. Blanco.</i>                                              |     |      |
| Night and Death . . . . .                                                  | 314 |      |
| <i>Whitworth, William Henry.</i>                                           |     |      |
| Time and Death . . . . .                                                   | 519 |      |
| <i>Williams, Rev. Charles Hanbury.</i>                                     |     |      |
| Dear Betty . . . . .                                                       | 252 |      |
| <i>Wilson, John.</i>                                                       |     |      |
| Magdalene's Hymn . . . . .                                                 | 303 |      |
| Sacred Poetry . . . . .                                                    | 304 |      |
| The Evening Cloud . . . . .                                                | 303 |      |
| The Midnight Ocean . . . . .                                               | 303 |      |
| The Three Seasons of Love . . . . .                                        | 304 |      |
| <i>Wither, G.</i>                                                          |     |      |
| I loved a Lass, a fair one                                                 |     |      |
| Shall I, wasting in despair                                                |     |      |
| Sleep, Baby, Sleep ! . . . . .                                             | 78  |      |
| <i>Wolfe, Rev. Charles.</i>                                                |     |      |
| The Burial of Sir John Moore . . . . .                                     | 275 |      |
| <i>Wordsworth, William.</i>                                                |     |      |
| A Memory . . . . .                                                         | 319 |      |
| A Poet's Epitaph . . . . .                                                 | 322 |      |
| A Smile . . . . .                                                          | 333 |      |
| A True Woman . . . . .                                                     | 319 |      |
| Buonaparte . . . . .                                                       | 328 |      |
| Consolations amidst Earthly Change . . . . .                               | 332 |      |
| Creative Art . . . . .                                                     | 331 |      |
| Elegiac Verses . . . . .                                                   | 331 |      |
| Evening . . . . .                                                          | 527 |      |
| France and England . . . . .                                               | 328 |      |
| George III. . . . .                                                        | 330 |      |
| Great Men . . . . .                                                        | 329 |      |
| Honour . . . . .                                                           | 330 |      |
| Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood . . . . . |     |      |
| Lucy . . . . .                                                             |     |      |
| Lucy Gray . . . . .                                                        |     |      |
| Milton . . . . .                                                           |     |      |
| Nature Worshipped by the Greeks . . . . .                                  |     |      |
| <i>Wordsworth, William</i> —continued.                                     |     |      |
| Ode to Duty . . . . .                                                      | 324 |      |
| On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic . . . . .                       | 328 |      |
| On the Subjugation of Switzerland . . . . .                                | 329 |      |
| Pelion and Ossa . . . . .                                                  | 327 |      |
| Personal Talk . . . . .                                                    | 323 |      |
| Ruth . . . . .                                                             | 316 |      |
| The Brook . . . . .                                                        | 327 |      |
| The Mountain Top . . . . .                                                 | 331 |      |
| The Ship . . . . .                                                         | 326 |      |
| The True Man . . . . .                                                     | 330 |      |
| The Uses and Beauties of the Sonnet . . . . .                              | 325 |      |
| The World . . . . .                                                        | 326 |      |
| To a Highland Girl . . . . .                                               | 320 |      |
| To a Sky-Lark . . . . .                                                    | 318 |      |
| To Sleep . . . . .                                                         | 326 |      |
| To the Cuckoo . . . . .                                                    | 319 |      |
| To the Small Celandine . . . . .                                           | 317 |      |
| To Thomas Clarkson . . . . .                                               | 329 |      |
| To Toussaint L'Ouverture . . . . .                                         | 328 |      |
| Twilight . . . . .                                                         | 325 |      |
| Universality . . . . .                                                     | 330 |      |
| Upon the Sight of a Beautiful Picture . . . . .                            | 345 |      |
| We are Seven . . . . .                                                     | 315 |      |
| Westminster Bridge . . . . .                                               | 347 |      |
| Woodland Walks . . . . .                                                   | 323 |      |
| Yarrow Unvisited . . . . .                                                 | 321 |      |
| Yarrow Visited . . . . .                                                   | 321 |      |
| Yew Trees . . . . .                                                        | 318 |      |
| <i>Wotton, Sir Henry.</i>                                                  |     |      |
| The Character of a Happy Life . . . . .                                    | 80  |      |
| You Meaner Beauties . . . . .                                              | 80  |      |
| <i>Wyatt, Sir Thomas.</i>                                                  |     |      |
| A Description of Such a One as He could Love . . . . .                     | 3   |      |
| Complaint of the Absence of his Love . . . . .                             | 3   |      |
| The aged Lover renounceth Love . . . . .                                   | 5   |      |
| The longer Life the more Oisence . . . . .                                 | 5   |      |
| <i>Young, Edward.</i>                                                      |     |      |
| On the Being of a God . . . . .                                            | 204 |      |
| Procrastination . . . . .                                                  | 203 |      |
| Sleep . . . . .                                                            | 203 |      |

## AMERICAN POETS.

|                                          |     | PAGE |
|------------------------------------------|-----|------|
| <i>Aldrich, James.</i>                   |     |      |
| A Death-Bed . . . . .                    |     |      |
| <i>Allston, Washington.</i>              |     |      |
| America to Great Britain . . . . .       | 556 |      |
| <i>Bryant, William Cullen.</i>           |     |      |
| An Indian Story . . . . .                | 545 |      |
| Autumn Woods . . . . .                   |     |      |
| Hymn to the North Star . . . . .         |     |      |
| Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids . . . . . | 548 |      |
| Oh, Mother of a Mighty Race . . . . .    | 547 |      |
| Thanatopsis . . . . .                    | 546 |      |
| The Close of Autumn . . . . .            | 543 |      |
| The Western World . . . . .              | 541 |      |
| To a Waterfowl . . . . .                 | 542 |      |
| <i>Clark, Willis G.</i>                  |     |      |
| A Remembrance . . . . .                  | 555 |      |
| <i>Drake, Joseph Rodman.</i>             |     |      |
| The American Flag . . . . .              | 553 |      |
| <i>Emerson, Ralph Waldo.</i>             |     |      |
| Duge . . . . .                           | 537 |      |
| Good-Bye, Proud World ! . . . . .        | 537 |      |
| The Apology . . . . .                    | 537 |      |
| Threnody . . . . .                       | 536 |      |
| To Eva . . . . .                         | 538 |      |
| <i>Holmes, Oliver W.</i>                 |     |      |
| L'Inconnue . . . . .                     | 554 |      |
| <i>Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth.</i>      |     |      |
| A Psalm of Life . . . . .                | 562 |      |
| Daylight and Moonlight . . . . .         | 567 |      |
| Excelsior . . . . .                      | 569 |      |
| Footsteps of Angels . . . . .            | 503 |      |
| Haunted Houses . . . . .                 | 566 |      |
| Hymn to the Night . . . . .              | 561 |      |
| Rain in Summer . . . . .                 | 569 |      |
| Resignation . . . . .                    | 563 |      |
| Santa Filomena . . . . .                 | 567 |      |

*Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth*—continued.

|                                        |     |
|----------------------------------------|-----|
| The Arrow and the Song . . . . .       | 572 |
| The Light and the Stars . . . . .      | 562 |
| The old Clock on the Stairs . . . . .  | 572 |
| The Primeval Forest . . . . .          | 571 |
| The Reaper and the Flowers . . . . .   | 563 |
| The Rope-Walk . . . . .                | 564 |
| The Ship of State . . . . .            | 574 |
| The Singers . . . . .                  | 570 |
| The Two Angels . . . . .               | 565 |
| The Village Blacksmith . . . . .       | 568 |
| The Wreck of the Hesperus . . . . .    | 573 |
| Unseen Friends . . . . .               | 570 |
| Victor Galbraith . . . . .             | 567 |
| <i>Lowell, F. R.</i>                   |     |
| She Came and Went . . . . .            | 552 |
| The Changeling . . . . .               | 553 |
| The Street . . . . .                   | 553 |
| To the Dandelion . . . . .             | 552 |
| <i>Mellen, Grenville.</i>              |     |
| English Scenery . . . . .              | 558 |
| <i>Morris, George P.</i>               |     |
| Woodman, spare that Tree . . . . .     | 559 |
| <i>Park, Benjamin.</i>                 |     |
| How cheery are the Mariners' . . . . . | 554 |
| <i>Poe, Edgar Allan.</i>               |     |
| The Raven . . . . .                    | 559 |

*Sargent, Epes.*

|                                            |     |
|--------------------------------------------|-----|
| The Days that are past . . . . .           | 555 |
| <i>Sigourney, Lydia Huntley.</i>           |     |
| Death of an Infant . . . . .               | 532 |
| Farewell of the Soul to the Body . . . . . | 532 |
| Midnight Thoughts at Sea . . . . .         | 532 |
| Niagara . . . . .                          | 535 |
| No Concealment . . . . .                   | 533 |
| The Early Blue-Bird . . . . .              | 533 |
| The Virginian Colonists . . . . .          | 534 |
| <i>Stoddard, R. H.</i>                     |     |
| The Shadow of the Hand . . . . .           | 556 |
| <i>Taylor, Bayard.</i>                     |     |
| Moan, ye wild Winds . . . . .              | 556 |
| <i>Whittier, F. G.</i>                     |     |
| Barbara Fritchie . . . . .                 | 536 |
| Maud Muller . . . . .                      | 535 |
| The Moral Warfare . . . . .                | 541 |
| <i>Wilde, Richard Henry.</i>               |     |
| My Life is like the Summer Rose . . . . .  |     |
| <i>Willis, Nathaniel P.</i>                |     |
| Better Moments . . . . .                   | 549 |
| Hagar in the Wilderness . . . . .          | 549 |
| The Soldier's Widow . . . . .              | 548 |
| <i>Woodworth, Samuel.</i>                  |     |
| The Bucket . . . . .                       |     |

PAGE

## INDEX TO SUPPLEMENT.

*Arnold, Sir Edwin.*

|                             |     |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| The Rajah's Ride . . . . .  | 575 |
| Sonnet to America . . . . . | 576 |

*Arnold, Matthew.*

|                               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| Cadmus and Harmonia . . . . . | 576 |
| Philemelia . . . . .          | 577 |

*Austin, Alfred.*

|                                              |     |
|----------------------------------------------|-----|
| The Death of Huss . . . . .                  | 577 |
| In the Month when sings the Cuckoo . . . . . | 578 |
| Ave Maria . . . . .                          | 580 |

*Bennett, W. C.*

|                    |     |
|--------------------|-----|
| Baby May . . . . . | 582 |
|--------------------|-----|

*Bennett, W. C.*—continued.

|                                 |     |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Baby's Shoes . . . . .          | 582 |
| The Worn Wedding-Ring . . . . . | 583 |

*Browning, Robert.*

|                      |     |
|----------------------|-----|
| Hervé Riel . . . . . | 583 |
|----------------------|-----|

*Macaulay, Lord.*

|                    |     |
|--------------------|-----|
| Horatius . . . . . | 585 |
| Virginia . . . . . | 594 |

*Rossetti, Dante Gabriel.*

|                                          |     |
|------------------------------------------|-----|
| The Card-dealer . . . . .                | 600 |
| A Sonnet . . . . .                       | 600 |
| On the Site of a Mulberry Tree . . . . . | 601 |
| The Blessed Damozel . . . . .            | 601 |

# INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

|                                                             | PAGE                                            |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping . . . . .       | <i>Samuel Lover</i> . . . . . 506               |
| A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid . . . . .            | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 366           |
| A chieftain to the highlands bound . . . . .                | <i>Sir William Jones</i> . . . . . 453          |
| A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun . . . . .          | <i>John Wilson</i> . . . . . 303                |
| A face that should content me wonderous well . . . . .      | <i>Sir Thomas Wyatt</i> . . . . . 3             |
| A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by . . . . .           | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 325         |
| A fool, a fool!—I met a fool 't the forest . . . . .        | <i>William Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 45          |
| A garland for the hero's crest . . . . .                    | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 363           |
| A gentle knight was pricking on the plain . . . . .         | <i>Edmund Spenser</i> . . . . . 27              |
| A glorious vision burst upon their sight . . . . .          | <i>Charles Mackay</i> . . . . . 52              |
| A good that never satisfies the mind . . . . .              | <i>William Drummond</i> . . . . . 20            |
| A little lowly hermitage it was . . . . .                   | <i>Edmund Spenser</i> . . . . . 27              |
| A man must serve his time to every trade . . . . .          | <i>George Gordon, Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 417  |
| A man so various that he seem'd to be . . . . .             | <i>John Dryden</i> . . . . . 115                |
| A merrier man . . . . .                                     | <i>William Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 51          |
| A palace lifting to eternal summer . . . . .                | <i>Lord Lytton</i> . . . . . 511                |
| A parish priest was of the pilgrim train . . . . .          | <i>John Dryden</i> . . . . . 119                |
| A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?          | <i>William Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 65          |
| A rose-bud by my early walk . . . . .                       | <i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . . 236               |
| A sensitive plant in a garden grew . . . . .                | <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> . . . . . 435       |
| A simple child . . . . .                                    | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 315         |
| A stark moss-trooping Scot was he . . . . .                 | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . .               |
| A thung of beauty is a joy for ever . . . . .               | <i>John Keats</i> . . . . .                     |
| A weary lot is thine, fair maid . . . . .                   | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 370           |
| A wet sheet and a flowing sea . . . . .                     | <i>Allan Cunningham</i> . . . . . 306           |
| Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!) . . . . .          | <i>Leigh Hunt</i> . . . . . 374                 |
| Adieu, adieu! my native shore . . . . .                     | <i>George Gordon, Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 397  |
| Adieu, adieu!—our dream of love . . . . .                   | <i>Thomas K. Hervey</i> . . . . . 468           |
| Ah, Chloë! that I now could sit . . . . .                   | <i>Sir Charles Sedley</i> . . . . . 85          |
| Ah! little think the gay, licentious, proud . . . . .       | <i>James Thomson</i> . . . . . 135              |
| Ah me! For aught that ever I could read . . . . .           | <i>William Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 40          |
| Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast!            | <i>Samuel Rogers</i> . . . . . 240              |
| Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?                       | <i>William Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 54          |
| “Alas the woe! alas, the paines strong” . . . . .           | <i>Geoffrey Chaucer</i> . . . . . 1             |
| Alas! they had been friends in youth . . . . .              | <i>Christabel</i> . . . . . 417                 |
| Alas! our young affections run to waste . . . . .           | <i>George Gordon, Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 405  |
| Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning . . . . .            | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 370           |
| All hail! in inexorable lord! . . . . .                     | <i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . . 211               |
| All hail! my own inspired bard . . . . .                    | <i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . . 237               |
| All hail! thou noble land . . . . .                         | <i>Washington Allston</i> . . . . . 555         |
| All houses wherein men have lived and died . . . . .        | <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 566 |
| All in the downs the fleet was moor'd . . . . .             | <i>John Gay</i> . . . . . 198                   |
| All our praises why should lords engross?                   | <i>Alexander Pope</i> . . . . . 147             |
| All the world's a stage . . . . .                           | <i>William Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 40          |
| All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom . . . . .            | <i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . . . 452            |
| Alone, alone, all, all alone . . . . .                      | <i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> . . . . . 443    |
| Altho' thou maun never be mine . . . . .                    | <i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . . 236               |
| Ancient of days! august Athena! where . . . . .             | <i>George Gordon, Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 393  |
| And canst thou, mother, for a moment think . . . . .        | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 257          |
| And has the earth lost its so spacious round . . . . .      | <i>Thomas Hood</i> . . . . . 379                |
| “And I could weep?” th' Oneyda chief . . . . .              | <i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . . . 453            |
| And is there care in heaven? And is there love?             | <i>Edmund Spenser</i> . . . . . 25              |
| And is this Yarrow?—this the stream . . . . .               | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 321         |
| And said I that my limbs were old . . . . .                 | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 358           |
| And thou art dead, as young and fair . . . . .              | <i>George Gordon, Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 423  |
| And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!) . . . . . | <i>Horace Smith</i> . . . . . 305               |
| And thou—who never yet of human wrong . . . . .             | <i>George Gordon, Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 407  |

|                                                                   | PAGE                                                |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| Angels and ministers of grace defend us . . . . .                 | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 36             |
| Around me Life's hell of fierce ardours burns . . . . .           | <i>Gerald Massey</i> . . . . . 520                  |
| Art thou a statesman, in the van . . . . .                        | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 322             |
| Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers? . . . . .           | <i>Thomas Decker</i> . . . . . 33                   |
| As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow . . . . .          | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 313                   |
| As a twig trembles which a bird . . . . .                         | <i>J. K. Lowell</i> . . . . . 552                   |
| As at noon Dulcinea rested . . . . .                              | <i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i> . . . . . 77              |
| As one, who, destined from his friends to part . . . . .          | <i>William Roscoe</i> . . . . . 274                 |
| As one who, walking in the twilight gloom . . . . .               | <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 570     |
| As rising on its purple wing . . . . .                            | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 331       |
| As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side . . . . .              | <i>William Lisle Bowles</i> . . . . . 312           |
| As the flight of a river . . . . .                                | <i>Lord Lytton</i> . . . . . 527                    |
| As thro' the land at eve we went . . . . .                        | <i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . . . 501                |
| Ask me no more, where Jove bestows . . . . .                      | <i>Thomas Carew</i> . . . . . 82                    |
| Ask me why I send you here . . . . .                              | <i>Thomas Carew</i> . . . . . 83                    |
| At evening too, how pleasing was our walk . . . . .               | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 253              |
| At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester . . . . .          | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 72             |
| At morn, beside yon summer sea . . . . .                          | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 354                   |
| At my window, late and early . . . . .                            | <i>D. F. McCarty</i> . . . . . 505                  |
| At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still . . . . .       | <i>James Beattie</i> . . . . . 167                  |
| At the mid-hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly . . . . . | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 347                   |
| At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour . . . . .         | <i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . . . 455                |
| Attend all ye who list to hear our England's praise . . . . .     | <i>Lord Macaulay</i> . . . . . 483                  |
| Avant all specious pliancy of mind . . . . .                      | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 330             |
| Ave Maria! maiden mild! . . . . .                                 | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 369               |
| Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones . . . . .     | <i>John Milton</i> . . . . . 105                    |
| Awake, Æolian lyre, awake . . . . .                               | <i>Thomas Gray</i> . . . . . 189                    |
| Ay, but to die, and go we know not where . . . . .                | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 52             |
| Balow, my babe he still and sleep . . . . .                       | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . . 134                      |
| Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise . . . . .               | <i>William Cowper</i> . . . . . 223                 |
| Be it right or wrong, these men among . . . . .                   | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . . 6                        |
| Be still, be still, poor human heart . . . . .                    | <i>Eleanora Louisa Hervey</i> . . . . . 493         |
| Be wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer . . . . .                   | <i>Edward Young</i> . . . . . 203                   |
| Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead . . . . .                           | <i>Robert Browning</i> . . . . . 492                |
| Beauty—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit . . . . .               | <i>Robert Blair</i> . . . . . 183                   |
| Before the beginning of years . . . . .                           | <i>Algernon Charles Swinburne</i> . . . . . 518     |
| Before the starry threshold of Jove's court . . . . .             | <i>John Milton</i> . . . . . 110                    |
| Behold the ways . . . . .                                         | <i>Mark Akenside</i> . . . . . 131                  |
| Behold the world . . . . .                                        | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 254              |
| Believe me, if all those endearing young charms . . . . .         | <i>Thomas Hood</i> . . . . . 344                    |
| Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way . . . . .         | <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> . . . . . 171               |
| Beware, exulting youth, beware . . . . .                          | <i>Charles Machz</i> . . . . . 531                  |
| Beyond the shadow of the ship . . . . .                           | <i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> . . . . . 443        |
| Bird of the wilderness . . . . .                                  | <i>J. Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd)</i> . . . . . 245 |
| Bless'd is the hearth where daughters gird the fire . . . . .     | <i>Etienne Elcott</i> . . . . . 301                 |
| Blest tears of soul-felt penitence . . . . .                      | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 333                   |
| Blow, blow thou winter wind . . . . .                             | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 47             |
| Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear . . . . .                  | <i>Charles Dibdin</i> . . . . . 269                 |
| Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow! . . . . .          | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 43             |
| Blue-bird! on yon leafless tree . . . . .                         | <i>Lydia Huntly Sigourney</i> . . . . . 533         |
| Borne upon the ocean's foam . . . . .                             | <i>Lydia Huntly Sigourney</i> . . . . . 532         |
| Breathes there the man with soul so dead . . . . .                | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 357               |
| Bright be the place of thy soul! . . . . .                        | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 431       |
| Brook! whose society the poet seeks . . . . .                     | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 327             |
| Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride . . . . .                 | <i>Wm. Hamilton, of Bangour</i> . . . . . 136       |
| Busy, curious, thirsty fly . . . . .                              | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . . 212                      |
| But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay . . . . .                  | <i>James Beattie</i> . . . . . 166                  |
| But I remember, when the fight was done . . . . .                 | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 62             |
| But love, first learned in a lady's eyes . . . . .                | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 31             |
| But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky . . . . .                 | <i>William Shensstone</i> . . . . . 130             |
| But pleasures are like poppies spread . . . . .                   | <i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . . 233                   |
| But who the melodies of morn can tell? . . . . .                  | <i>James Beattie</i> . . . . . 164                  |
| By ceaseless action all that is sublimed . . . . .                | <i>William Cowper</i> . . . . . 211                 |
| By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail! . . . . .             | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 382       |
| Call it not vain:—they do not err . . . . .                       | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 352               |



|                                                                             | PAGE                                            |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd . . . . .                        | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 42         |
| Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be . . . . .                           | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 404   |
| Clarens ! sweet Clarens ! birthplace of deep love ! . . . . .               | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 400   |
| Clarkson ! it was an obstinate hill to climb . . . . .                      | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 329         |
| Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake . . . . .                         | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 398   |
| Clime of the West ! that to the hunter's bow . . . . .                      | <i>Lydia Huntly Sigourney</i> . . . . . 534     |
| Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come . . . . .                            | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 39         |
| Come away, come away, death . . . . .                                       | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 37         |
| Come, Disappointment, come ! . . . . .                                      | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 266          |
| Come follow, follow me . . . . .                                            | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . . 76                   |
| Come hither to me, Harry . . . . .                                          | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 66         |
| Come home . . . . .                                                         | <i>Felicia Hemans</i> . . . . . 286             |
| "Come, if you dare !" our trumpets sound . . . . .                          | <i>John Dryden</i> . . . . . 117                |
| Come leave the loathed stage . . . . .                                      | <i>Ben Jonson</i> . . . . . 12                  |
| Come, let's away to prison . . . . .                                        | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 43         |
| Come, live with me, and be my love . . . . .                                | <i>Christopher Marlowe</i> . . . . . 24         |
| Come, night — Come, Romeo ! come, thou day in night ! . . . . .             | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 58         |
| Come o'er the sea, Maiden, with me . . . . .                                | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 350               |
| Come, Patrick, clear up the storms on your brow . . . . .                   | <i>Hon. Mrs. Norton</i> . . . . . 496           |
| Come, pensive sage, who lovest to dwell . . . . .                           | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 258          |
| Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer . . . . .                    | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 352               |
| Come, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace . . . . .                   | <i>Sir Philip Sidney</i> . . . . . 475          |
| Come, track with me this little vagrant rill . . . . .                      | <i>Thomas Doubleday</i> . . . . . 520           |
| Coming to kiss her lips (such grace I found) . . . . .                      | <i>Edmund Spenser</i> . . . . . 28              |
| Companion dear ! the hour draws nigh . . . . .                              | <i>Lydia Huntly Sigourney</i> . . . . . 532     |
| Could great men thunder . . . . .                                           | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 52         |
| Creator Spirit, by whose aid . . . . .                                      | <i>John Dryden</i> . . . . . 118                |
| Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud . . . . .                   | <i>John Milton</i> . . . . . 106                |
| Cupid and my Campaspe played . . . . .                                      | <i>John Lyly</i> . . . . . 34                   |
| Curs'd be the man (what do I wish ? as though . . . . .                     | <i>Abraham Cowley</i> . . . . . 23              |
| Cynac, this three years' day these eyes, though clear . . . . .             | <i>John Milton</i> . . . . . 107                |
| Damon, let a friend advise ye . . . . .                                     | <i>Thomas Dufsey</i> . . . . . 90               |
| Daughter of Jove, relentless pow'r . . . . .                                | <i>Thomas Gray</i> . . . . . 190                |
| Day glimmers on the dying and the dead . . . . .                            | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 414   |
| Day set on Norham's castled steep . . . . .                                 | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 360           |
| Dear Betty, come give me sweet kisses . . . . .                             | <i>Sir Chas. Hanbury Williams</i> . . . . . 252 |
| Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd . . . . .                                  | <i>Nathaniel Cotton</i> . . . . . 210           |
| Dear common flower, that growest beside the way . . . . .                   | <i>F. R. Lowell</i> . . . . . 552               |
| Dear is the hallow'd morn to me . . . . .                                   | <i>Allan Cunningham</i> . . . . . 307           |
| Dear is my little native vale . . . . .                                     | <i>Samuel Rogers</i> . . . . . 245              |
| Dear object of defeated care ! . . . . .                                    | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 431   |
| Death found strange beauty on that polished brow . . . . .                  | <i>Lydia Huntly Sigourney</i> . . . . . 532     |
| Deceiving world, that with alluring toys . . . . .                          | <i>Robert Greene</i> . . . . . 33               |
| Descend, ye Nine ! descend and sing . . . . .                               | <i>Alexander Pope</i> . . . . . 140             |
| Deserted by the waning moon . . . . .                                       | <i>Thomas Dibdin</i> . . . . . 271              |
| Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars . . . . .                       | <i>John Dryden</i> . . . . . 115                |
| Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes . . . . .                      | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 50         |
| Do I regret the past ? . . . . .                                            | <i>Robert Southey</i> . . . . . 295             |
| Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers . . . . .                    | <i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> . . . . . 476 |
| Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed . . . . .                       | <i>Samuel Rogers</i> . . . . . 240              |
| Draw thy sword . . . . .                                                    | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 43         |
| Drink to her who long . . . . .                                             | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 345               |
| Drink to me only with thine eyes . . . . .                                  | <i>Ben Jonson</i> . . . . . 10                  |
| Dull grave ! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood . . . . .            | <i>Robert Blair</i> . . . . . 187               |
| Duncan is in his grave . . . . .                                            | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 41         |
| Earth has not anything to show more fair . . . . .                          | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 327         |
| Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood ! . . . . .                          | <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> . . . . . 433       |
| Earth, sparkling bridelike, bares her bosom to the nestling night . . . . . | <i>Gerald Massey</i> . . . . . 501              |
| Edna ! Scotia's darling seat ! . . . . .                                    | <i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . . 238               |
| Egeria ! sweet creation of some heart . . . . .                             | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 405   |
| Ere, in the northern gale . . . . .                                         | <i>William Cullen Bryant</i> . . . . . 544      |
| Eternal Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime . . . . .                        | <i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . . . 454            |
| Eterne Apollo ! that thy sister fair . . . . .                              | <i>John Keats</i> . . . . . 471                 |
| Evening, as slow thy placid shades descend . . . . .                        | <i>William Lisle Bowles</i> . . . . . 243       |

|                                                     |                            |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|------|
| Evening-comes on : arising from the stream          | Robert Southey             | 1AGE |
| Ever and evermore                                   | Charles Mackay             | 289  |
| Faintly as tolls the evening chime                  | Thomas Moore               | 341  |
| Fair, as the first that fell of womankind           | George Gordon Lord Byron   | 382  |
| Fair clime ! where every season smiles              | George Gordon Lord Byron   | 330  |
| Fair daffodils, we weep to see                      | Robert Herrick             | 87   |
| Fair flower, that shunn'st the glare of day         | Bernard Barton             | 310  |
| Fair pledges of a fruitful tree                     | Robert Herrick             | 87   |
| Fair Rosalind in woful wise                         | Anonymous                  | 252  |
| Fair stood the wind for France                      | Michael Drayton            | 18   |
| Fair, sweet, and young, receive a prize             | John Dryden                | 117  |
| Fair wert thou, in the dreams                       | Felicia Hemans             | 281  |
| Fall'n is thy throne, O Israel !                    | Thomas Moore               | 356  |
| Fare thee well ! and if for ever                    | George Gordon Lord Byron   | 420  |
| Fare thee well, great heart !                       | William Shakspeare         | 65   |
| Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness      | William Shakspeare         | 71   |
| Farewell ! but whenever you welcome the hour        | Thomas Moore               | 343  |
| Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter !       | Thomas Moore               | 354  |
| Farewell ! if ever fondest prayer                   | George Gordon Lord Byron   | 429  |
| Farewell, oh day misspent                           | Charles Mackay             | 527  |
| Farewell to the land, where the gloom of my glory   | George Gordon Lord Byron   | 421  |
| Far, far upon the sea                               | Charles Mackay             | 531  |
| Far in a wild, unknown to public view               | Thomas Parnell             | 199  |
| Far in the windings of a vale                       | David Mallet               | 186  |
| Far to the right, where Appennine ascends           | Oliver Goldsmith           | 175  |
| Father of Heroes, high dweller of eddying winds     | James Macpherson           | 209  |
| Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends         | William Shakspeare         | 71   |
| Fie, fie ! unknt that threatening unknt brow        | William Shakspeare         | 51   |
| Fill the bumper fair !                              | Thomas Moore               | 353  |
| Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe              | Lydia Huntly Sigourney     | 535  |
| Fly from the press, and dwell with soothfastness    | Geoffrey Chaucer           | 2    |
| Fly not yet ; 'tis just the hour                    | Thomas Moore               | 343  |
| Follow a shadow, it still flies you                 | Ben Jonson                 | 13   |
| For England when with favouring gale                | Anonymous                  | 272  |
| For gold the merchant ploughs the main              | Robert Burns               | 236  |
| For, this ye know well, tho' I wouldn't lie         | Geoffrey Chaucer           | 1    |
| For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich          | William Shakspeare         | 50   |
| For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes             | Joseph Addison             | 150  |
| Four seasons fill the measure of the year           | John Keats                 | 475  |
| Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven                 | Samuel Johnson             | 208  |
| Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears      | William Shakspeare         |      |
| From camp to camp                                   | William Shakspeare         |      |
| From life without freedom, oh ! who would not fly ? | Thomas Moore               | 353  |
| From Stirling castle we had seen                    | William Wordsworth         | 321  |
| From walk to walk, from shade to shade              | Joseph Addison             | 152  |
| From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive            | William Shakspeare         | 51   |
| Full many a glorious morning have I seen            | William Shakspeare         | 75   |
| Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head           | Henry Kirke White          | 261  |
| Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild             | Henry Kirke White          | 268  |
| Give me more love, or more disdain                  | Thomas Carew               | 82   |
| Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have           | William Shakspeare         | 45   |
| Give place, ye lovers here before                   | The Earl of Surrey         |      |
| Give thy thoughts no tongue                         | William Shakspeare         |      |
| Glide soft ye silver floods                         | William Browne             |      |
| God forgive them that have so much sway'd           | William Shakspeare         | 64   |
| God help thee, traveller, on thy journey far        | Henry Kirke White          | 260  |
| God sent his singers upon earth                     | Henry Wadsworth Longfellow | 570  |
| Go, lovely rose !                                   | Edmund Waller              | 81   |
| Good-bye, proud world ! I'm going home              | Ralph Waldo Emerson        |      |
| Good morrow to the day so fair                      | Robert Herrick             |      |
| Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord           | William Shakspeare         | 55   |
| Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see         | Charles Dibdin             | 268  |
| Go, soul, the body's guest                          | Sir Walter Raleigh         | 76   |
| Go, thou gentle whispering wind                     | Thomas Carew               | 83   |
| Go where glory waits thee                           | Thomas Moore               | 341  |

|                                                         | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Go ! You may call it madness, folly—                    | 247  |
| Go, youth beloved, in distant glades . . .              | 248  |
| Great men have been among us ; hands that penned        | 329  |
| Great though thou art, awake thee from the dream        | 511  |
| Green fields of England ! wheresoe'er                   | 486  |
| Had I a heart for falsehood framed . . .                | 251  |
| Had I so lavish of my presence been                     | 63   |
| Hail adamant steel ! magnetic lord                      | 161  |
| Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove !                 | 249  |
| Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born       | 92   |
| Hail thou, the ever young, albeit of night              | 512  |
| Hail to the chief who in triumph advances !             | 368  |
| Hail to thee, blithe spirit !                           | 441  |
| Hail twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour !         | 325  |
| Hail-past three in the morning !                        | 526  |
| Hamelin town's in Brunswick                             | 428  |
| Happy in England ! I could be content                   | 474  |
| Happy they, the happiest of their kind                  | 154  |
| Hark ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds            | 408  |
| Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings           | 53   |
| Hark ! heard ye not that piercing cry                   | 161  |
| Hark ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note !     | 393  |
| Hark ! the convent bells are ringing . . .              | 273  |
| Has sorrow thy young days shaded . . .                  | 350  |
| Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star              | 447  |
| Have we not seen round Britain's peopled shore          | 178  |
| Have you not seen the timid tear                        | 340  |
| Heap on more wood !—the wind is chill                   | 363  |
| Hear him but reason in divinity                         | 68   |
| Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate        | 142  |
| Heaven hath its crown of stars, the earth . . .         | 523  |
| He call'd his friend, and prefaced with a sigh          | 225  |
| He is gone on the mountain                              | 366  |
| He is gracious if he be observed                        | 65   |
| He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free . . .      | 222  |
| He jests at scars that never felt a wound               | 57   |
| Hence all you vain delights                             | 33   |
| Hence away, vindictive thought !                        | 260  |
| Hence loathed melancholy                                | 99   |
| Hence vain deluding joys . . .                          | 101  |
| He prayeth best, who loveth best                        | 444  |
| He raised the golden cup from the board . . .           | 463  |
| Her, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows          | 243  |
| Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling               | 270  |
| Here first I entered though with toil and pain . . .    | 255  |
| Here it comes sparkling                                 | 293  |
| Here's the bower she loved so much . . .                | 354  |
| Here unmolested, through whatever sign . . .            | 218  |
| Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee                        | 86   |
| Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under                 | 73   |
| Her suffering ended with the day . . .                  | 555  |
| He sate him down at a pillar's base . . .               | 361  |
| He that loves a rosy cheek                              | 82   |
| He that outlives this day, and comes safe home          | 68   |
| He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced . . . | 466  |
| He turned not—spoke not—sunk not—fixed his look         | 413  |
| He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall and . . .        | 398  |
| He who hath bent him o'er the dead . . .                | 380  |
| Hide me, O twilight air !                               | 495  |
| Higher, higher, will we climb                           | 226  |
| High is our calling, friend ! creative Art              | 331  |
| High on a throne of royal state which far . . .         | 91   |
| His nature is too noble for the world . . .             | 44   |
| His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles              | 57   |
| Hollow is the oak beside the sunny waters drooping      | 519  |
| Honey from silkworms who can gather . . .               | 438  |
| Hope on, hope ever ! though to-day be dark . . .        | 527  |
| Samuel Rogers                                           | 247  |
| Mrs Amelia Opie                                         | 248  |
| William Wordsworth                                      | 329  |
| Lord Lytton                                             | 511  |
| Arthur Hugh Clough                                      | 486  |
| Richard Brinsley Sheridan                               | 251  |
| William Shakespeare                                     | 63   |
| Erasmus Darwin                                          | 161  |
| John Logan                                              | 249  |
| John Milton                                             | 92   |
| Lord Lytton                                             | 512  |
| Sir Walter Scott                                        | 368  |
| Percy Bysshe Shelley                                    | 441  |
| William Wordsworth                                      | 325  |
| Charles Mackay                                          | 526  |
| Robert Browning                                         | 428  |
| John Keats                                              | 474  |
| James Thomson                                           | 154  |
| George Gordon Lord Byron                                | 408  |
| William Shakespeare                                     | 53   |
| Erasmus Darwin                                          | 161  |
| George Gordon Lord Byron                                | 393  |
| Thomas Haynes Bayley                                    | 273  |
| Thomas Moore                                            | 350  |
| Samuel Taylor Coleridge                                 | 447  |
| Oliver Goldsmith                                        | 178  |
| Thomas Moore                                            | 340  |
| Sir Walter Scott                                        | 363  |
| William Shakespeare                                     | 68   |
| Alexander Pope                                          | 142  |
| Gerald Massey                                           | 523  |
| George Crabbe                                           | 225  |
| Sir Walter Scott                                        | 366  |
| William Shakespeare                                     | 65   |
| William Cowper                                          | 222  |
| William Shakespeare                                     | 57   |
| Samuel Fletcher                                         | 33   |
| Henry Kirke White                                       | 260  |
| John Milton                                             | 99   |
| John Milton                                             | 101  |
| Samuel Taylor Coleridge                                 | 444  |
| Letitia Elizabeth Landon                                | 463  |
| Samuel Rogers                                           | 243  |
| Charles Dibdin                                          | 270  |
| Henry Kirke White                                       | 255  |
| Robert Southey                                          | 293  |
| Thomas Moore                                            | 354  |
| William Cowper                                          | 218  |
| Robert Herrick                                          | 86   |
| William Shakespeare                                     | 73   |
| James Aldrich                                           | 555  |
| George Gordon Lord Byron                                | 361  |
| Thomas Carew                                            | 82   |
| William Shakespeare                                     | 68   |
| Robert Pollok                                           | 466  |
| George Gordon Lord Byron                                | 413  |
| George Gordon Lord Byron                                | 398  |
| George Gordon Lord Byron                                | 380  |
| B. W. Procter (B. Cornwall)                             | 495  |
| James Montgomery                                        | 226  |
| William Wordsworth                                      | 331  |
| John Milton                                             | 91   |
| William Shakespeare                                     | 44   |
| William Shakespeare                                     | 57   |
| Lord Lytton                                             | 519  |
| Percy Bysshe Shelley                                    | 438  |
| Gerald Massey                                           | 527  |

|                                                       | PAGE                                            |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| How are thy servants blest, oh Lord!                  | 71. <i>ph. Addison</i> . . . . . 131            |
| How beautiful is genius when combined                 | <i>John Wilson</i> . . . . . 304                |
| How beautiful is night!                               | <i>Robert Southey</i> . . . . . 289             |
| How beautiful is the rain!                            | <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 569 |
| How charming is divine philosophy!                    | <i>John Milton</i> . . . . . 110                |
| How cheery are the mariners—                          | <i>Parry Benjamin</i> . . . . . 554             |
| How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright          | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 331         |
| How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood | <i>Samuel Woodworth</i> . . . . . 557           |
| How fearful                                           | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 42         |
| How happy is he born and taught                       | <i>Sir Henry Wotton</i> . . . . . 80            |
| How many days with mute adieu                         | <i>Thomas Miller</i> . . . . . 503              |
| How many thousand of my poorest subjects              | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 65         |
| How mournful seems, in broken dreams                  | <i>Hon. Mrs. Norton</i> . . . . . 495           |
| How oft when men are at the point of death            | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 59         |
| How sleep the brave, who sink to rest                 | <i>William Collins</i> . . . . . 122            |
| How sweet it is when mother Fancy rocks               | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 325         |
| How sweet it were, if without feeble fright           | <i>Lugh Hunt</i> . . . . . 376                  |
| How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!        | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 47         |
| How sweet the tuneful bells responsive peal!          | <i>William Lisle Bonjes</i> . . . . . 313       |
| How wonderful is Death                                | <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> . . . . . 432       |
| I am monarch of all I survey                          | <i>William Cowper</i> . . . . . 223             |
| I am myself but a vile link                           | <i>Alaric Alexander Watts</i> . . . . . 465     |
| I am not one who much or oft delight                  | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 323         |
| I arise from dreams of thee                           | <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> . . . . . 442       |
| I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers       | <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> . . . . . 439       |
| I cannot blame thy choice (the Sage replied)          | <i>James Beattie</i> . . . . . 166              |
| I classed, appraising once                            | <i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> . . . . . 481 |
| I come, I come! ye have called me long                | <i>Felicia Hemans</i> . . . . . 276             |
| I do confess that I have wished to give               | <i>Lord Lytton</i> . . . . . 507                |
| I do remember an apothecary,—                         | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 59         |
| If all the world and love were young                  | <i>Robert Southwell</i> . . . . . 25            |
| If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song              | <i>William Collins</i> . . . . . 122            |
| If ever you should come to Modena                     | <i>Samuel Rogers</i> . . . . . 242              |
| If he, from heaven that filch'd that living fire      | <i>Michael Drayton</i> . . . . . 19             |
| If I might trust the flattering eye of sleep          | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 59         |
| If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well      | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 49         |
| If lusty love should go in quest of beauty            | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 60         |
| If mine eyes do e'er declare                          | <i>Abraham Cowley</i> . . . . . 23              |
| If music be the food of love, play on                 | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 37         |
| If sometimes in the haunts of men                     | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 421   |
| If that high world, which lies beyond                 | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 426   |
| If this pale rose offend your sight                   | <i>James Somerville</i> . . . . . 187           |
| If those dear eyes that watch me now                  | <i>Julian Fane</i> . . . . . 504                |
| If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright              | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 357           |
| If 'tis love to wish you near                         | <i>Charles Dibdin</i> . . . . . 263             |
| I grieved for Buonaparte, with a vain                 | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 323         |
| I had a dream, which was not all a dream              | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 413   |
| I had a little daughter                               | <i>J. R. Lowell</i> . . . . . 553               |
| I had a message to send her                           | <i>Adelaide Anne Procter</i> . . . . . 504      |
| I have a people of mine own                           | <i>Charles Mackay</i> . . . . . 526             |
| I have had playmates, I have had companions           | <i>Charles Lamb</i> . . . . . 300               |
| I have liv'd long enough: my way of life              | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 42         |
| I have mark'd                                         | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 50         |
| I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands         | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 69         |
| I have thy love—I know no fear                        | <i>Lord Lytton</i> . . . . . 512                |
| I heard the trailing garments of the night            | <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 561 |
| I knew, I knew it could not last                      | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 333               |
| I know where the timid fawn abides                    | <i>William Cullen Bryant</i> . . . . . 545      |
| I lay in sorrow, deep distressed                      | <i>Charles Mackay</i> . . . . . 531             |
| I'll bid the hyacinth to blow                         | <i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . . . 459            |
| I'll gaze no more on her bewildering face             | <i>Thomas Carew</i> . . . . . 82                |
| I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock                      | <i>Samuel Lover</i> . . . . . 506               |
| I loathe that I dy'd love                             | <i>Sir Thomas Wyatt</i> . . . . . 5             |
| lov'd a lass, a fair one                              | <i>G. Wither</i> . . . . . 79                   |
| Love it—I love it, and who shall dare                 | <i>Eliza Cook</i> . . . . . 593                 |
| love thee! I love thee!                               | <i>Thomas Hood</i> . . . . . 379                |

|                                                                              | PAGE                                                |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| I'm sitting on the stile, Mary . . . . .                                     | <i>Lady Dufferin</i> . . . . . 519                  |
| In a drear-nighted December . . . . .                                        | <i>John Keats</i> . . . . . 475                     |
| In a soft summer gloamin' . . . . .                                          | <i>William Motherwell</i> . . . . . 469             |
| In broad daylight, and at noon . . . . .                                     | <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 567     |
| I ne'er could any lustre see . . . . .                                       | <i>Richard Brinsley Sheridan</i> . . . . . 252      |
| In every village mark'd with little spire . . . . .                          | <i>William Shenstone</i> . . . . . 179              |
| In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand . . . . .                             | <i>Samuel Johnson</i> . . . . . 207                 |
| Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood . . . . .                              | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 328             |
| In lowly dale, fast by a river's side . . . . .                              | <i>James Thomson</i> . . . . . 158                  |
| In love, if love be love, if love be ours . . . . .                          | <i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . . . 501                |
| In sunset's light o'er Afric thrown . . . . .                                | <i>Felicia Hemans</i> . . . . . 283                 |
| In that building long and low . . . . .                                      | <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 564     |
| In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched . . . . .                 | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 333             |
| In the merry month of May . . . . .                                          | <i>Nicholas Breton</i> . . . . . 88                 |
| In Xanadu did Kubla Khan . . . . .                                           | <i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> . . . . . 450        |
| In yonder grave a Druid lies . . . . .                                       | <i>William Collins</i> . . . . . 128                |
| I pray thee love, love me no more . . . . .                                  | <i>Michael Drayton</i> . . . . . 18                 |
| I prithee send me back my heart . . . . .                                    | <i>Sir John Suckling</i> . . . . . 84               |
| I sat 'mid the flickering lights, when all the guests had departed . . . . . | <i>Charles Mackay</i> . . . . . 529                 |
| I saw, but thou could'st not . . . . .                                       | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 40             |
| I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining . . . . .                 | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 312                   |
| I saw old Time, destroyer of mankind . . . . .                               | <i>William Henry Whitworth</i> . . . . . 519        |
| I saw thee weep—the big bright tear . . . . .                                | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 427       |
| I saw thy form in youthful prime . . . . .                                   | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 344                   |
| I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on . . . . .                              | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 65             |
| I see a star—eve's firstborn—in whose train . . . . .                        | <i>Felicia Hemans</i> . . . . . 280                 |
| I see she flies me everywhere . . . . .                                      | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . . 138                      |
| I see thee still! thou art not dead . . . . .                                | <i>Wills G. Clark</i> . . . . . 553                 |
| I shot an arrow into the air . . . . .                                       | <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 572     |
| I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he . . . . .                         | <i>Robert Browning</i> . . . . . 487                |
| Is there a bard whom genius fires . . . . .                                  | <i>John Gay</i> . . . . . 103                       |
| Is there a whim-inspired fool . . . . .                                      | <i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . . 224                   |
| Is there, for honest poverty . . . . .                                       | <i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . . 235                   |
| Is this a dagger which I see before me . . . . .                             | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 41             |
| Is thy name Mary, maiden fair? . . . . .                                     | <i>Oliver W. Holmes</i> . . . . . 554               |
| Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast . . . . .                                   | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 402       |
| I think of thee—I think of thee . . . . .                                    | <i>Alaric Alexander Watts</i> . . . . . 463         |
| I think on thee in the night . . . . .                                       | <i>Thomas K. Hervey</i> . . . . . 468               |
| I thought once how Theocritus had sung . . . . .                             | <i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> . . . . . 480     |
| It is a beauteous evening, calm and free . . . . .                           | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 327             |
| It is a place where poets crowned may feel the hearts' decaying . . . . .    | <i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> . . . . . 479     |
| It is not that my lot is low . . . . .                                       | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 262              |
| It is not only in the sacred fane . . . . .                                  | <i>James Graham</i> . . . . . 251                   |
| It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,— . . . . .                        | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 54             |
| It is the curse of kings to be attended . . . . .                            | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 60             |
| It is the hour when from the boughs . . . . .                                | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 387       |
| It is the midnight hour—the beauteous sea . . . . .                          | <i>John Wilson</i> . . . . . 303                    |
| It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well— . . . . .                          | <i>Joseph Addison</i> . . . . . 152                 |
| It was a barren scene, and wild . . . . .                                    | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 364               |
| It was a friar of orders grey . . . . .                                      | <i>T. Percy (Bishop of Dromore)</i> . . . . . 206   |
| It was a summer evening . . . . .                                            | <i>Robert Southey</i> . . . . . 297                 |
| It was the May when I was born . . . . .                                     | <i>Lord Lytton</i> . . . . . 507                    |
| It was the schooner Hesperus . . . . .                                       | <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 573     |
| It was the winter wild . . . . .                                             | <i>John Milton</i> . . . . . 107                    |
| It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven . . . . .                           | <i>Robert Southey</i> . . . . . 291                 |
| I waited for the train at Coventry . . . . .                                 | <i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . . . 495                |
| I weep for Adonais—he is dead! . . . . .                                     | <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> . . . . . 437           |
| I will be hang'd if some eternal villain . . . . .                           | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 55             |
| I wish I were where Helen lies! . . . . .                                    | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . . 121                      |
| Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze . . . . .                         | <i>William Cowper</i> . . . . . 215                 |
| King Death was a rare old fellow . . . . .                                   | <i>B. W. Procter (Barry Cornwall)</i> . . . . . 494 |
| King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport . . . . .            | <i>Leigh Hunt</i> . . . . . 375                     |
| Know, Celia, since thou art so proud . . . . .                               | <i>Thomas Carew</i> . . . . . 83                    |
| Knows he who tills this lonely field . . . . .                               | <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . . 537            |
| Know thou this truth, enough for man to know . . . . .                       | <i>Alexander Pope</i> . . . . . 141                 |
| Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle . . . . .                      | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 382       |

|                                                                 | PAGE                                          |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| Last came Anarchy ; he rode . . . . .                           | <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> . . . . . 438     |
| Late from this western shore, that morning chased . . . . .     | <i>William Cullen Bryant</i> . . . . . 541    |
| Lay a garland on my hearse . . . . .                            | <i>Samuel Fletcher</i> . . . . . 33           |
| Lay in my quiet bed in study as I were . . . . .                | <i>The Earl of Surrey</i> . . . . . 2         |
| Lesbia hath a beaming eye . . . . .                             | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 346             |
| Let me play the fool . . . . .                                  | <i>William Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 43        |
| Let others seek for empty joys . . . . .                        | <i>Alaric Alexander Watts</i> . . . . . 461   |
| Let vanity adorn the marble tomb . . . . .                      | <i>James Beattie</i> . . . . .                |
| Life is the transmigration of a soul . . . . .                  | <i>James Montgomery</i> . . . . .             |
| Life ! we've been long together . . . . .                       | <i>Mrs. Barbauld</i> . . . . . 247            |
| Light was his form, and darkly delicate . . . . .               | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 413 |
| Like as the culver on the bared bough . . . . .                 | <i>Edmund Spenser</i> . . . . . 28            |
| Like as the damask rose you see . . . . .                       | <i>Simon Wastell</i> . . . . . 89             |
| Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps . . . . .          | <i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . . . 458          |
| Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest . . . . .              | <i>William Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 73        |
| Lo ! in the west fast fades the lingering light . . . . .       | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 264        |
| Look here, upon this picture, and on this . . . . .             | <i>William Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 35        |
| Love banish'd heaven, in earth was held in scorn . . . . .      | <i>Michael Drayton</i> . . . . . 20           |
| Love comforteth like sunshine after rain . . . . .              | <i>William Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 73        |
| Love in a humour play'd the prodigal . . . . .                  | <i>Michael Drayton</i> . . . . . 19           |
| Love in her sunny eyes does basking play . . . . .              | <i>Abraham Cowley</i> . . . . . 23            |
| Love in my bosom, like a bee . . . . .                          | <i>Thomas Lodge</i> . . . . . 32              |
| Love is the happy privilege of the mind— . . . . .              | <i>Philip James Bailey</i> . . . . . 467      |
| Love me little, love me long . . . . .                          | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . . 31                 |
| Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay ! . . . . .         | <i>Hon. Mrs. Norton</i> . . . . . 495         |
| Maid of Athens, ere we part . . . . .                           | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 431 |
| Maid of my love, sweet Genevieve ! . . . . .                    | <i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> . . . . . 449  |
| Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees . . . . .       | <i>Samuel Rogers</i> . . . . . 238            |
| Mary, I believed thee true . . . . .                            | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 341             |
| Maud Müller, on a summer's day . . . . .                        | <i>J. G. Whittier</i> . . . . . 539           |
| May one kind grave unite each hapless name . . . . .            | <i>Alexander Pope</i> . . . . . 149           |
| Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man . . . . .               | <i>John Milton</i> . . . . . 97               |
| Men are but children of a larger growth . . . . .               | <i>John Dryden</i> . . . . . 117              |
| Men of England ! who inherit . . . . .                          | <i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . . . 456          |
| Merrily, merrily goes the bark . . . . .                        | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 372         |
| Methinks it is good to be here . . . . .                        | <i>Herbert Knowles</i> . . . . . 274          |
| Methinks we must have known some former state . . . . .         | <i>Letitia Elizabeth Landon</i> . . . . . 465 |
| Methought I saw my late espoused saint . . . . .                | <i>John Milton</i> . . . . . 107              |
| Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire ! . . . . .            | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 267        |
| Milton ! thou should'st be living at this hour . . . . .        | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 329       |
| Mine be a cot beside the hill . . . . .                         | <i>Samuel Rogers</i> . . . . . 245            |
| Moan, ye wild winds ! around the pane . . . . .                 | <i>Bayard Taylor</i> . . . . . 536            |
| Moon of harvest, herald mild . . . . .                          | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 262        |
| Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors . . . . .             | <i>William Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 53        |
| Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn . . . . .                       | <i>Tobias Smollett</i> . . . . . 181          |
| Much have I travelled in the realms of gold . . . . .           | <i>John Keats</i> . . . . . 474               |
| My author and disposer, what thou bid'st . . . . .              | <i>John Milton</i> . . . . . 95               |
| My darling, my darling, while silence is on the moor . . . . .  | <i>Gerald Griffin</i> . . . . . 468           |
| My days among the dead are pass'd . . . . .                     | <i>Robert Southey</i> . . . . . 287           |
| My dear and only love, I pray . . . . .                         | <i>Marquis of Montrose</i> . . . . . 89       |
| My eye, descending from the hills, surveys . . . . .            | <i>Sir John Denham</i> . . . . . 112          |
| My eyes make pictures when they're shut . . . . .               | <i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> . . . . . 449  |
| My hawk is tired of perch and hood . . . . .                    | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 370         |
| My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains . . . . .           | <i>John Keats</i> . . . . . 471               |
| My life is like the summer rose . . . . .                       | <i>Richard Henry Wilde</i> . . . . . 557      |
| My love he built me a bony bower . . . . .                      | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . . 134                |
| My Mother's voice ! how often creeps . . . . .                  | <i>Nathaniel P. Willis</i> . . . . . 549      |
| My soul is dark—oh ! quickly string . . . . .                   | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 427 |
| My soul turn from them :—turn we to survey . . . . .            | <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> . . . . . 176         |
| Mysterious night ! when our first parent knew . . . . .         | <i>Rev. J. Blanco White</i> . . . . . 314     |
| My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes . . . . . | <i>Alaric Alexander Watts</i> . . . . . 461   |
| Nay, do not think I flatter . . . . .                           | <i>William Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 36        |
| Near to the silver Trent . . . . .                              | <i>Michael Drayton</i> . . . . . 16           |
| Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled . . . . .       | <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> . . . . . 179         |
| Neglected now the early daisy lies . . . . .                    | <i>Robert Bloomfield</i> . . . . . 250        |

|                                                            | PAGE                                   |
|------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| No man has more contempt than I of breath                  | John Dryden . . . . . 118              |
| No more shall meads bedeck'd with flowers                  | Thomas Carew . . . . . 84              |
| None are all evil—quickening round his heart               | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 411 |
| None hath seen its secret fountain                         | Robert Southey . . . . . 289           |
| None remember thee! thou whose heart                       | Hon. Mrs. Norton . . . . . 406         |
| No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be                     | Sir John Suckling . . . . . 85         |
| Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds                   | William Cowper . . . . . 211           |
| No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all                 | John Milton . . . . . 93               |
| Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note.                  | Rev. Charles Wolfe . . . . . 275       |
| No, 'tis slander                                           | William Shakspeare . . . . . 53        |
| Not marble, not the gilded monuments                       | William Shakspeare . . . . . 75        |
| Now all the youth of England are on fire                   | William Shakspeare . . . . . 68        |
| Now at noon                                                | William Cowper . . . . . 217           |
| Now came still evening on, and twilight gray               | John Milton . . . . . 95               |
| Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are! | Lord Macaulay . . . . . 482            |
| Now is the time when, after sparkling showers              | Lord Lytton . . . . . 509              |
| Now is the winter of our discontent                        | William Shakspeare . . . . . 70        |
| Now look on man                                            | Henry Kirke White . . . . . 256        |
| Now my co-mates, and brothers in exile                     | William Shakspeare . . . . . 46        |
| Now nature hangs her mantle green                          | Robert Burns . . . . . 234             |
| Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast             | William Cowper . . . . . 212           |
| Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height                 | Erasmus Darwin . . . . . 159           |
| Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright             | William Wordsworth . . . . . 330       |
| Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger               | John Milton . . . . . 112              |
| Nuns fret not at the convent's narrow room                 | William Wordsworth . . . . . 325       |
| O, and is all forgot?                                      | William Shakspeare . . . . . 49        |
| O blest of heaven, whom not the languid songs              | Mark Akenside . . . . . 133            |
| O blithe new-comer! I have heard                           | William Wordsworth . . . . . 319       |
| Observe the language well in all you write                 | John Dryden . . . . . 113              |
| O Caledonia! stern and wild                                | Sir Walter Scott . . . . . 357         |
| O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea                  | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 416 |
| O'er the wide earth on mountain and on plain               | William Wordsworth . . . . . 320       |
| Of all the torments, all the cares                         | William Walsh . . . . . 41             |
| Of a' the airts the wind can blaw                          | Robert Burns . . . . . 275             |
| Of comfort no man speak                                    | William Shakspeare . . . . . 61        |
| Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit                 | John Milton . . . . . 90               |
| Of Nelson and the north                                    | Thomas Campbell . . . . . 457          |
| Of these the false Achitophel was first                    | John Dryden . . . . . 114              |
| Of I had heard of Lucy Gray                                | William Wordsworth . . . . . 314       |
| Of, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen             | Robert Blair . . . . . 187             |
| Of let me range the gloomy aisles alone                    | Thomas Tickell . . . . . 198           |
| Of, oft methinks, the while with thee                      | Samuel Taylor Coleridge . . . . . 449  |
| Of will he stoop, inquisitive to trace                     | John Clare . . . . . 469               |
| O gentle wind ('tis thus she sings)                        | Thomas Pringle . . . . . 276           |
| O God! methinks it were a happy life                       | William Shakspeare . . . . . 69        |
| O God, whose thunder shakes the sky                        | Chatterton . . . . . 184               |
| O happiness! our being's end and aim!                      | Alexander Pope . . . . . 145           |
| O happy love! where love like this is found!               | Robert Burns . . . . . 224             |
| Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers            | Thomas Moore . . . . . 345             |
| Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade        | Thomas Moore . . . . . 342             |
| Oh! call my brother back to me!                            | Felicia Hemans . . . . . 279           |
| Oh! distant stars, whose tranquil light                    | Hon. Mrs. Norton . . . . . 497         |
| Oh! doubt me not—the season                                | Thomas Moore . . . . . 349             |
| Oh, fair and stately maid, whose eyes                      | Ralph Waldo Emerson . . . . . 538      |
| Oh, fairest of the rural maids!                            | William Cullen Bryant . . . . . 548    |
| Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave                        | Thomas Moore . . . . . 338             |
| Oh, if the selfish knew how much they lost                 | William Cowper . . . . . 225           |
| Oh, it is fearful on the midnight couch                    | Henry Kirke White . . . . . 256        |
| Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home                      | Rev. Charles Kingsley . . . . . 493    |
| Oh mother of a mighty race                                 | William Cullen Bryant . . . . . 547    |
| Oh no! we never mention him, his name is never heard       | Thomas Haynes Bayley . . . . . 274     |
| Oh, reader! hast thou ever stood to see the holly tree?    | Robert Southey . . . . . 267           |
| Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!                     | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 404 |
| Oh! say not woman's heart is bought                        | T. L. Pocock . . . . . 476             |
| Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing                             | Samuel Taylor Coleridge . . . . . 443  |
| Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom                        | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 427 |

|                                                                         | PAGE                                      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Oh, take me to your arms, my love . . . . .                             | Thomas Dibdin . . . . . 272               |
| Oh ! that the desert were my dwelling . . . . .                         | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 409    |
| Oh ! the days are gone, when beauty bright . . . . .                    | Thomas Moore . . . . . 346                |
| Oh, the summer night . . . . .                                          | B. W. Procter (B. Cornwall) . . . . . 494 |
| Oh, the sweet contentment . . . . .                                     | John Chalkhill . . . . . 120              |
| Oh, thou Parnassus ! whom I now survey . . . . .                        | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 393    |
| Oh, where's the slave so lowly . . . . .                                | Thomas Moore . . . . . 352                |
| Oh ! yet, ye dear, deluding visions stay ! . . . .                      | John Langhorne . . . . . 183              |
| O, it is excellent . . . . .                                            | William Shakespeare . . . . . 52          |
| O, it is monstrous ! monstrous ! . . . . .                              | William Shakespeare . . . . . 37          |
| O, knew he but his happiness, of men . . . . .                          | James Thomson . . . . . 153               |
| O lady, twine no wreath for me . . . . .                                | Sir Walter Scott . . . . . 371            |
| Old Tubal Cain was a man of might . . . . .                             | Charles Mackay . . . . . 528              |
| O ! love of loves !—to thy white hand is given . . . . .                | The Rev. George Croly . . . . . 311       |
| O Lymoges ! Austria thou dost shame . . . . .                           | William Shakespeare . . . . . 60          |
| O, my good lord, why are you thus alone ? . . . .                       | William Shakespeare . . . . . 63          |
| O Nanny, wilt thou go with me . . . . .                                 | T. Percy, Bishop of Dromore . . . . . 205 |
| On balcony, all summer roofed with vines . . . . .                      | Alexander Smith . . . . . 513             |
| Once she did hold the gorgeous East in fee . . . . .                    | William Wordsworth . . . . . 328          |
| Once more, O Trent ! along thy pebbly marge . . . . .                   | Henry Kirke White . . . . . 267           |
| Once more unto the breach, dear friends,—once more . . . . .            | William Shakespeare . . . . . 67          |
| Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary . . . . . | Edgar Allan Poe . . . . . 559             |
| One bumper at parting !—though many . . . . .                           | Thomas Moore . . . . . 347                |
| One day I wrote her name upon the strand . . . . .                      | Edmund Spenser . . . . . 23               |
| One day, nigh weary of the irksome way . . . . .                        | Edmund Spenser . . . . . 26               |
| One fond kiss, and then we sever ! . . . . .                            | Robert Burns . . . . . 229                |
| One more unfortunate . . . . .                                          | Thomas Hood . . . . . 377                 |
| One morn a Peri at the gate . . . . .                                   | Thomas Moore . . . . . 337                |
| One struggle more, and I am free . . . . .                              | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 422    |
| O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray . . . . .                       | John Milton . . . . . 106                 |
| On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray . . . . .                     | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 426    |
| On Leven's banks, while free to rove . . . . .                          | Tobias Smollett . . . . . 183             |
| On Linden, when the sun was low . . . . .                               | Thomas Campbell . . . . . 458             |
| O now, for ever . . . . .                                               | William Shakespeare . . . . . 55          |
| On the beach of a northern sea . . . . .                                | Percy Bysshe Shelley . . . . . 433        |
| On the Sabbath-day . . . . .                                            | Alexander Smith . . . . . 514             |
| On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood . . . . .              | William Lisle Bowles . . . . . 313        |
| On what foundation stands the warrior's pride . . . . .                 | Samuel Johnson . . . . . 208              |
| Open the temple gates unto my love . . . . .                            | Edmund Spenser . . . . . 30               |
| O Piety ! oh heavenly piety ! . . . . .                                 | Charles Mackay . . . . . 527              |
| O Rose ! who dares to name thee ? . . . . .                             | Elizabeth Barrett Browning . . . . . 480  |
| O view the Lord of the unerring bow . . . . .                           | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 407    |
| O saw you not fair Ines ? . . . . .                                     | Thomas Hood . . . . . 379                 |
| O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil ! . . . . .                          | Robert Burns . . . . . 230                |
| O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright . . . . .                  | William Shakespeare . . . . . 56          |
| O stream descending to the sea . . . . .                                | Arthur Hugh Clough . . . . . 486          |
| O Sun, thy uprise shall I see no more . . . . .                         | William Shakespeare . . . . . 45          |
| O that this too too solid flesh would melt . . . . .                    | William Shakespeare . . . . . 30          |
| O that those lips had language ! life has pass'd . . . . .              | William Cowper . . . . . 220              |
| O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you . . . . .                   | William Shakespeare . . . . . 56          |
| O Thou that rollest above . . . . .                                     | James Macpherson . . . . . 209            |
| O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd, . . . . .                  | John Milton . . . . . 93                  |
| O ! thou undaunted daughter of desires . . . . .                        | Richard Crashaw . . . . . 60              |
| O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear ! . . . . .                        | Thomas Moore . . . . . 356                |
| O Thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing . . . . .                     | William Cowper . . . . . 220              |
| O Thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang . . . . .                    | John Keats . . . . . 472                  |
| O Thou, who sit'st a smiling bride . . . . .                            | William Collins . . . . . 128             |
| O Time, who knowest a lenient hand to lay . . . . .                     | William Lisle Bowles . . . . . 313        |
| Our bugles sang truce—for the night cloud had lowered . . . . .         | Thomas Campbell . . . . . 454             |
| Over meadows purple-flowered . . . . .                                  | Geo. W. Thornbury . . . . . 515           |
| O waly, waly up the bank . . . . .                                      | Anonymous . . . . . 134                   |
| O were my love yon lilac fair . . . . .                                 | Robert Burns . . . . . 276                |
| O wild West Wind, the breath of Autumn's being . . . . .                | Percy Bysshe Shelley . . . . . 433        |
| O Winter, ruler of the inverted year . . . . .                          | William Cowper . . . . . 214              |
| O Woman ! in our hours of ease . . . . .                                | Sir Walter Scott . . . . . 365            |
| O Wœ'd ! O life ! O time ! . . . . .                                    | Percy Bysshe Shelley . . . . . 438        |



|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | PAGE                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| "O, ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom !<br>O Young Lochinvar is come out of the west . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | James Beattie . . . . . 163<br>Sir Walter Scott . . . . . 352                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Pack clouds away, and welcome day . . . . .<br>Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies . . . . .<br>Papyrus, throned upon the banks of the Nile . . . . .<br>Patience and sorrow strove . . . . .<br>Pelion and Ossa flounish side by side . . . . .<br>Pictured in memory's mellowing glass, how sweet<br>Pleasures lie thickest, where no pleasures seem . . . . .<br>Poet and Saint ! to thee alone are giv'n<br>Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are<br>Possessions vanish, and opinions change<br>Praised be the art whose subtle power could stay<br>Primeval hope, the Aonian muses say<br>Pure spirit ! O where art thou now ? . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Thomas Heywood . . . . . 79<br>William Wordsworth . . . . . 317<br>Erasmus Darwin . . . . . 160<br>William Shakspeare . . . . . 42<br>William Wordsworth . . . . . 327<br>Henry Kirke White . . . . . 332<br>Laman Blanchard . . . . . 467<br>Abraham Cowley . . . . . 22<br>William Shakspeare . . . . . 43<br>William Wordsworth . . . . . 332<br>William Wordsworth . . . . . 325<br>Thomas Campbell . . . . . 451<br>Mrs. Barbauld . . . . . 247                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Queen and huntress, chaste and fair . . . . .<br>Quick o'er the wintry waste dart fiery shafts— . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | Ben Jonson . . . . . 11<br>Henry Kirke White . . . . . 258                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Read in these roses the sad story . . . . .<br>Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit, rear<br>Reas'ning at every step he treads<br>Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow<br>Repine not, O my son !<br>Rest, rest, perturbed earth !<br>Retire ;—the world shut out ;—thy thoughts call home<br>Rich and rare were the gems she wore<br>Roll on thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !<br>Roll on, ye stars ! exult in youthful prime<br>Run seize thee, ruthless king ! . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | Thomas Carew . . . . . 83<br>Henry Kirke White . . . . . 257<br>William Couper . . . . . 224<br>Oliver Goldsmith . . . . . 174<br>Robert Southey . . . . . 298<br>William Wordsworth . . . . . 331<br>Edward Young . . . . . 204<br>Thomas Moore . . . . . 343<br>George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 409<br>Erasmus Darwin . . . . . 160<br>Thomas Gray . . . . . 194                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Say what is honour ? 'tis the finest sense<br>Say, what is Taste, but the internal powers<br>Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled<br>See through this air, this ocean, and this earth<br>Send home my long stray'd eyes to me<br>Shades of ev'ning close not o'er us<br>Shall I, wasting in despair<br>She dwelt among the untrodden ways<br>She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps<br>She is not fair to outward view<br>She looks upon his lips and they are pale<br>She never told her love<br>She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace<br>She saw a sun on a summer sky<br>She's gone to dwell in heaven, my lassie<br>She slept, and there was visioned in her sleep<br>She stood breast high amid the corn<br>She walks in beauty, like the night<br>She was a phantom of delight<br>Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more<br>Signior Antonio, many a time and oft<br>Since our country, our God—oh, my sire !<br>Sing them upon the sunny hills<br>Sing to me some homely ballad<br>Sing—Who sings<br>Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs<br>Sleep, baby, sleep ! what ails my dear<br>Sleep, little baby, sleep !<br>Slow suns, more lovely ere his race he runs<br>So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity<br>Soe feeble is the thread that doth the burden stay<br>So forth issued the seasons of the year<br>Soft you ; a word or two before you go<br>Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er<br>Some feelings are to mortals given . . . . . | William Wordsworth . . . . . 330<br>Mark Akenside . . . . . 133<br>Robert Burns . . . . . 235<br>Alexander Pope . . . . . 143<br>John Donne . . . . . 21<br>Thomas Haynes Bayley . . . . . 273<br>G. Wither . . . . . 78<br>William Wordsworth . . . . . 316<br>Thomas Moore . . . . . 344<br>Hartley Coleridge . . . . . 309<br>William Shakspeare . . . . . 73<br>William Shakspeare . . . . . 37<br>George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 412<br>J. Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd) . . . . . 245<br>Allan Cunningham . . . . . 309<br>Allan Cunningham . . . . . 307<br>Thomas Hood . . . . . 378<br>George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 426<br>William Wordsworth . . . . . 319<br>William Shakspeare . . . . . 50<br>William Shakspeare . . . . . 47<br>George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 456<br>Felicia Hemans . . . . . 281<br>Charles Kent . . . . . 506<br>B. W. Procter (B. Cornwall) . . . . . 474<br>William Couper . . . . . 218<br>G. Wither . . . . . 78<br>Caroline Bowles (Mrs. Southey) . . . . . 299<br>George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 412<br>John Milton . . . . . 111<br>Sir Thomas Wyatt . . . . . 3<br>Edmund Spenser . . . . . 27<br>William Shakspeare . . . . . 53<br>Sir Walter Scott . . . . . 367<br>Sir Walter Scott . . . . . 365 |

|                                                         | PAGE                                  |
|---------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Somewhat back from the village street . . . . .         | <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 572 |
| So on he fares, and to the border comes . . . . .       | <i>John Milton</i> 94                 |
| Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea ! . . . .  | <i>Thomas Moore</i> 356               |
| Stars ! your balmy influence shed ! . . . .             | <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> 432       |
| Stern daughter of the voice of God ! . . . .            | <i>William Wordsworth</i> 324         |
| Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed . . . . .         | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 361           |
| Still to be neat, still to be drest . . . . .           | <i>Ben Jonson</i> 11                  |
| Still must my partial pencil love to dwell . . . . .    | <i>Samuel Rogers</i> 241              |
| Strength too—thou surly, and less gentle boast . . . .  | <i>Robert Blair</i> 188               |
| Strong climber of the mountain side . . . . .           | <i>Ebenezer Elzrott</i> 301           |
| Such was the talk they held upon their way . . . . .    | <i>Robert Southey</i> 289             |
| Summer eve is gone and passed . . . . .                 | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 371           |
| Sun of the sleepless ! melancholy star ! . . . .        | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 428   |
| Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain . . . .   | <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> 168           |
| Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour . . . . .    | <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> 169           |
| Sweet bird that sung'st away the early hours . . . .    | <i>William Drummond</i> 20            |
| Sweet cry ! as sacred as the blessed hymn . . . . .     | <i>Thomas Wade</i> 518                |
| Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire . . . . .     | <i>Mrs. Barbauld</i> 247              |
| Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright . . . . .        | <i>George Herbert</i> 501             |
| Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen . . . .  | <i>John Milton</i> 110                |
| Sweet Emma Moreland, of yonder town . . . . .           | <i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 501            |
| Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love . . . . .         | <i>Robert Burns</i> 233               |
| Sweet Highland girl, a very shower . . . . .            | <i>William Wordsworth</i> 320         |
| Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere . . . . .     | <i>Edmund Spenser</i> 26              |
| Sweet is the ship that under sail . . . . .             | <i>Charles Diddin</i> 269             |
| Sweet scented flower ! who'rt wont to bloom . . . . .   | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> 265          |
| Sweet to the gay o' heart is summer's smile . . . . .   | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> 258          |
| Take me, Mother Earth, to thy cold breast . . . . .     | <i>Mrs. Jameson</i> 467               |
| Take, O take those lips away . . . . .                  | <i>William Shakespeare</i> 72         |
| Talk of love in vernal hours . . . . .                  | <i>Charles Kent</i> 505               |
| Tell me, on what holy ground . . . . .                  | <i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> 449    |
| Tell me not, in mournful numbers . . . . .              | <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 562 |
| Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind . . . . .               | <i>Richard Lovelace</i> 158           |
| Tell me, thou soul of her I love . . . . .              | <i>James Thomson</i> 158              |
| That day I oft remember, when from sleep . . . . .      | <i>John Milton</i> 358                |
| That day of wrath, that dreadful day . . . . .          | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 81            |
| That which her slender waist confined . . . . .         | <i>Edmund Waller</i> 240              |
| The adventurous boy, that asks his little share . . . . | <i>Samuel Rogers</i> 303              |
| The air of death breathes through our souls . . . . .   | <i>John Wilson</i> 428                |
| The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold . . .  | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 44    |
| The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne . . . .   | <i>William Shakespeare</i> 284        |
| The boy stood on the burning deck . . . . .             | <i>Felicia Hemans</i> 277             |
| The breaking waves dash'd high . . . . .                | <i>Felicia Hemans</i> 399             |
| The castled crag of Drachenfels . . . . .               | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 369   |
| The castle gates were open flung . . . . .              | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 229           |
| The cheerful supper done, w' serious face . . . . .     | <i>Robert Burns</i> 370               |
| The cough and crow to roost are gone— . . . . .         | <i>Joanna Baillie</i> 192             |
| The curfew tolls the knell of parting day . . . . .     | <i>Thomas Gray</i> 523                |
| The day goes down red darkling . . . . .                | <i>Gerald Massey</i> 442              |
| The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew . . . . .     | <i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> 228    |
| The flash at midnight (—'twas a light . . . . .         | <i>James Montgomery</i> 436           |
| The fountains mingle with the river . . . . .           | <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> 32        |
| The glories of our birth and state . . . . .            | <i>James Shirley</i> 485              |
| The golden gleam of a summer sun . . . . .              | <i>F. W. N. Bayley</i> 310            |
| The gowan glitters on the sward . . . . .               | <i>Joanna Baillie</i> 219             |
| The groans of nature in this nether world . . . . .     | <i>William Cowper</i> 342             |
| The harp that once through Tara's halls . . . . .       | <i>Thomas Moore</i> 426               |
| The harp the monarch minstrel swept . . . . .           | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 369   |
| The heath this night must be my bed . . . . .           | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 370           |
| The hunting tribes of air and earth . . . . .           | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 415           |
| The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece ! . . . . .    | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 394   |
| The lists are open, the spacious arena cleared . . . .  | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 20    |
| The little flow'rs dropping their honey'd dew . . . .   | <i>Michael Drayton</i> 3              |
| The longer life the more offence . . . . .              | <i>Sir Thomas Wyatt</i> 24            |
| The lopp'd tree in time may grow again . . . . .        | <i>Robert Southwell</i> 151           |
| The Lord my pasture shall prepare . . . . .             | <i>Joseph Addison</i> 151             |

|                                                                                    | PAGE                                 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| The man that hath no music in himself . . . . .                                    | William Shakspeare . . . 49          |
| The matron at her mirror with her hand upon her brow . . . . .                     | Thomas Haynes Bayley . . . 273       |
| The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year . . . . .                    | William Cullen Bryant . . . 543      |
| The mightiest chiefs of British song . . . . .                                     | Sir Walter Scott . . . 360           |
| The mind that broods o'er guilty woes . . . . .                                    | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . 382   |
| The minstrel boy to the war is gone . . . . .                                      | Thomas Moore . . . 348               |
| The moon is up, and yet it is not night— . . . . .                                 | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . 401   |
| The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds . . . . .                           | Nathaniel P. Willis . . . 549        |
| The muffled drum is rolling, and the low . . . . .                                 | Letitia Elizabeth Landon . . . 404   |
| Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,— . . . . .                           | William Shakspeare . . . 62          |
| Then comes the father of the tempest forth . . . . .                               | James Thomson . . . 136              |
| Then did the damsels speak again . . . . .                                         | Robert Southey . . . 298             |
| The night is chill, the cloud is gray . . . . .                                    | Samuel Taylor Coleridge . . . 444    |
| The night is come, but not too soon . . . . .                                      | Henry Wadsworth Longfellow . . . 562 |
| The poetry of earth is never dead . . . . .                                        | John Keats . . . 475                 |
| The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling . . . . .                                 | William Shakspeare . . . 49          |
| The quality of mercy is not strain'd . . . . .                                     | William Shakspeare . . . 48          |
| There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin . . . . .                             | Thomas Campbell . . . 455            |
| There dwelt in Bethlehem a Jewish maid . . . . .                                   | Robert Southey . . . 294             |
| There is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad the garden of<br>the heart . . . . . | M. F. Tupper . . . 517               |
| There is a garden in her face . . . . .                                            | Richard Allison . . . 89             |
| There is a glorious City in the Sea . . . . .                                      | Samuel Rogers . . . 243              |
| There is a land, of every land the pride . . . . .                                 | James Montgomery . . . 226           |
| There is a Reaper whose name is Death . . . . .                                    | Henry Wadsworth Longfellow . . . 563 |
| There is a tear for all that die . . . . .                                         | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . 425   |
| There is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton vale . . . . .                                | William Wordsworth . . . 318         |
| There is no flock, however watched and tended . . . . .                            | Henry Wadsworth Longfellow . . . 563 |
| There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet . . . . .                         | Thomas Moore . . . 343               |
| There liv'd in gothic days, as legends tell . . . . .                              | James Beattie . . . 161              |
| There on the nurse's lap a new-born child . . . . .                                | Sir William Jones . . . 183          |
| There's a bower of roses b. Bendemeer's stream . . . . .                           | Thomas Moore . . . 337               |
| There's kames o' honey 'twixen my love's lips . . . . .                            | Allan Cunningham . . . 308           |
| There's music on the earth: the moon and her attendants . . . . .                  | Thomas Wade . . . 517                |
| There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away . . . . .             | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . 429   |
| There's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall! . . . . .                     | Earl of Carlisle . . . 300           |
| There's nothing in this world can make me joy . . . . .                            | William Shakspeare . . . 60          |
| There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men . . . . .                            | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . 397   |
| There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills . . . . .                        | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . 402   |
| There was a sound of revelry by night . . . . .                                    | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . 396   |
| There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream . . . . .                          | William Wordsworth . . . 334         |
| There was once a gentle time . . . . .                                             | The Rev. George Cray . . . 311       |
| There were three ravens sat on a tree . . . . .                                    | Anonymous . . . 112                  |
| There were two fathers in this ghastly crew . . . . .                              | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . 416   |
| The roar of waters!—from the headlong height . . . . .                             | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . 403   |
| The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new . . . . .                                | Sir Walter Scott . . . 369           |
| The sad and solemn night . . . . .                                                 | William Cullen Bryant . . . 544      |
| The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray . . . . .                       | Samuel Rogers . . . 240              |
| These are thy glorious works, Parent of good . . . . .                             | John Milton . . . 96                 |
| The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er . . . . .                              | Edmund Waller . . . 81               |
| These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil . . . . .                  | William Shakspeare . . . 69          |
| These our actors . . . . .                                                         | William Shakspeare . . . 37          |
| These, too, thou'lt sing! for well thy magic muse . . . . .                        | William Collins . . . 125            |
| The shades of night were falling fast . . . . .                                    | Henry Wadsworth Longfellow . . . 569 |
| The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night . . . . .                          | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . 391   |
| The smiling morn may light the sky . . . . .                                       | Sir Walter Scott . . . 372           |
| The south-wind brings Life, sunshine, and desire . . . . .                         | Ralph Waldo Emerson . . . 536        |
| The spacious firmament on high . . . . .                                           | Joseph Addison . . . 151             |
| The spirits I have raised abandon me— . . . . .                                    | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . 387   |
| The splendour falls on castle walls . . . . .                                      | Alfred Tennyson . . . 400            |
| The stars are forth, the moon above the tops . . . . .                             | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . 390   |
| The stars are with the voyager . . . . .                                           | Thomas Hood . . . 378                |
| The stately homes of England . . . . .                                             | Felicia Hemans . . . 278             |
| The sun rises bright in France . . . . .                                           | Allan Cunningham . . . 306           |
| The superior fiend . . . . .                                                       | John Milton . . . 01                 |
| The time I've lost in wooing . . . . .                                             | Thomas Moore . . . 351               |
| The tyrannous and bloody act is done . . . . .                                     | William Shakspeare . . . 70          |

|                                                                                | PAGE                                            |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| The voices of my home !—I hear them still ! . . . . .                          | <i>Felicia Hemans</i> . . . . . 272             |
| The way was long, the wind was cold . . . . .                                  | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 357           |
| The western waves of ebbing day . . . . .                                      | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 366           |
| The wind and the rain are past . . . . .                                       | <i>Jas. Macpherson</i> . . . . . 210            |
| The wind recalls thee; its still voice obey . . . . .                          | <i>Samuel Rogers</i> . . . . . 244              |
| The winds are high on Helle's wave . . . . .                                   | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 383   |
| The woods and vales of England !—is there not . . . . .                        | <i>Grenville Mellen</i> . . . . . 558           |
| The world is too much with us; late and soon . . . . .                         | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 326         |
| The world is still deceiv'd with ornament . . . . .                            | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 48         |
| The worm of Conscience still be-gnaw thy soul ! . . . . .                      | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 70         |
| The wretch, condemn'd with life to part . . . . .                              | <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> . . . . . 179           |
| They dug his grave e'en where he lay . . . . .                                 | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 365           |
| They grew in beauty side by side . . . . .                                     | <i>Felicia Hemans</i> . . . . . 286             |
| They make obeisance and retire in haste . . . . .                              | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 411   |
| The young May moon is beaming, love . . . . .                                  | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 313               |
| They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds . . . . .                       | <i>J. R. Lowell</i> . . . . . 553               |
| They sin who tell love can die . . . . .                                       | <i>Robert Southey</i> . . . . . 287             |
| Think me not unkind and rude . . . . .                                         | <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . . 537        |
| Think'st thou to be conceal'd, thou little stream ? . . . . .                  | <i>Lydia Huntly Sigourney</i> . . . . . 533     |
| 'Think you a little din can daunt my ears ? . . . . .                          | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 50         |
| This England never did, nor never shall . . . . .                              | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 61         |
| This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the<br>hemlocks . . . . . | <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 571 |
| This is the place, the centre of the grove . . . . .                           | <i>John Home</i> . . . . . 249                  |
| This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle . . . . .                      | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 62         |
| This was the noblest Roman of them all . . . . .                               | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 40         |
| This world is all a fleeting show . . . . .                                    | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 335               |
| Thou art, O God ! the life and light . . . . .                                 | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 335               |
| 'Thou chronicle of crimes ! I read no more . . . . .                           | <i>Robert Southey</i> . . . . . 295             |
| Though the day of my destiny's over . . . . .                                  | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 430   |
| Though when I lov'd thee thou wert fair . . . . .                              | <i>Thomas Stanley</i> . . . . . 87              |
| Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie . . . . .                                | <i>Allan Cunningham</i> . . . . . 308           |
| Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face . . . . .                         | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 57         |
| Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray . . . . .                              | <i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . . 235               |
| Thou proud man, look upon yon starry vault . . . . .                           | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 256          |
| Thou spirit of the spangled night ! . . . . .                                  | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 263          |
| Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state ! . . . . .                                | <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 574 |
| Thou, to whom the world unknown . . . . .                                      | <i>William Collins</i> . . . . . 172            |
| Thou wert out betimes, thou busy busy bee ! . . . . .                          | <i>Robert Southey</i> . . . . . 266             |
| Thou youngest virgin—daughter of the skies . . . . .                           | <i>John Dryden</i> . . . . . 113                |
| Three fishers went sailing out into the west . . . . .                         | <i>Rev. Charles Kingsley</i> . . . . . 493      |
| Three poets in three distant ages born . . . . .                               | <i>John Dryden</i> . . . . . 119                |
| Three years she grew in sun and shower . . . . .                               | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 319         |
| Thrice happy she that is so well assur'd . . . . .                             | <i>Edmund Spenser</i> . . . . . 28              |
| Through Erin's Isle . . . . .                                                  | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 346               |
| Through shades and solitudes profound . . . . .                                | <i>James Montgomery</i> . . . . . 227           |
| Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme . . . . .                              | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 267          |
| Thus far hear me, Cromwell . . . . .                                           | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 72         |
| Thy banks were bonny, Yarrow stream . . . . .                                  | <i>John Logan</i> . . . . . 249                 |
| Thy cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe . . . . .                     | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 423   |
| Thy spirit, Independence, let me share . . . . .                               | <i>Tobias Smollett</i> . . . . . 181            |
| Thy summer woods . . . . .                                                     | <i>Robert Southey</i> . . . . . 288             |
| Thy voice is in mine ear, beloved ! . . . . .                                  | <i>Felicia Hemans</i> . . . . . 283             |
| Till death I Silvia must adore . . . . .                                       | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . . 138                  |
| Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep ! . . . . .                         | <i>Edward Young</i> . . . . . 203               |
| 'Tis but thy name that is mine enemy . . . . .                                 | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 57         |
| 'Tis done—but yesterday a king ! . . . . .                                     | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 419   |
| 'Tis list'ning fear and dumb amazement all . . . . .                           | <i>James Thomson</i> . . . . . 154              |
| 'Tis midnight !—on the globe dead slumber sits . . . . .                       | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 260          |
| 'Tis midnight ! on the mountains brown . . . . .                               | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 385   |
| 'Tis morn, and never did a lovelier day . . . . .                              | <i>Leigh Hunt</i> . . . . . 375                 |
| 'Tis morning ; and the sun with ruddy orb . . . . .                            | <i>William Cowper</i> . . . . . 215             |
| 'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat . . . . .                      | <i>William Cowper</i> . . . . . 213             |
| 'Tis strange to think, if we could fling aside . . . . .                       | <i>Lettitia Elizabeth Landon</i> . . . . . 453  |
| 'Tis sunset : to the firmament serene . . . . .                                | <i>James Montgomery</i> . . . . . 226           |
| 'Tis sweet to hear . . . . .                                                   | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 410   |
| 'Tis the last rose of summer . . . . .                                         | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 348               |

|                                                                                 | PAGE                                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| To and fro the bells are swinging . . . . .                                     | Lord Lytton . . . . . 508                |
| To be, or not to be,—that is the question . . . . .                             | William Shakespeare . . . . . 34         |
| To catch dame Fortune's golden smile . . . . .                                  | Robert Burns . . . . . 232               |
| To-day the Lord of Amien and myself . . . . .                                   | William Shakespeare . . . . . 46         |
| To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name . . . . .                              | Ben Jonson . . . . . 11                  |
| To fair Fidele's grassy tomb . . . . .                                          | William Collins . . . . . 127            |
| To gild refined gold, to paint the lily . . . . .                               | William Shakespeare . . . . . 60         |
| To him who in the love of nature holds . . . . .                                | William Cullen Bryant . . . . . 546      |
| To horse ! to horse ! the standard flies . . . . .                              | Sir Walter Scott . . . . . 374           |
| To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign . . . . .                          | Oliver Goldsmith . . . . . 177           |
| To make a happy fire-side clime . . . . .                                       | Robert Burns . . . . . 229               |
| To me, fair friend, you never can be old . . . . .                              | William Shakespeare . . . . . 75         |
| To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow . . . . .                               | William Shakespeare . . . . . 41         |
| To mute and to material things . . . . .                                        | Sir Walter Scott . . . . . 359           |
| To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell . . . . .                          | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 395   |
| To the ocean now I fly . . . . .                                                | John Milton . . . . . 111                |
| To these whom death again did wed . . . . .                                     | Richard Crashaw . . . . . 86             |
| Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men ! . . . . .                              | William Wordsworth . . . . . 328         |
| To wake the soul by tender strokes of art . . . . .                             | Alexander Pope . . . . . 149             |
| Trifles light as air . . . . .                                                  | William Shakespeare . . . . . 54         |
| Triumphal arch that fill'st the sky . . . . .                                   | Thomas Campbell . . . . . 460            |
| True ease in writing comes from art, not chance . . . . .                       | Alexander Pope . . . . . 141             |
| "Turn, gentle hermit of the dale" . . . . .                                     | Oliver Goldsmith . . . . . 179           |
| "Twas at the royal feast for Persia won . . . . .                               | John Dryden . . . . . 115                |
| "Twas at the silent, solemn hour . . . . .                                      | David Mallett . . . . . 185              |
| "Twas early day, and sunlight stream'd . . . . .                                | Felicia Hemans . . . . . 279             |
| "Twas morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow . . . . .                      | William Lisle Bowles . . . . . 313       |
| "Twas post meridian, half-past four . . . . .                                   | Charles Dibdin . . . . . 271             |
| Twist ye twine ye ! even so . . . . .                                           | Sir Walter Scott . . . . . 373           |
| Two Angels, one of Life, and one of Death . . . . .                             | Henry Wadsworth Longfellow . . . . . 565 |
| Two voices are there—one is of the sea . . . . .                                | William Wordsworth . . . . . 329         |
| Under a spreading chestnut tree . . . . .                                       | Henry Wadsworth Longfellow . . . . . 568 |
| Underneath this sable hearse . . . . .                                          | Ben Jonson . . . . . 10                  |
| Underneath this stone doth lie . . . . .                                        | Ben Jonson . . . . . 13                  |
| Under the greenwood tree . . . . .                                              | William Shakespeare . . . . . 47         |
| Under the walls of Monterey . . . . .                                           | Henry Wadsworth Longfellow . . . . . 567 |
| Unfathomable sea ! whose waves are years . . . . .                              | Percy Bysshe Shelley . . . . . 438       |
| Unhappy White ! while life was in its spring . . . . .                          | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 418   |
| Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's gate . . . . .                         | Samuel Johnson . . . . . 207             |
| Up from the meadows rich with corn . . . . .                                    | J. G. Whittier . . . . . 538             |
| Upon a barren steep . . . . .                                                   | Lord Lytton . . . . . 510                |
| Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread . . . . .                                | John Keats . . . . . 470                 |
| Uprose the king of men with speed . . . . .                                     | Thomas Gray . . . . . 197                |
| Up with me ! up with me, into the clouds ! . . . . .                            | William Wordsworth . . . . . 318         |
| Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying . . . . .                                | Samuel Taylor Coleridge . . . . . 447    |
| Victorious men of earth, no more . . . . .                                      | James Shirley . . . . . 32               |
| Vital spark of heavenly flame ! . . . . .                                       | Alexander Pope . . . . . 150             |
| Waken, lords and ladies gay . . . . .                                           | Sir Walter Scott . . . . . 372           |
| Wasted, weary, wherefore stay . . . . .                                         | Sir Walter Scott . . . . . 373           |
| We are the fools of tune and terror : days . . . . .                            | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 390   |
| Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r . . . . .                                    | Robert Burns . . . . . 231               |
| Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan . . . . .                                     | Samuel Fletcher . . . . . 33             |
| Wee, sleekit, cowerin, tim'rous beastie . . . . .                               | Robert Burns . . . . . 233               |
| We have seen thee, O love, thou art fair ; thou art goodly,<br>O love . . . . . | Algernon Charles Swinburne . . . . . 510 |
| Well, then, I now do plainly see . . . . .                                      | Abraham Cowley . . . . . 23              |
| We met in secret, in the depth of night . . . . .                               | Ismael Fitzadam . . . . . 467            |
| We watch'd him, while the moonlight . . . . .                                   | Ebenezer Elliott . . . . . 302           |
| We will not deplore them, the days that are past . . . . .                      | Epes Sargent . . . . . 555               |
| What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold ! . . . . .                              | George Gordon Lord Byron . . . . . 392   |
| What beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade . . . . .                        | Alexander Pope . . . . . 147             |
| What bright soft thing is this . . . . .                                        | Richard Crashaw . . . . . 96             |
| What constitutes a state ? . . . . .                                            | Sir William Jones . . . . . 451          |
| What dreaming drone was ever blest . . . . .                                    | W. Smyth . . . . . 313                   |

|                                                              | PAGE                                                  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| What hidest thou in thy treasure—caves and cells . . . . .   | <i>Felicia Hemans</i> . . . . . 284                   |
| What is noble?—to inherit . . . . .                          | <i>Charles Swain</i> . . . . . 493                    |
| What is the meaning of the song . . . . .                    | <i>Charles Mackay</i> . . . . . 530                   |
| What man dare, I dare . . . . .                              | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 42               |
| What must the king do now? must he submit? . . . . .         | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 61               |
| What's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath . . . . .      | <i>Alexander Pope</i> . . . . . 150                   |
| What shall I do to be for ever known . . . . .               | <i>Abraham Cowley</i> . . . . . 22                    |
| What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted? . . . . . | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 68               |
| What though I leave this dull and earthly mould . . . . .    | <i>John Keats</i> . . . . . 474                       |
| What time the groves were clad in green . . . . .            | <i>Michael Drayton</i> . . . . . 13                   |
| What time the mighty moon was gathering light . . . . .      | <i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . . . 499                  |
| What was't awaken'd first the untried ear . . . . .          | <i>Hartley Coleridge</i> . . . . . 309                |
| What win I if I gain the thing I seek? . . . . .             | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 73               |
| When Britain first at Heaven's command . . . . .             | <i>James Thomson</i> . . . . . 157                    |
| When coldness wraps the suffering clay . . . . .             | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 427         |
| When Delia on the plain appears . . . . .                    | <i>George Lord Lyttelton</i> . . . . . 209            |
| When earth is fair and winds are still . . . . .             | <i>Lord Lytton</i> . . . . . 509                      |
| When'er a noble deed is wrought . . . . .                    | <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 507       |
| When first I met thee, warm and young . . . . .              | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 330                     |
| When Freedom from our mountain height . . . . .              | <i>Joseph Rodman Drake</i> . . . . . 553              |
| When Freedom on her natal day . . . . .                      | <i>J. G. Whittier</i> . . . . . 541                   |
| When he who adores thee has left but the name . . . . .      | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 342                     |
| When icicles hang by the wall . . . . .                      | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 52               |
| When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat . . . . .             | <i>John Dryden</i> . . . . . 117                      |
| When I consider how my light is spent . . . . .              | <i>John Milton</i> . . . . . 106                      |
| When Israel of the Lord beloved . . . . .                    | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 373                 |
| When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes . . . . .    | <i>Samuel Johnson</i> . . . . . 208                   |
| When long upon the scales of fate . . . . .                  | <i>Lord Houghton (R. M. Milnes)</i> . . . . . 513     |
| When love with unconfined wings . . . . .                    | <i>Richard Lovelace</i> . . . . . 84                  |
| When lull'd in passion's dream my senses slept . . . . .     | <i>W. T. Moncrieff</i> . . . . . 476                  |
| When Music, heavenly maid, was young . . . . .               | <i>William Collins</i> . . . . . 123                  |
| When o'er the hill the eastern star . . . . .                | <i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . . 237                     |
| When red has set the beamless sun . . . . .                  | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 361                 |
| When Ruth was left half-desolate . . . . .                   | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 316               |
| When seven long years had come and fled . . . . .            | <i>J. Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd)</i> . . . . . 246   |
| When the British warrior queen . . . . .                     | <i>William Cowper</i> . . . . . 223                   |
| When the hours of day are numbered . . . . .                 | <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 567       |
| When the long-sounding curfew from afar . . . . .            | <i>James Beattie</i> . . . . . 165                    |
| When Time, or soon or late, shall bring . . . . .            | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 423         |
| When Time, who steals our years away . . . . .               | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 340                     |
| When to the sessions of sweet silent thought . . . . .       | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 75               |
| When twilight steals along the ground . . . . .              | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 261                |
| When we two parted . . . . .                                 | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 429         |
| Whence is that knocking? . . . . .                           | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 41               |
| Where are the heroes of the ages past? . . . . .             | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 254                |
| Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they? . . . . . | <i>John Keats</i> . . . . . 472                       |
| Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground . . . . .        | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 398         |
| Where honour, or where conscience does not bind . . . . .    | <i>Abraham Cowley</i> . . . . . 22                    |
| Where is Rome? . . . . .                                     | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 255                |
| Where lies the land to which yon ship must go? . . . . .     | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 326               |
| Where now is Britain?—Where her laurelled names? . . . . .   | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 255                |
| Where shall the lover rest . . . . .                         | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 364                 |
| Where 's the blind child, so admirably fair . . . . .        | <i>Robert Bloomfield</i> . . . . . 250                |
| Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside . . . . .        | <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> . . . . . 172                 |
| While History's Muse the memorial was keeping . . . . .      | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 351                     |
| Whither, midst falling dew . . . . .                         | <i>William Cullen Bryant</i> . . . . . 542            |
| Who first taught souls enslaved and realms undone . . . . .  | <i>Alexander Pope</i> . . . . . 144                   |
| Who is Silvia? what is she . . . . .                         | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 52               |
| Whom call we gay? That honour has been long . . . . .        | <i>William Cowper</i> . . . . . 212                   |
| Why does azure deck the sky? . . . . .                       | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 342                     |
| "Why does your brand so drop with blood?" . . . . .          | <i>Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes</i> . . . . . 205 |
| Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile . . . . .         | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 69               |
| Why, lovely charmer, tell me why . . . . .                   | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . . 137                        |
| Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world . . . . .         | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 37               |
| "Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hall" . . . . .             | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 373                 |
| Why so pale and wan, fond lover? . . . . .                   | <i>Sir John Suckling</i> . . . . . 85                 |

|                                                                | PAGE                                          |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| Why, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a wiping ? . . . . .   | <i>Charles Dibdin</i> . . . . . 270           |
| Will Fortune never come with both hands full . . . . .         | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 67       |
| Wilt thou be gone! it is not yet near day . . . . .            | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 58       |
| With buds and thorns about her brow . . . . .                  | <i>Eleanor Louisa Hervey</i> . . . . . 478    |
| With fingers weary and worn . . . . .                          | <i>Thomas Hood</i> . . . . . 376              |
| With fruitless labour, Clara bound . . . . .                   | <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 365         |
| With him there was his son, a young Squire . . . . .           | <i>Geoffrey Chaucer</i> . . . . . 1           |
| With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies ! . . . .  | <i>Sir Philip Sidney</i> . . . . . 37         |
| With laughter swimming in thine eye . . . . .                  | <i>John Wilson</i> . . . . . 304              |
| Within a mile of Edinburgh town . . . . .                      | <i>Gerald Massey</i> . . . . . 524            |
| Within the place of thousand tombs . . . . .                   | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 584 |
| Within the soul a faculty abides . . . . .                     | <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 333       |
| Without a stone to mark the spot . . . . .                     | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 422 |
| Woe! for my vine-clad home . . . . .                           | <i>Nathaniel P. Willis</i> . . . . . 548      |
| Woodman, spare that tree ! . . . . .                           | <i>George P. Morris</i> . . . . . 559         |
| " Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate " . . . . .       | <i>Edmund Spenser</i> . . . . . 29            |
| Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile . . . . .      | <i>Richard Crashaw</i> . . . . . 86           |
| Wretched and foolish Jealousy . . . . .                        | <i>Ben Jonson</i> . . . . . 12                |
| Ye distant spires, ye antique tow'rs . . . . .                 | <i>Thomas Gray</i> . . . . . 191              |
| Ye field-flowers ! the gardens eclipse you 'tis true . . . . . | <i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . . . 456          |
| Ye gentlemen of England . . . . .                              | <i>Martyn Parker</i> . . . . . 120            |
| Ye holy tow'rs that shade the wave-worn steep . . . . .        | <i>William Lisle Bowles</i> . . . . . 312     |
| Ye little birds that sit and sing . . . . .                    | <i>Thomas Heywood</i> . . . . . 80            |
| Ye many-twinkling stars, who yet do hold . . . . .             | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 264        |
| Ye manners of England . . . . .                                | <i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . . . 457          |
| Ye nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song . . . . .                 | <i>Alexander Pope</i> . . . . . 138           |
| Yes, grief will have way—but the fast falling tear . . . . .   | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 339             |
| Yes, Love indeed is light from Heaven . . . . .                | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 382 |
| Ye stars ! which are the poetry of Heaven ! . . . . .          | <i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 399 |
| Yes, 'twill be over soon—this sickly dream . . . . .           | <i>Henry Kirke White</i> . . . . . 260        |
| Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more . . . . .           | <i>John Milton</i> . . . . . 103              |
| Yonder comes the powerful king of day . . . . .                | <i>James Thomson</i> . . . . . 155            |
| You are old, Father William, the young man cried . . . . .     | <i>Robert Southey</i> . . . . . 297           |
| You common cry of ours ! whose breath I hate . . . . .         | <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 44       |
| You may give over plough, boys . . . . .                       | <i>Sydney Dobell</i> . . . . . 502            |
| You meaner beauties of the night . . . . .                     | <i>Sir Henry Wotton</i> . . . . . 50          |
| Young Henry was as brave a youth . . . . .                     | <i>Thomas Dibdin</i> . . . . . 271            |
| You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride . . . . .               | <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 347             |
| You that think love can convey . . . . .                       | <i>Thomas Carew</i> . . . . . 82              |
| You were very charming, madam . . . . .                        | <i>R. H. Stoddard</i> . . . . . 556           |

## SUPPLEMENT.

|                                                           |                                             |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| America ! At this thy Golden Gate . . . . .               | <i>Sir Edwin Arnold</i> . . . . .           |
| A Sonnet is a moment's monument . . . . .                 | <i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i> . . . . .     |
| Cheeks as soft as July peaches . . . . .                  | <i>W. C. Bennett</i> . . . . . 582          |
| Could you not drink her gaze like wine ? . . . . .        | <i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i> . . . . . 600 |
| Far, far, from here . . . . .                             | <i>Matthew Arnold</i> . . . . . 576         |
| Hark ! ah, the Nightingale ! . . . . .                    | <i>Matthew Arnold</i> . . . . . 577         |
| Hark ! Spring is coming. Her herald sings . . . . .       | <i>Alfred Austin</i> . . . . . 578          |
| In the ages of Faith, before the day . . . . .            | <i>Alfred Austin</i> . . . . . 580          |
| In the streets of Constance was heard the shout . . . . . | <i>Alfred Austin</i> . . . . . 577          |
| Lars Persena of Clusium . . . . .                         | <i>Lord Macaulay</i> . . . . . 587          |
| Now is the devil-horse come to Sindh ! . . . . .          | <i>Sir Edwin Arnold</i> . . . . . 575       |

|                                                                    |                               |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----|
| On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two            | <i>Robert Browning</i>        | 583 |
| O those little, those little blue shoes!                           | <i>W. C. Bennett</i>          | 582 |
| The blessed damozel leaped out                                     | <i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i> | 601 |
| This tree, here fallen, no common birth or death                   | <i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i> | 601 |
| Ye good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true            | <i>Lord Macaulay</i>          | 594 |
| Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not<br>a few. | <i>W. C. Bennett</i>          | 583 |